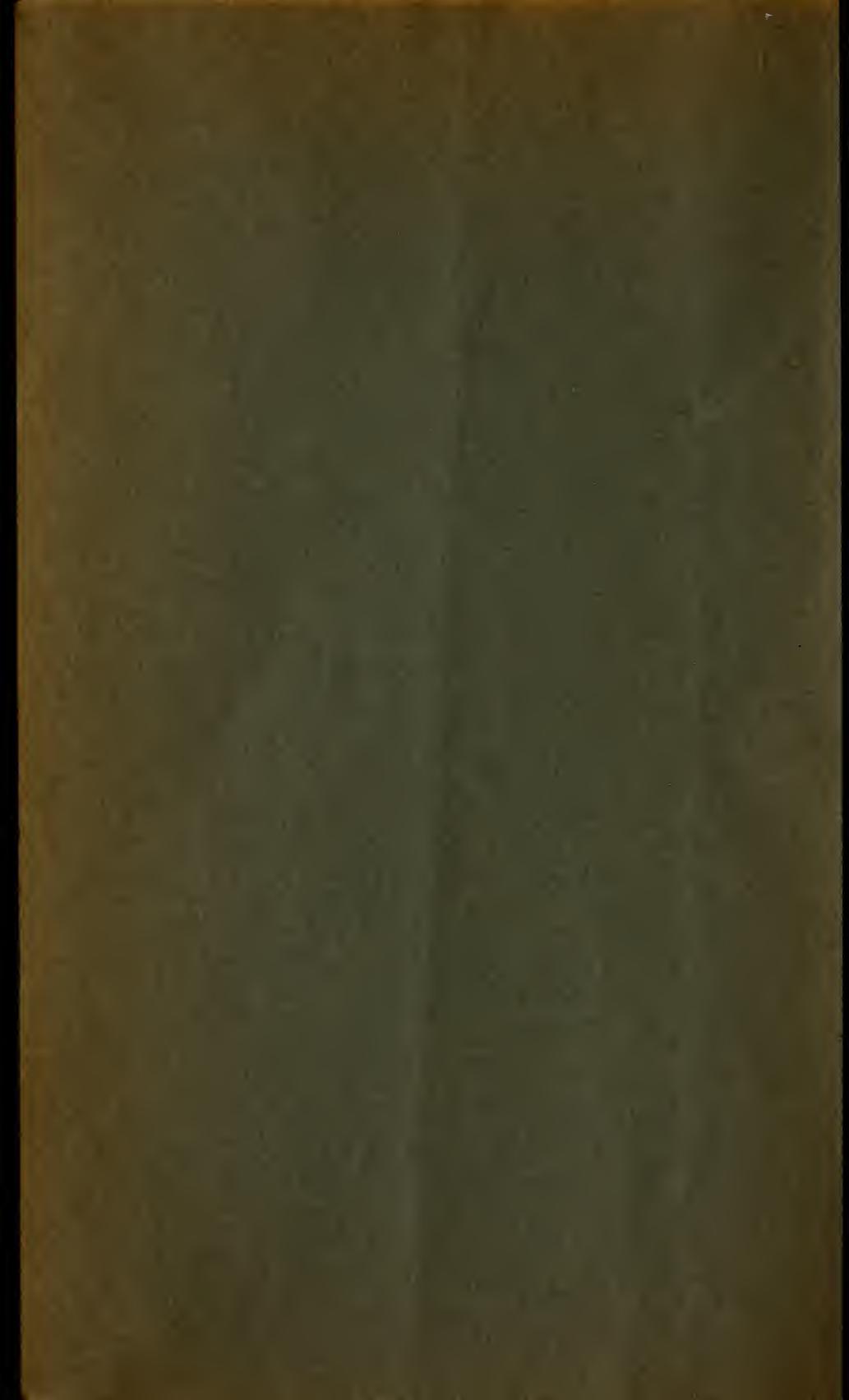
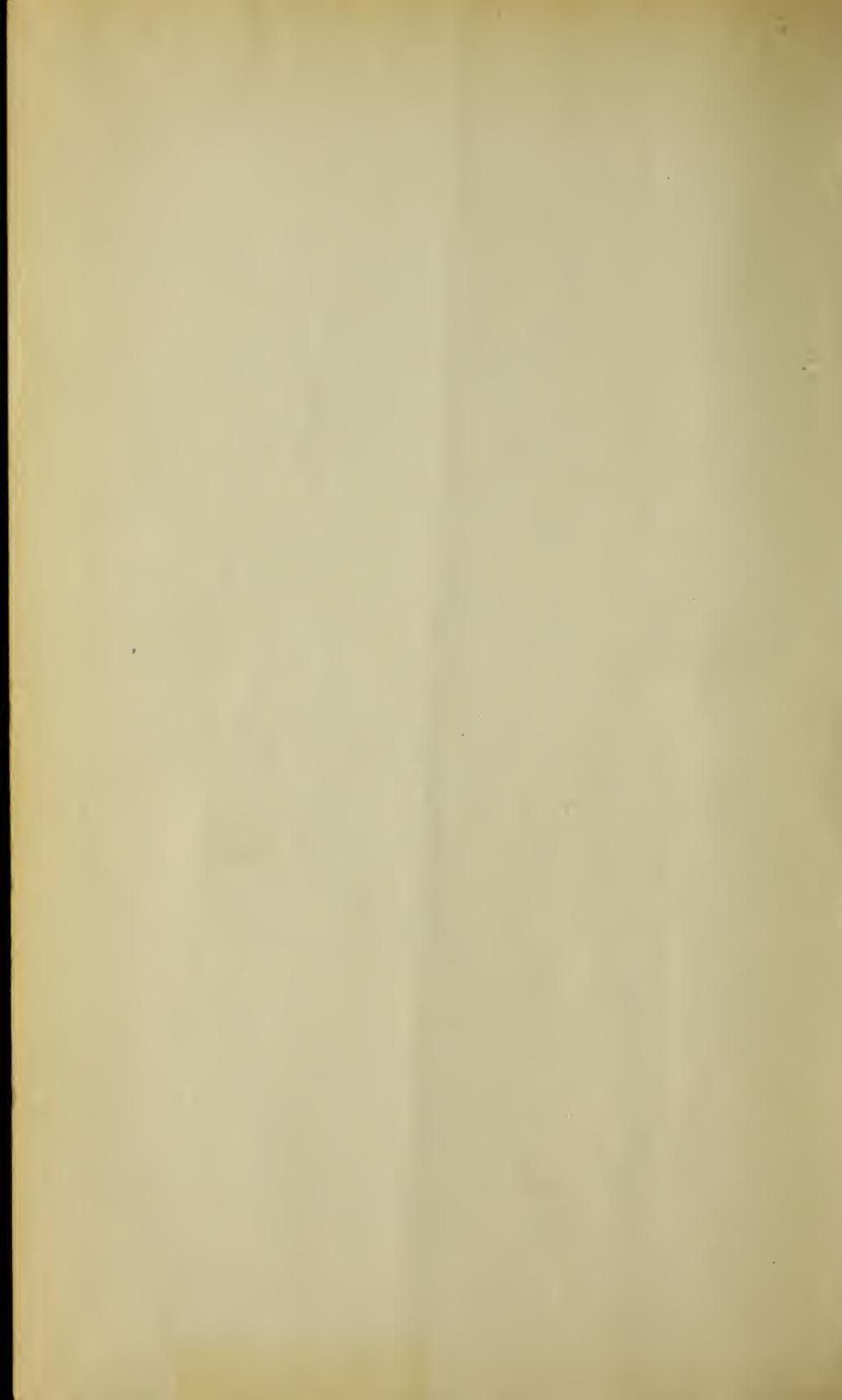


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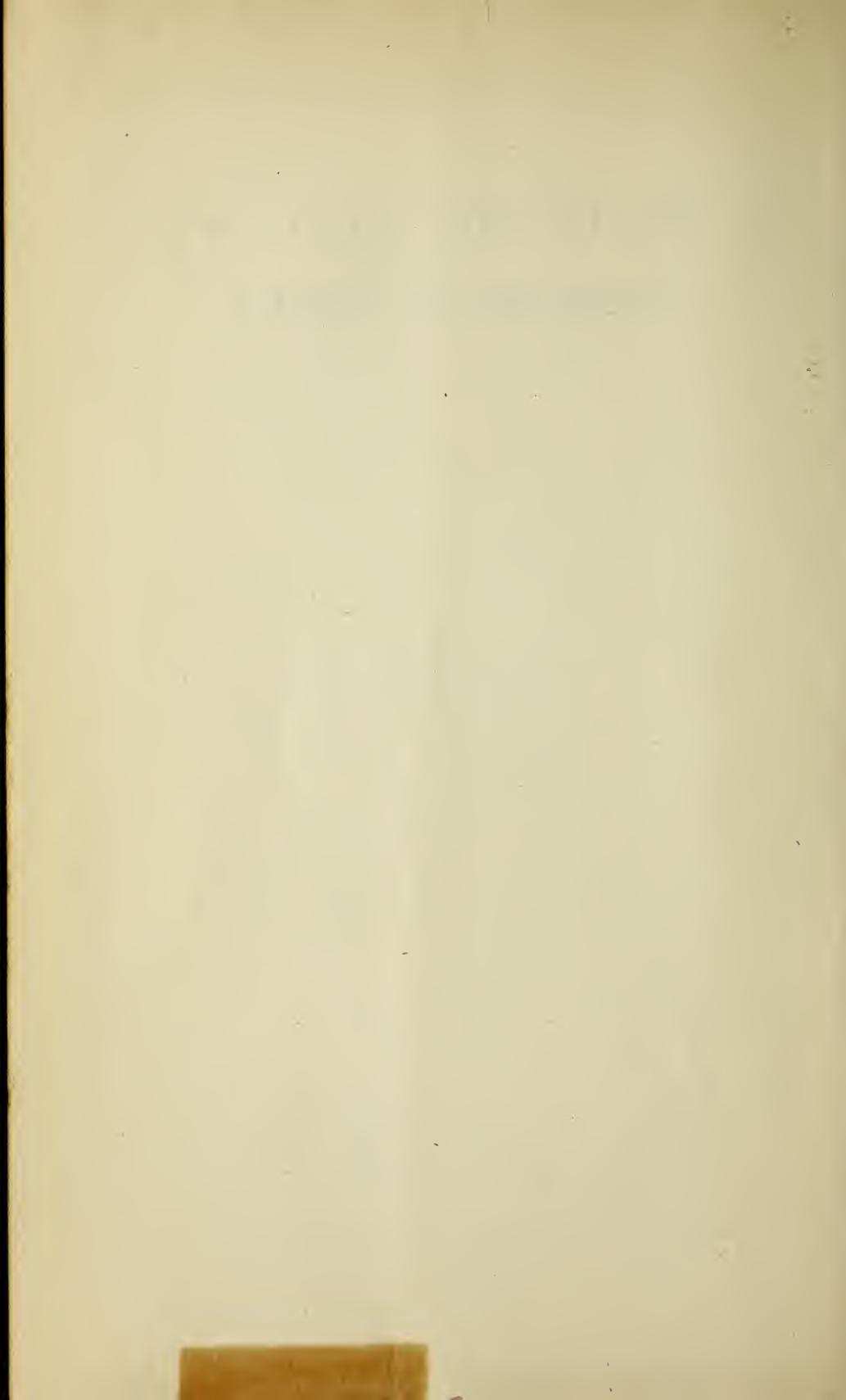


The Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History

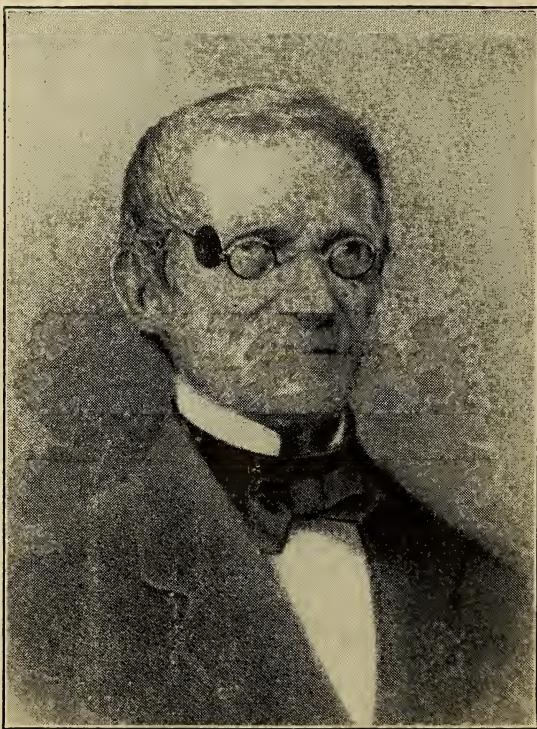
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Volume I---1905

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John B. Dillon.

INDIANA'S FIRST HISTORIAN.

The Indiana Magazine of History

VOL. I

FIRST QUARTER, 1905

NO. I

Our Reasons for Being.

BY way of introducing this magazine and justifying its existence we cannot, perhaps, do better than repeat, in substance, what was said in a *Prospectus* recently issued by us.

That the historical material of Indiana has never been adequately preserved and rendered accessible is a fact patent to all who have occasion to deal with such material. The dereliction of the State itself in the earlier days in caring even for its official documents exemplifies a neglect that has been general. By way of illustration, on the old statute books stand laws that require the preservation in the State Library of a number of copies of the general and local laws, and of the Senate, House and Documentary Journals; that require the careful indexing of the Documentary Journals; that require the alphabetical arrangement and binding into volumes of bills, petitions and other legislative papers. No efforts seem to have been made until later years to obey any of these statutory requirements, and so far as the culpable neglect has been rectified it was by the collections and clerical efforts of recent librarians. Even with these efforts complete sets of our State documents have not been secured, and much other matter of value has passed away beyond recovery.

Much material not within the jurisdiction of the State has also passed away and is daily passing. Old men who have had a part in the history of the commonwealth die, and with them is going the last dwindling remnant of first-hand knowledge of the phases of life that have been; they leave papers, journals and various documents of interest, and these, descending to indifferent heirs, become irretrievably lost. To gather from surviving pioneers their testimonies, and to save from oblivion documents still accessible is a thing to be desired.

An interest in these things in this State sufficient to support a magazine of local history is only a matter of time. Such interest is not a sporadic one but a natural growth. Already something like a score of States are represented by as many periodical historical

Awakening Interest in Other States.

publications, a number of them quarterly magazines, devoted to the preservation of local material. Some of these, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, are younger States than ours with, perhaps, less history to record. Most of the publications mentioned have back of them the Historical Societies of their several States. We, unfortunately can look to no central organization for such support, but local societies are springing up in a number of counties, and if these will evince an interest proportionate to the service we can render them they can go far toward making our publication a success.

To the members of these societies and to others who think an interest in our past worth promoting as of value to the present, then, we make an appeal. We have launched the magazine at a venture and at some sacrifice in the faith that if we can make a worthy showing the support will be forthcoming. It is not our disposition to resort to any foisting or booming method. We assume that the class we desire and hope to reach will take our effort exactly at its worth, and that if every page we present to them is full of matter that justifies itself no better advertisement will be needed. For the first year, if need be, we are willing to make no account of managerial and editorial labors if the actual cost of publishing, distributing and associated expenses are covered.

This, of course, is experimental and is by no means the limit of our hope. If our success justifies it we shall certainly expand our scheme. One feature much to be desired, but prohibited in the start by cost, is the reproduction of old maps and cuts of interest, many of which exist but are lost to all but the delver.

The publication will be strictly what it purports to be at the start—a magazine devoted to the preservation and collating of matter that is of real value to the historical student. Character and Scope of Publication. There will be no space given to advertising "write-ups," and no cheap padding. Of matter within its legitimate field there is an abundance, and outside of this field it will make no bid for popular favor.

Its intended scope (subject to extension, as may seem advisable) is—

1. The seeking out and publishing of hitherto unprinted documents that have an historical value.
2. The re-printing of valuable and interesting matter that is buried away and practically lost in old newspaper files. Of this

there is much that is wholly forgotten, and, owing to the absence of any guide, to be found only after long and patient research.

3. The conducting of a department of bibliography of historical material now scattered through periodicals and local histories, and of an indexing system that shall comprehend all important official publications besides other matter of interest. We believe that this will at once commend itself to all who have had occasion to search out obscure information.

4. The binding together into a co-operative system (and this is one of the important and hopeful objects) the various local historical societies in the State, as well as the encouraging and promoting of other such societies. The needful thing in Indiana to-day, in this direction, is the historical "atmosphere," that shall stimulate work all along the line and inspire the student in history with a sense of the usefulness of such study. This once existing there is no reason why much should not be accomplished, and it is to those who have already started societies and otherwise manifested an interest that we must look for the creation of such an atmosphere by the uniting of their efforts.

5. The publication of original studies in Indiana history by careful and trustworthy students. Some of the best history work being done at present is intensive, dealing with special aspects and of limited compass, but, by a corresponding thoroughness, particularly illustrative of great principles. Of work of this character we can secure enough to add a desirable feature to our plan.

6. The promoting of history work, particularly State and local history, among teachers and in the schools. On this point we wish to be distinctly understood. The habit of "working" the schools as a lucrative field with many and various private enterprises is an evil conspicuous, we presume, to most school officials, and obvious to us. We have no intention of attempting to persuade teachers and trustees as to their needs—they themselves should know their needs better than we do—but this we have in mind: the interest in home history is making way in the schools; in the development of this interest and the directing of it to the most useful ends help and co-operation not available hitherto will surely be a need. Such help and co-operation we are ready to extend to the best of our ability.

To sum up, we feel quite satisfied that we can carry out acceptably and well our proposed venture if our friends encourage it, and we hope to receive this encouragement.

John Brown Dillon

The Father of Indiana History

IT is eminently fitting that we should begin this magazine with a sketch of the man who not only ranks as Indiana's first and best historian, but whose ideals, methods, character and accomplishment we deem worthy to keep continually in mind as a model to follow in historical work.

John B. Dillon may fairly be called "the father of Indiana history," for he was the first to enter that field with any seriousness of purpose, and his contributions exceed in value any that have come after. His real merit is best appreciated by those who seek historic truth and accuracy—who want facts authenticated by the evidences of thorough, conscientious research, and who like the same told in simple, direct language, with no sacrifices for the sake of a popular style. The sense of his perfect honesty and trustworthiness continually grows upon one that has occasion to use him much, and the student of the period and locality with which he deals inevitably comes to use him as the most satisfactory authority. No higher compliment than this can be paid to a historian. Bancroft, Parkman, Prescott, Motley were not more devoted to their chosen course than Dillon, nor brought to their tasks riper qualifications, and had he wrought in the broader field his name might have ranked with theirs in the world's estimation. He had certain noble ideas, severe and simple, as to the office of the historian, and no artist was truer to his art than he to this ideal. They were not ideas that catered in any sense to that popular taste that demands the picturesque whatever may be the fate of truth. It is quite safe to say that he would not, if he had been able, have heralded his works with a blast of trumpets; and that, perhaps, is why even his own friends, as has been affirmed, did not read his books and why he died in poverty.

Mr. Dillon, as a man, was modest to shyness, and so little disposed to talk about himself, even to his nearest friends, that something like a mystery seems to hang over his life. According to the best authority he was born at Wellsburg, West Virginia, in the year 1808. He learned the printer's trade when a lad, and drifted to Cincinnati, where he remained ten years, working at the case. During this period he brought himself into notice as a poet by verses contributed to

Birth, Early
Life and Work

Flint's *Western Review*, the *Western Souvenir*, the *Cincinnati Gazette* and other western periodicals; but this disposition evidently wore off with his youth. A few of these poems, among them "The Burial of the Beautiful," have been preserved in Coggeshall's collection of western poets. In 1834 he migrated to Logansport, Ind. Here he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but law was not to his taste, and he never practiced.

About this time he seems to have taken up with his historical studies and to be laying plans for his future "History of Indiana." His first work was issued in 1843 and was called "Historical Notes of the Discovery and Settlement of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio." This was introductory to and contained much of the material for a riper and more ambitious volume which, in 1859, appeared under the title of "A History of Indiana." from its earliest exploration to the close of the Territorial government in 1816; to which was added a general view of the progress of public affairs in the State from 1816 to 1856. It is this work on which Dillon's fame chiefly rests. The fruit of the next twenty years was a small volume entitled "Notes on Historical Evidence in Reference to Adverse Theories of the Origin and Nature of the Government of the United States," and a thick 8-vo. on the "Oddities of Colonial Legislation." These four volumes, together with a few addresses* and a little miscellaneous writing, represent more than forty years of research.

Few historians escape the charge of occasional mistakes, and Mr. Dillon, doubtless, was not an exception to the rule; but, as we have before said, a sense of his trustworthiness grows upon the student, and the seeker after authentic information learns to regard him as the most satisfactory authority on early Indiana affairs. It is not easy to define the quality that begets confidence in a historian—it is, indeed, somewhat akin to the mystery of personality. Suffice to say in this connection that Dillon's work throughout bears the internal evidence of immense industry, unflagging perseverance and an ever-present purpose to find and state the truth. Of his industry and its breadth of scope, too, we have other evidence. In the preface to his "Historical Notes" he refers to "many official documents, * * * a very great number of printed authorities, and many thousand pages of old manuscript records and letters;" and

*One of these addresses, "The National Decline of the Miami Indians," was delivered before the Indiana Historical Society in 1848, and is published in its collection.

in the preface to his History he speaks of "historical researches which for a period of about twenty years have been perseveringly extended over a very large field," and adds this paragraph:

"For the privilege of examining valuable and interesting private collections of manuscripts and other documents relating to the early civil and military affairs of Indiana, my public thanks are due to Hon. John Scott Garrison, of Ohio; Hon. William G. Armstrong, of Clark County, Indiana; the family of Capt. Robert Buntin, of Indiana; Elihu Stout, esq., of Knox county, Indiana; the family of Gen. Hyacinth Lasselle, of Indiana; and the family of Gen. John Tipton, of Indiana. For the use of various important manuscripts and other valuable documents, and for many interesting verbal statements concerning the public affairs of Indiana, my acknowledgements have been tendered to General Marston G. Clark, Major Ambrose Whitlock, Mr. Joseph Barron, Prof. Bliss, Dr. Ezra Ferris, Hon. Wm. Polke, Gen. Walter Wilson, Hon. John Law, Mr. Pierre Laplante, Hon. Williamson Dunn, Dr. Azra Lee, Gen. Robert Hanna, Samuel Morrison, esq., Mr. Zebulon Collings, Hon. Isaac Naylor, Major Henry Restine, Hon. Dennis Pennington, Col. Abel C. Pepper, Hon. William Hendricks, Henry Hurst, esq., Col. John Vawter, Col. William Conner, Hon. Stephen C. Stevens, Hon. John Ewing, Samuel Merrill, esq., Hon. John Dumont, John Dowling, esq., Hon. Albert S. White, Calvin Fletcher, esq., Hon. Oliver H. Smith, Hon. John H. Thompson, Major Alexander F. Morrison, Dr. James S. Athon, Hon. Isaac Blackford, Samuel Judah, esq., Hon. Abner T. Ellis, Lawrence M. Vance, esq., Hon. Wm. J. Brown, Col. William Reyburn, and many other gentlemen who have, at different periods, manifested a friendly interest in the progress of my historical researches in the west. In the course of an examination of various old French manuscripts relating to the early affairs of the country lying northwest of the river Ohio, I have, at different times, received essential assistance from Rev. A. M. A. Martin, Dr. Luke Munsell, James W. Ryland, esq., and Col. John B. Duret."

To one familiar with the names of early Indiana notables this quotation is of interest as showing that Dillon was widely in touch with the men who were active in the history of the young commonwealth, and it appears that he diligently improved his opportunities. In this respect he had the advantage over all historians of a later day, for not only did there exist for him, as the pioneer, the wealth of a virgin field, but the venerable men then nearing their ends intimately knew the beginnings of the Territory and State.* Even

*In the preface to the Historical Notes he says: "A list of the persons from whom I have received rare and valuable manuscripts, and aid and encouragement in the midst of perplexing difficulties, shall be published in the form of an appendix at the close of the second volume of this work." In his subsequent History no such appendix exists, and the paragraph above quoted evidently takes its place. In the preface of the first book he mentions Rev. Mr. Martin, of Vincennes; J. W. Ryland, Esq., of Cincinnati; J. B. Duret, Esq., of Logansport, and Dr. Munsell, of Indianapolis, as having rendered assistance in the examination and translation of French documents. In this preface, also, he gives an extended list of works consulted.

the mass of the "manuscript records and letters" alluded to, which might have been preserved for future students, seems to have passed away, and in view of this loss we are doubly indebted to Dillon, who ferreted them out and made such good use of them. General John Coburn's sketch of Dillon,* which is the best published source of information, states that when the latter was secretary of the State Historical Society he prepared and issued many circulars to people in various counties asking questions bearing upon all the prominent facts in the history of different important localities. Answers were received and filed away, and a large amount of data preserved for future use, but this, Mr. Coburn tells us, "has been stolen or destroyed; no trace of it remains." According to this writer Dillon had supervision of the historical material contained in the large State and county atlas of Indiana, published by Baskin, Forster & Co., in 1876.

Mr. Dillon manifestly lacked either the disposition or the tact to adapt himself to the work that promised most. The writing of the "History of Indiana Territory" would easily and naturally, one would think, open the way to a history of the State, especially as that field was entirely new ground. If Dillon's Character he had so directed his energies he would, doubtless, Other Services Pathetic End have supplied a real and much-felt need far more adequately than any who have since attempted it. Of the two volumes he produced instead, the "Notes on Historical Evidence," and "Oddities of Colonial Legislation," it might be said that he could hardly have chosen subjects less inviting to the popular taste. On the other hand they are conceded to have a distinctive value. The first-mentioned is searching and fundamental in its aim, and touches the origin and nature of the United States government, and the relations of State to Federal authority. Concerning the "Oddities" it will suffice to again draw upon Mr. Coburn, who describes it as a work "so full of information and so unique in character, bearing such indubitable evidences of authenticated and conscientious research that it is without a parallel in American literature, and will be the perpetual text-book upon this subject. Here may be found rare specimens of the vain, ridiculous and laughable efforts of the legislators to patch up the ills of society, as quack doctor's medicines are invented, put on the market and rejected." This book

*Published in the collection of the Indiana Historical Society.

was his last work, being, indeed, unfinished at the time of his death. It would seem that he found a purchaser for his manuscript before its completion, for it is said that he received for it some three hundred dollars—and this was his pecuniary return for years of labor!

Mr. Dillon was one of the many in the world's history who have not prospered according to their deserts. He clave to his work with that unflagging passion which should distinguish the true worker in the exercise of his natural talent, but his books brought him little remuneration. Unworldly, simple-minded and idealistic, with little regard for self, he was illly qualified to contend for the world's rewards. A few stanch friends, who were drawn to him by his ability and worth and beauty of character, exercised over him a sort of paternal care, and through their efforts he was appointed to various public offices which for thirty years afforded him a living. From 1845 to 1851 he was State Librarian, then assistant Secretary of State and Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and after that an appointee to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior at Washington City, where he lived twelve years. The last four years of his life he spent in Indianapolis, poor almost to the verge of want, his friends afterward suspected, although, with characteristic reserve, he kept that fact to himself. There are many who remember the retired, gentle old man with the never-absent side-glasses concealing his eyes. Being unmarried and entirely alone as regarded blood ties, he occupied a poorly-furnished room by himself in the top of the old Johnson block, where the State Life building now stands. Here he died on the 27th of February, 1879. Not until his effects were examined was it known that he was so poor. His very books had gone one by one to the second-hand store, like household treasures to the pawn-shop, and his friends agree in believing that the fear of want hastened his end.

Forty years of honest, conscientious devotion; four books that people would not buy, and death in a lonely garret face to face with grim poverty because he wrought for the love of truth and not for dollars—this is the life-story of John B. Dillon. He is buried in Crown Hill, just west of the soldiers' graves, and the friends who were kind to him in life have erected a fitting monument to his memory. That he lies beside the heroic dead is well, for he, too, gave his life to a cause and did his country a service.

G. S. C.

DOCUMENTARY

The Journal of John Tipton

Commissioner to locate Site for State Capital—1820

[John Tipton, pioneer Indian fighter, soldier, legislator and United States Senator, was a striking example of a certain type that has impressed itself upon the early history of the western country of America. It is the pioneer type—the uncultured, unlettered man, the product of a rude society, who, by strong natural gifts has come to the fore and asserted himself with distinction among the leaders of the land. Tipton, born of pioneer stock on the Tennessee frontier, came to Harrison County, Indiana, in 1807, when 21 years old, and is said to have soon taken rank as a leader of the law and order forces in his neighborhood. Along with a local military company he joined General Harrison in the campaign against the Prophet's town in 1811, and in the famous battle of Tippecanoe acquitted himself notably. That he rose by gradual promotion, after this campaign, to the office of brigadier general is evidence of his military capacity. With the admission of Indiana as a State and the creation of State and local offices he was elected sheriff of Harrison County, and served as such until 1819, when he was chosen to represent his district in the legislature; and as representative he was re-elected in 1821. When, in 1820, commissioners were appointed to select a site for the permanent capital of the State, he was considered a proper man for this important task; he was also appointed a commissioner to act with an Illinois representative in fixing the dividing line between the two States; and in 1823 President Monroe made him general agent for the Miami and Pottowattomie Indians within our borders. In 1831 he was elected by the legislature to fill out the unexpired term of U. S. Senator James Noble, and in 1833 he was re-elected for the full senatorial term. He died in Logansport, April 5, 1839, aged 53 years.

Not the least interesting of Tipton's performances are the journals left by him, which throw a light on his character, revealing his precise and methodical habit and his keen attention to practical matters. Two of these journals are of particular value. These are, the journal of the Tippecanoe campaign and the one here published. Each is the most circumstantial account in existence of the events chronicled. Of the commissioners' work in locating the capital, there is practically no other document existent, the legislative reports being exceedingly meager. The original manuscripts, once owned by John B. Dillon, were found among his effects at his death, and are now in possession of Mr. John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis. They were published by him in the *Indianapolis News*, in 1879, the one here printed in the issue of April 17, and the Tippecanoe account on May 5. Otherwise they have been inaccessible to the public. For best sketch of Tipton see W. W. Woollen's *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana*.]

THE JOURNAL.

“on wednesday the 17 of may 1820 I set out from Corydon in Company with Gov'r Jennings I had been appointed by the last

legislature one of the commissioners to select & locate a site for the permanent seat of government of the state of Ind'a (we took with us Bill a Black Buoy) haveing laid in plenty of Baker (bacon?) coffy &c and provided a tent we stopt at P Bells two hours then set out and at 7 came to Mr Winemans (?) on Blue river. stopt for the K't (night)

"thursday the 18th

"some frost set out early and set out at sunrise at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 stopt at Salem had breckfast paid \$1.00 B &c and Bo't some powder paper &c paid 2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Set out at 11 crost muscakituck paid 25 cts and stopt at Col Durhams in Vallonia who was also a Commissioner here we found Gen'l Bartholomew one of the commissioners Gen'l J. Carr & Cap't Dueson of charlestown who was going out to look at the country I cleaned out my gun after dinner we went to shooting

"Friday 19 we set out early stopt at Browntown had Breckfast paid 50 cents set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 at one stopt at Cap't J. Shields after Dinner we set (out) Cap't Shield went with us this evening crost the river at the lower rapids after traveling about 7 miles through good land encamped and stretched our tent near a pond this is the first time I have stretched or slept in a tent since 1814.

"Saturday the 20

Cap't Shields left us and returned home we set out before sunrise and at 45 p 6 came to John Reddick who lives on S 19 T 8 N of R 6 W* fine land fed paid 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ set out at 8 at 5 p 12 came to the upper Rappids of Drift at the plaice where we made Bark Cannoes to carry a wounded man down to vallonia on the 20th of June 1813 Stopt let our horses graze set out at 1 and 15 p 3 came to John Berry† who lives on S 5 T 10 N of R 5 E good land good water and timber

*Obviously a mistake. Range 6 east is meant.

†John Berry, whose cabin stood at the mouth of Sugar Creek, in Johnson County, is deserving of notice as the man who cut a "trace" into the heart of the wilderness which was the route of ingress for many of the first settlers of Indianapolis and contiguous territory, Berry's Trace, as it was called, began at Napoleon, Ripley County, ran north-westward to Flat Rock and Blue River, thence northward beyond Berry's house, it would seem, for we are told of its crossing the "Whetzel Trace" near the site of Greenwood. Nineveh Berry, a well-known citizen of Anderson, was a son of John Berry, and for him, it is said, Nineveh Creek, in Johnson County was named. See Nowland's *Early Reminiscences*, pp. 13, 14.

"Sunday 21 set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 4 at 5 passed a corner of S 36 T 11 N of R 4 E passed a plaice where Bartholomew and myself had encamped in June 1813 missed our way traveled east then turned Back at 8 stopt on a mudy Branch Boiled our coffy set out at 9 at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 I killed a deer the first I have killed since 1814 at 10 came on the traice at creek found tree where I had wrote my name and dated the 19th June 1813 we traveled fast and at 7 encamped on a small creek having traveled about 45 miles

Monday, 22d

"a fine clier morning we set out at sunrise at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 6 crost fall creek at a ripple stopt to B (bathe?) shave put on clean Clothes &c this creek runs for between 30 & forty miles perrellel with White river and about 6 or 8 miles from it in this creek we saw plenty of fine fish set out at 9 and passed a corner of S 32 & 33 in T 17 N of R 4 E at 15 p 11 came to the lower Delaware Town* crost the river went up the n w side and at one came to the house of William Conner† the plaice appointed for the meeting of the commissioners he lives on a Praire of about 250 acres of the White R Bottom a number of Indian Huts near his house on our arrival we found G Hunt of Wayne County John Conner of Fayett Stephen Ludlow of Dearborn John Gilliland of Switzerland & Thos Emmison (Emerson) of Knox waiting for us Wm Prince and F Rapp not being up we waited untill late in the evening We then met and were sworn according to law and adjourned until tomorrow evening

"Tuesday 23d went to shooting after B (breakfast?) we met appointed a committee to Draft rule and adjourned untill 12 met at 12 F Rapp appeared and was sworn We appointed G Hunt chairman and B J Blythe clerk and adjourned untill tomorrow to meet at the mouth of Fall creek Bartholomew Durham Con (Conner?) Dueson and myself * * I paid \$1.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ & \$1.00 for mocke-sons set out stopt at the lower town for the Kt

"Wednesday the 24th a dark morning at 9 Gov'r Jennings with the other comrs came on us set out for the mouth of fall

*See article in this number on Indian towns in Marion County.

†William Conner was an Indian trader who established himself on White River some four miles south of the site of Noblesville early in the century. He was a brother of John Conner, one of the commissioners, who was the founder of Connersville. These brothers, particularly William, were of great service to the government in its dealings with the Indians of this region, and they merit fuller biographies than have ever been written of them.

creek the town we are now in is high Dry rich Bottoms very large one of the most beautiful on the river but Timber scarce we crost the river $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below to the S E side * * this Town after trav-eling some distance along the Traice that led to the mouth of fall creek Bartholomew myself and some * * turned off at 20 p 11 to see the river at 12 came on the river at 1 stopt on a bluff near 200 feet high the air cool and pleasant here we took Dinner and set out at 45 p 1 at 15 p 2 crost fall creek then rode through a very rich piece of land the large timber all Dead we are told it was killed some years since by worms* the under growth at this time mostly prickly ash and very thick which makes it very difficult for us to ride through at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 3 got to Mcormicks who lives on the river quarter of a mile below the mouth of fall creek† Last Kt I staid in an Indian Town saw some Drunk Indians this morning eat at the Table of a Frenchman who has long lived with the Indians and lives like them he furnished his table for us with eggs &c altered times since 1813 when I was last here hunting the Indians with whom we now eat drink and sleep they have now sold their land for a trifle and prepareing to leave the country where they have laid their fathers and relatives, in which we are now hunting a site for the seat of Govrt of our State The Bank of the river on which Mcormick lives is from 25 to 30 feet above the water at this time the country Back is high Dry and good soil but the timber is scarce Govr Jennings Bartholomew Durham Con and myself went down the river 1 mile to camp

"Thursday 25

"at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 2 Bartholomew Durham & myself went fishing caught plenty of fine large fish returned the morning cloudy some rain

*This total destruction of early forest areas by "worms" is not without interest to the student of arboriculture. In the first days of Indianapolis some 200 acres within the donation known as the "caterpillar deadening" was cleared of brush, fenced in and tilled as a common field. See Holloway's *Indianapolis*, p. 9. From Tipton's location at the time of making his note this deadening was probably the one he saw. A little further on he speaks of another deadening, mentioning that it was of sugar trees.

†The McCormick settlement, at the mouth of Fall Creek, was one of three sites that the commissioners seem to have had in mind beforehand. According to Nowland it consisted of "four or five families, viz: Hardings, Wilson, Pogue and McCormicks, all of whom had come that spring. Albert Wilson, a son of John Wilson, has told the editor that his father, in company with the McCormicks and George Pogue, came from Connersville, following an Indian trail that led from the Whitewater to a White River ford at the mouth of Fall Creek. These settlers, as well as those at the "Bluffs" were, of course, "squatters," as the country had not yet been opened for settlement.

Bartholomew and me went out to look at the land the comrs came down we set out for the Bluffs Distance Down the river about 15 miles the Govr started (?) here at McCormicks at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11 after traveling some distance on a small traice at 45 p 12 came to the river in a wide bottom that is inundated Staid 1 hour set out very hard rain passed very bad swamp one horse crippled some of my coleags say the times is very hard came to the traice the rain fell in Torronts at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 4 Bartholomew Durham Carr Dueson & me stopt in some Indian camps after getting fire kindled and our clothes dry we had a pleasant kt the land here high Dry and rich Immediately (?) on the River in T 14 N of R 3 E went to Rest

Friday 24

"the morning clier cool pleasant my horse with two more missing I wrote some letters home while I was riting Col D found our horses the commissioners that had went to the Bluff last kt returned B D and myself went down to see the Bluffs* they waited here for our return we found the Bluff in T 13 N of R 2 E in S 13 the Bluff is about 150 feet above the river but verry uneven the water good Genl Carr [and] Capt Dueson started home and left us out of this Bluff issues a number of fine springs one of which some distance back from the river has near 20 feet fall Back of this Bluff runs a beautiful creek they front on the river near 1 mile if they were level on top it would be the most beautiful site for a town that I ever have seen Saw the R line between R 2 & 3 E and the carries(?) of S 12 & 13 in T 13 N of R 2 E we then returned to our camp and set out to examine the n w side of the river crost in an overflowed bottom at 2 came to a plaice where the river turns to the west making a very short Bend runs hard against the w shore and seems to be a very difficult pass for boats of burthen at this plaice the growth is all young timber some remains of oald cabbins I am told there was once an Indian village here * * Wm Lander who lives 1 mile back from the river told me that an Indian said the French once lived here and that the Indian went to school to a Frenchman in this plaice but they left it about the time of

*At the bluffs of White River, in Morgan County, where Waverly now stands, was a settlement founded by Jacob Whetzel, one of the brothers famous in the annals of Indian warfare. Whetzel cut a trace from the Whitewater to this point, and was followed and joined here by several other families. See Nowland's *Early Reminiscences*; also, an article in the *Indianapolis News*, Sept. 3, 1897.

Hardin's Campain which [was] about 33 years ago* the country continus high and good from some distance back from the river Mr Lander(?) has planted some corn here the timber very scarce here that is fit for building &c after viewing this plaice we set out and traveled up the river the land rolling at 3 crost a Branch at 4 came to a beautiful clier pond or lake about 60 yards wide seeming nearly from n to s† the water clier the Bottom gravley a plenty of fish we drank some and continued on our course at 45 p 5 crost Eagle creek‡ a beautiful creek sufficient to turn a mill at 6 our co (company?) became uneasy and at (?) we crost the river to the s e side and at 7 arrived at the mouth of Fall creek found Govr Jennings had went up to conners

"Saturday 27th

"a fine clier morning very cool before breckfast we walked out to look at the Bottom had breckfast &c Durham paid \$2.25 at 9 we crost to the n w side we crost at the mouth of Fall creek the n w side below the mouth of the creek is low and overflows above is some high land at 45 p 11 came to the river Boiled our coffy after some time spent on the n w we crost to the s e side the comrs then met and agreed to select and locate the site Township 15 north of R 3 E which Township was not divided into sections but Judge Wm B Loughlin of Brookville in whose district the Township lies having been instructed by the Surveyor General to to give every facility in his power to the comrs in the completion of their duty we agreed and hired a man to carry a letter to his camp for which we gave him \$2.00 Bartholomew Col Durham & Jonathan Woodberry a friend of mine from Hardinsburg with whom I have just went 1 mile down the river and encamped for the Kt Some of the comrs came to our camp we had a pleasant evening

"Sunday 28 a cool clier day we met at 6 Judge Loughlin came on and stated that it would take 10 days to progress so far with the surveys as to enable us to progress with our business on motion the comrs then adjourned to meet again on next Monday week at 45 p 11 we set out for Wm Connors J Conner and G Hunt two of the comrs went home the rest to Wm Connors we

*See article on Indian towns.

†Probably the bayou locally known as Lannigan's Lake, near south line of Marion Co.

‡Note—Eagle and Fall creeks had received their names at this early date.

traveled about 3 miles and crost fall creek the land being levil and rich from the river to this plaice the most of the timber for some distance from the river having been sugar tree has been killed abt 2 years since by the worms and is now thickly set with prickly ash near the creek the timber better after we crost the creek we traveled about 8 miles between the river and creek the land equally good timber mostly Sugar Buckeye Hackberry Cherry Walnut &c every quarter section is worth twice the Govert price we crost to the n w side below the lower (Indian) town Recrost at Conners Prairie found the men playing favourite game which they call mockuson which is played with a bullit and 4 mockusons* then went to view the ground on which Bartholomew and me had incamped in June 17th 1813'

(Concluded next number).

Indian Towns in Marion County

THE reference in the Tipton Journal to two Indian towns on White River between Conner's trading post and the bluffs, one in existence at that time and the other a tradition, is a contribution to an uncertain subject. The existence of a Delaware town in the north part of Marion County, near where Allisonville now stands, is recognized by Ignatius Brown and Berry Sulgrove in their histories, and the former tells of an old white woman who remained there after the tribe had left. This woman had been captured when a child, had reared a half-breed family, and her forgotten story seems to have been very like that of the more famous Frances Slocum. Very little information is to be had about this town, and it is treated, rather, as a tradition at the time of the first white occupancy. Tipton's statement, however, establishes that it was there in 1820.

The town that once stood where the river crosses the south line of the county was still more a thing of vague report. Prof. Ryland T. Brown, in the *Indiana Geological Report* for 1882 (see p. 97) affirms, though without giving his authority, that it was the village of a Delaware chief named Big Fire, a friend to the whites; that it was destroyed by the Madison Rangers, in 1812, in revenge for the

*See article on the game of Moccasin, in this number.

Pigeon Roost massacre, and that Governor Harrison had no little trouble in pacifying the chief. Incidentally it may be surmised that Tipton, who was, presumably, familiar with the local military operations of that period, and who had himself campaigned here in 1813, as evidenced by his journal, would have known of the Madison Rangers affair; and William Landers' testimony added to this pretty well negatives Prof. Brown's assertion.

In the *Indianapolis News* for May 4, 1899, appeared an article gleaned from C. T. Dollarhide, of Indianapolis, which recounted the tradition of the neighborhood in question as handed down by the narrator's grandfather, John Dollarhide, and other early settlers. Taken in connection with Tipton's information, and by its internal evidence of traditional genuineness, it would seem to have more authenticity than any other statement upon the subject, and so much of the interview as has a documentary value we here repeat.

Says Mr. Dollarhide: "My grandfather, John Dollarhide, settled near the meeting point of Johnson, Morgan and Marion counties in the year 1819 or 1820. His reason for settling there was that he found a considerable area of land from which the great forest trees had been removed. This had again been covered by bushes and small timber such as the settlers called second growth. That clearing, my grandfather said, had been made by Indians, and that ground had evidently been cultivated by them. My father said that after heavy showers he and his brothers had picked up Indian ornaments of silver, such as were worn on the breasts of braves (a kind of brooch) and other trinkets. When my father was a boy this place was called 'the battle ground', and is so called by some old people to-day. Tradition said that some time early in this century, or at the close of the last century, a party of Kentuckians had come to this Indian settlement and murdered the inhabitants. It was said that there was at this place (the land, I believe, now belongs, in part, to the estate of the late Eli Stone) a Catholic mission of some kind, probably a Jesuit mission; but whether the Jesuits were there when the massacre took place is not a part of the tradition.

"In 1876 I became acquainted with Judge Franklin Hardin, who settled in Johnson County about 1820. When he heard my name, Dollarhide, he remarked that I must have come from the

'battle-ground,' and I found that he had known my grandfather in Kentucky. The Judge said that a relative of his, a Major Hardin, of Kentucky, had told him of an expedition that was led against this Indian village; that there was then, or had been, a French mission there, and that the Indians had been massacred in regular Kentucky fashion. The Judge said, I believe, that his relative had told him of this massacre in Kentucky before he removed to Indiana, and that he (the Judge) had no doubt that the 'battle-ground' was the identical spot of which the Major had told him. The Major, it was said, had taken part in this raid, which the Judge thought took place about the year 1795.*

"In 1863, while making the Indianapolis & Waverly gravel road, the workmen, digging into a gravel bank, threw out a number of human bones. It is not too curious to connect these bones with that massacre. ** My father told me that he had found a piece of stone-work there—an arch, I believe—and that he was certain that this piece, which was skilfully cut, could only have been fashioned by a white man, and that it may have formed some part of the French mission building."†

The Games of Moccasin and Bullet

The following, written by the late Robert B. Duncan, a well-known pioneer of Marion County, throws further light on the game of "mockuson" spoken of by Tipton (see journal, p. 15).

"Bullet, as it was termed, was a gambling game considerably used in its day; so much so as to cause the enactment [of a law] making it a finable offense to play it. It was borrowed from the

*"On the 26th of August, 1789, about two hundred mounted volunteers, under the command of Colonel John Hardin, marched from the Falls of the Ohio to attack some of the Indian towns on the Wabash. This expedition returned to the Falls on the 28th of September, without the loss of a man—having killed six Indians, plundered and burnt one deserted village, and destroyed a considerable quantity of corn."—Dillon, p. 220.

†Since the above was put in type the editor finds the question of this Indian town discussed at length by D. D. Banta, in the larger history of Johnson County, pp. 283-286. Judge Banta's conclusion would seem to be in line with Mr. Dollarhide's version. For further information touching the white captive of the upper town see *The Western Censor* (Indianapolis public library), June 11, 1823.

Delaware Indians,* who were great experts in playing it, and were inveterate gamblers. I well recollect frequently seeing them playing the game, which was then called "moccasin," and was played in this wise:

"The professional gambler would spread upon a smooth, level grass plat a large, well-dressed deer skin, upon which he would place in a semi-circular form, within convenient reach of the player, a half-dozen newly-made moccasins. The game consisted in the use of a large-sized bullet held in his hands and shown to those looking on and desiring to take part in the game, and then, in a hurried and very dextrous manner, placing his hand under each moccasin, leaving the bullet under one of them. Betting was then made as to which one of the moccasins the bullet was under. As the manner of shuffling the hands under each moccasin was done so rapidly and skilfully that it was impossible for the by-standers to see under which the bullet was left, it will thus be seen that the chances were largely in favor of the gambler.

"The few whites inclined in this direction learned this game from the Indians, and after the removal of the latter from the country kept up the game, using private rooms and covered tables in place of grass plat and buckskin; and for want of moccasins, using caps, and changing the name from "moccasin" to "bullet." this game continued to be played to such an extent as to cause the legislature to enact a law making it a finable offense. This law, with the introduction of the more secret and convenient means of gambling still in use, soon caused the game of bullet to become one of the lost arts.†"

*The game was also a favorite one with the Miamis and Pottowatomies.

†Query—Is the "shell" game of the present day a surviving form of "moccasin?"



Gleaned from the Pioneers

[Under this heading we will aim to present, from issue to issue, reminiscences gathered at first-hand from surviving pioneers, and written in a popular vein. While the Indian story, immediately below, does not fall precisely within this scope, it seems as good a place as any to insert it.—*Ed.*]

AN INDIAN STORY

ALONG the Wabash and Mississinewa rivers, in northern Indiana, where the red man and his traditional lore are not yet quite forgotten, there lingers many a fugitive story which has never found the publicity of print. Those who know them are yearly becoming scarcer, but an industrious collector might still glean an interesting harvest. Here is a sample which we have picked up from Gabriel Godfroy, a son of Francis Godfroy, who was the last war-chief of the Miami Indians. Gabriel Godfroy, the most notable Indian now to be found in Indiana, lives a few miles east of the city of Peru, on a small remnant of the ample lands once reserved to his father.* With the true primitive instinct he treasures the unwritten history of his people as it has been handed down from sire to son, and this story, told in a quaint style that must be largely lost in the writing, is only one of many. The narrative is gruesome, but reflects the Indian life and spirit, and has the ethnic value—the value of the folk-story.

Once a young Miami brave took to wife a daughter of the Wea tribe, further down the Wabash, and because of her left his own people to go and live among the strangers. While the Miami was still a stranger a marauding band of Kickapoos caught and scalped a Wea woman, and the cry arose for vengeance. A council was held, and when the braves sat in circle the head man of the village passed around with a war club, offering it to each in turn. If one took the club it signified that he accepted the leadership of a war party to pursue the enemy; but that not only meant danger—it also meant disgrace to the leader if the expedition failed. One by one the braves let the club pass. Ere it reached the Miami he thought much. To accept it was to risk much, but to let it pass was to show fear, and he had his reputation to establish among his new friends; so when it came to him he took it and became chief of the war party, pledged to avenge the wrongs done his people.

*Since writing the above we understand that Gabriel has lost even this remnant.

Then the armed braves started out on the trail. Ere long they came to the rude picture of a buck cut on the bark of a tree. This was the totem sign of the leader of their foes, and the carving was an act of bravado. When they saw the sign the Weas paused and spoke discouragingly to each other. They knew the Buck. His boldness and his craft were notorious, and often before they had sought vengeance for his deeds, but to no avail. To pursue him now was of no use, they said, and they would have turned back; but their Miami leader said no—they must follow and pit cunning against cunning. So they followed for many miles, the trail growing hotter, till at length they came in sight of their enemies' smoke. Then they went warily as wild beasts creeping upon their prey, and when they had drawn near two of them, disguised as wolves, crept closer yet and found the Kickapoos lolling beside their fire, the leader being distinguished by a buck tattooed upon his thigh. When the two Weas returned to their companions a council was held. They outnumbered their foes, and it was decided that the party should creep up and, if possible, kill all but the Buck—him they would take alive and be revenged for all the trouble he had caused them. They managed well, and the Kickapoos were shot down before they could offer fight, but when they came to lay hands upon the Buck he was so strong that he threw them aside like children till one Wea, older and more experienced than the others, struck him across the muscles of his arms with a war-club, when his hands fell powerless. So they took and bound him. When the Buck saw that no further resistance could avail he bade his captors burn him then and there and save themselves trouble, for he would not go with them to be sport for their village. This was not what they wished; for their greatest glory would be to return to their people leading their prisoner in triumph to be sacrificed before them all. No cruel forcing that they could devise, however, would make him go. He taunted them, defying them to burn him there, until at length they bound him to a tree and piled the fagots about him. When the fire began to burn he asked for a pipe to smoke. It was given him, and as the flames licked about his flesh he calmly smoked until, the life slowly driven out, the pipe dropped from his mouth and he hung limp in his bonds. So he frustrated his enemies at the last, but they returned in triumph, having ridded themselves of the Buck, and the young Miami had won glory for himself.

But glory, among the red men as among the white, is sometimes harder to maintain than it is to gain. In course of time another hostile band committed depredation upon the Weas, and again the Miami, who had succeeded so well before, led a party in pursuit. The trail they followed led across a little swampy place, and from the end of a log the fugitives had passed over the soft ground, each leaping in the tracks of the first one. When the leader of the Weas came to the end of the log he too leapt into the first foot-print made by their enemies, and he found himself out-witted by their cunning; for in this first track they had skilfully sunken an arrow with the barb pointing upward and concealed just beneath the surface. On this he came with all his weight and ran his foot through and through, so that his party had to carry him back home humiliated with failure.

EARLY DAYS AT DEPAUW

ONE of the sprightliest "recollectionists" in Indianapolis is the venerable John W. Ray, Hoosier octogenarian, who during his long life has been in the thick of things, and whose memory is good. Some sixty years ago Mr. Ray entered the walls of DePauw College, or, as it was then called, Asbury University, to equip himself for the battle of life, and what he has to say about it will perhaps be of interest to DePauw folks, and some others as well.

"In those days," says Mr. Ray, "the boy who had his way paid and his path made easy and pleasant was the exception. The large proportion of them were of the pioneer type—poor boys, many of them from the farm, who had to live at the minimum cost and work at a maximum pressure. Their clothes were generally home-spun, and fashioned by the loving hands of self-sacrificing mothers. Under-clothes were regarded as effeminate, and were rarely worn, and such superfluities of toilet as are now worn for the sake of adornment were but little in evidence.

"When I went there, in the early '40s three of us rented a room for two dollars per month that was sumptuously furnished with a stove and two or three chairs, an old bedstead and a straw tick, which latter we were privileged to replenish at the straw-pile when we wished. Here we cooked, ate, studied and slept. Our board

bills averaged about one dollar per week, and the fare gave us abundant strength to fight our way through Greek, Latin, mathematics and the applied sciences.

When James Harlan from Parke County came there with his worldly effects done up in a beggarly bundle no one seemed willing to trust him for his board, so he went to the president and offered to do janitor work in the college for the use of a vacant room in the building. The room was granted him and he managed to live there and board himself, and in the end was one of those who have honored old Asbury. When he graduated he had not even a coat to don, and in lieu thereof wore a calico dressing gown supplemented by a pair of old slippers on his feet. About that time the Iowa University was established, and soon after a committee from that State came to Asbury in search of a good man for their president. Harlan was recommended to them; he was sent for, and within thirty days after his graduation in the dressing-gown he was installed as the new president of the new college. He became a prominent citizen of his adopted State. In the winter of '45-'46 the Iowa legislature established a Department of Public Instruction, and Harlan, although he was a Whig and the legislature was Democratic, was chosen as superintendent. Subsequently he was honored with other offices, among them that of the U. S. senatorship. He was Secretary of the Interior in President Lincoln's cabinet, and also judge in the Court of Claims. James Harlan was a cousin of Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court Bench. He was the best debater, the best logician and the best judge of men I ever knew. He never wrote his speeches, but filled himself full of his subject and out of that fulness spoke with eloquence and spontaneity.

"And by the way, do you know that Indiana has furnished more citizens and more Methodists to Iowa than to any other State in the west?"

"One of the brightest students of old Asbury, and one who, I feel sure, would have made his mark had he been spared, bore the odd name of Greenberry Short. Short came as a homeless wanderer to the office of Judge Samuel Hough, of Lafayette, and solicited a job as office boy. Hough employed him, and before long noticed that the lad spent all his leisure time dipping into the law books. Becoming interested in him he encouraged him to enter Asbury, rendering him such assistance as lay in his power. While

there he made his way by doing janitor service and such work as offered itself. He carried off the honors of his class, and after graduation returned to study law in Judge Hough's office. But the confinement proved fatal to him. He fell a victim to hasty consumption and was cut off in the flower of his promise. I remember that we celebrated, or attempted to celebrate, Greenberry's twenty-first birth-day in a way all our own. His face was peculiarly soft and smooth, and taking our cue from that, we seized him and bore him in triumph to a private room where one of the boys was ready with a big basin and soap, a painter's brush and a huge pruning knife. His face and head was plentifully lathered preparatory to his maiden shave, but before the pruning knife could be applied the victim made a break for liberty and escaped down street, lather and all.

"Daniel W. Voorhees was in the class just before mine. Voorhees was good in belle lettres, rhetoric and history, but in mathematics, logic, languages, or in fact anything that took hard work, he fell short. He was no such man as Harlan. Voorhees' acquirements were on the surface, Harlans' in the depths.

"I may add that in those days there was no football, no baseball and no college yells. Boys who were hungry enough for knowledge to work their way to it by hands as well as by brains had less need of those gentle diversions. We did, however, play townball and cricket somewhat. We were also sturdy ramblers, and as to our gymnasium it was, practically, all of Putnam County."

"UNCLE JOE" BROWN TALKS

ONE of the "walking encyclopedias" of information touching things historic is "Uncle Joe" Brown, who, although bent with the weight of many years and patiently expectant of the Summons, still holds his desk in the County Clerk's office, at Indianapolis, where he does diligent daily service in the rounding out of a busy life. A well-directed question suffices to start Uncle Joe, and he will reel you off a medley which turns this way or that as one theme suggests another.

We were nosing among the old records of the Marion County Commissioners' office, and finding sundry allusions to the office of "fence viewer" we went to Mr. Brown to learn what a fence-viewer might be. He told us all about it. In early days, it seems, when there were large unclaimed tracts and much stock had the range of the country, there was considerable trouble with animals breaking into growing crops, what with breachy "critters" and poor fences. This caused no end of wrangling—so much so, indeed, that a law was passed defining a "legal fence," or one that in law should be considered a sufficient guard. Along with this went a functionary whose business it was to judge whether a man's fence was up to the legal standard when his neighbor's hungry hordes visited his succulent corn. This was the "fence-viewer." As the country came to have less waste land and the liberties of the omnivorous cow and elm-peeler were restricted the services of the viewer fell into desuetude and he passed into forgotten history. In importance and dignity the office ranked along with that of road supervisor.

Something in this reminded Uncle Joe of a story of ex-President Tyler. After John Tyler retired from the presidential office his neighbors of the other party, as a sort of a practical joke, and also, perhaps, to show their opinion of his capacity, got together and elected him road-master; but they wote not they were casting a boomerang. John accepted the office. The Virginia law gave this functionary almost unlimited power in calling out citizens for road service, and the distinguished road-master made the most of his privileges. For about three months that year, in season and out of season, he worked his constituency on the public highways till they wished they hadn't done it. Tyler stood the "joke" better than they did, and the traveling public got the benefit.

"Did you know," queried Mr. Brown, "that Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were all justices of the peace after serving as President of the United States? They were, and they thought the humbler office worthy of them—which shows a more democratic spirit than we find to-day. Besides, Jefferson and Monroe left the presidential chair poor, and the justice's fees were not to be sneezed at in those simple days. I don't know about Madison's circumstances—probably Dolly looked after them with her characteristic vim.

"I remember Dolly Madison. When I was a clerk in the United States Senate she used frequently to visit that body and sit as a

guest of honor beside the Vice-president. They were wont to show her every mark of respect. Whenever she appeared business would be suspended for the moment and she would be gallantly escorted to her seat, usually by the venerable John Quincy Adams. She was a fat old woman of seventy then, and he eighty-eight, and as they marched up the aisle with stately gravity they were a pair to be remembered.

John Quincy Adams—ah, there was a Nestor for you! He has been frequently spoken of as ‘the Old Man Eloquent,’ but that does not fitly characterize him. He had a squeaky voice, was not possessing as a speaker, and his power lay not so much in oratory as in learning. He seemed to have read everything, ancient and modern, and to have remembered everything. No one ever asked him about anything but he could make it the theme for an off-hand dissertation full of erudition. Withal, he knew how to use his learning with trip-hammer effect. On one occasion Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, eloquently and scathingly arraigned the abolitionists for the mischief they were fomenting. Wise was a genuine orator, and when he was done the abolitionists and their cause looked a sorry spectacle. Then Adams arose to reply, and he took an hour at the task. At the end of that hour Wise was simply annihilated, and his argument, from first to last, torn to tatters. Mere oratory and super-heated feeling stood no show at all against countless facts and sound logic. Wise himself, in response, said, with as much grace as possible, that Mr. Adams might advocate any proposition whatsoever and he, for one, would not again venture to enter the lists against him. I remember one little thing that illustrated Adams’ Yankee caution. It was the custom of the Senate pages to secure autographs of the notables, which, no doubt, they disposed of to their own profit. I noticed repeatedly that Mr. Adams, when he honored these requests, had a habit of signing his name at the top of the sheet or slip, leaving very little margin above. Curious to know why he did this I once asked him about it, and in reply he squeaked: ‘I do that so no one can write a note over my name.’ I was sitting near Mr. Adams and was one of those who carried him out of the Senate chamber when he was stricken down. He collapsed in his seat as if shot, but rallied enough to gasp: ‘And this is the last of earth!’ And so passed a great man.

"What other famous men have I known? More than I could talk about or think of in one sitting, young man; and witnessed more changes than most men of the present generation. I suppose I am the only one now living who was present when the first public trial was made of the magnetic telegraph. A dispatch was to be sent from Washington to Baltimore, and the members of Congress and others were invited to witness the test. Professor Morse had been the guest of Henry L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, and in courtesy he had invited Mr. Ellsworth's daughter, Anna, to write the first message. She arrived a little late, and stepping at once to an old desk that stood in a corner wrote this, from the twenty-first chapter of Numbers: 'What God hath wrought.' Morse transmitted this over the wire, and in about five minutes the answer came back, and thus a new factor was introduced into civilization."

We had heard it stated that Mr. Brown had written the first review of a Hoosier book ever written by a Hoosier, and we asked him about it. "That," he said, "was the Indian poem, 'Elskata-wa,' by George W. Cutter, better known to fame by his 'Song of Steam.' I don't remember much about the review now, but one incident in connection with Cutter I have reason for remembering very vividly. Cutter fell in love with a Mrs. Drake, an actress, here in Indianapolis, and, as became a poet, his falling was as deep as it was sudden. He wanted her to marry, but the lady said nay. She seems to have been persuaded at the last minute, however, and just as she was on the eve of a nocturnal flight to make connection with another engagement. At any rate it was a midnight marriage, fully up to the standard of the romancist. At that time I happened to be the clerk of whom people who wanted to amalgamate had to get their license, and at an hour of the night so late that the very clocks had stopped running and gone to rest I was knocked out of bed and haled across town through the grawsome darkness to the court house to issue the required document. That is why I have a particularly lively recollection of George W. Cutter.

"Well, well, I must get to work! Yes, young man, the fence-viewer is an institution of the good old times—you will never see his like again." And Uncle Joe turned once more to his unfinished page of scribing.

CONTRIBUTIONS

• The Laws of Indiana as Affected by the Present Constitution

By W. W. THORNTON

Author of Thornton's Revised Statutes, The Gov't of the State of Indiana, etc.

THE first Constitution of the State of Indiana was completed and adopted June 29, 1816, and the State was admitted to the Union the 11th of the following December. The second Constitution was completed February 10, 1851, and went into force the 1st day of the following November.

The Constitution of 1851 was not secured without a struggle which extended over many years. The Constitution of 1816 provided that every twelfth year the question of calling a convention to revise or amend it should be submitted to the voters at the general election, held for the election of Governor. The first twelfth year came in 1828, when only ten counties reported, 8,909 votes being cast on the subject. Of these, 3,329 were in favor of and 5,580 against calling a convention. At the election in 1840 only 38 counties reported, and 41,823 votes were cast, 7,489 for and 34,334 against a convention.

Twelfth-year
Proviso, Inter-
pretation of This provision of the Constitution requiring a vote every twelfth year was regarded as only directory, and not to prohibit a vote on the question of revising at any election held to elect a governor. Under this interpretation of that provision a vote was taken in 1846; votes cast, 62,018, with 33,175 favoring, and 28,843 against. While a majority of all votes cast on the question was in favor of the convention yet the Constitution required that the number should be a majority of all votes cast at the election; and as 126,123 were cast for the gubernatorial candidates the number voting in favor of the convention was not a majority of all votes cast at the election. In 1849 the question was a fourth time submitted, the result being a vote of 81,500 in favor of the convention to 57,418 against it—a majority of 6,612 votes over all votes cast at the election for all the candidates for any one office.

The causes that prompted the calling of the Constitutional Convention of 1850 are reflected in its provisions, and have left their

imprint on all subsequent legislation. The territorial laws were often very crude, and not infrequently is this also true of those adopted under the constitution of 1816. In 1824, 1832, 1838 and 1843 general revisions of these State laws took place. That of 1824 was almost wholly the work of Benjamin Parke, and was a marked improvement over the laws that preceded it, but the revisions of 1832 and 1838 were largely re-prints of laws already enacted, while that of 1843 was so radical in form and introduced so many changes as to be quite unsatisfactory.

The first legislature after the adoption of the constitution of 1851 revised the entire body of our laws. That instrument required the appointment of commissioners to revise, simplify and abridge the rules, practice, pleadings and forms of the court, and to provide for abolishing distinct forms of action then in force, that justice might be administered in a uniform mode of pleading and the distinction between law and equity preserved.* The constitution made it the imperative duty of the legislature to bring about these changes through the agency of a commission. It also authorized it to empower the commission to revise the entire body of our statute laws, but this the legislature reserved to itself.

One of the most noticeable differences in the legislation before and after the adoption of the new constitution is the manner in which statutes are amended. Under the old constitution they were frequently changed or amended by providing that a certain word or words in a certain line of a certain section in a certain act should be stricken out and certain other words inserted. This is the method still pursued by Congress. The practice creates great confusion, and it is not always an easy task to determine the effect of statutes after the amendment is made. Under our present method the amended section must be definitely referred in the amending act, and then the section as amended set out in full. Formerly, under decisions of the Supreme Court, it was necessary to set out in full the old section, and then in full the section as amended, but a later interpretation of the constitution by that court permits the omis-

*This may not express Mr. Thornton's exact meaning. There was some confusion in the copy here, and it was not possible to submit proof.—*Ed.*

sion of the old section, thus simplifying the process.

Another noticeable change is that the laws with very few exceptions are of a uniform and general application throughout the State. Prior to 1851 our statute books were loaded down with special legislation. Every city was incorporated by a law particularly its own, and there was no general law for their incorporation until after that date. Towns were incorporated in the same way. A stranger entering a town or city was chargeable with notice of the laws of the place, and was bound to obey them, and yet he could not know what they were until he had examined the charter of the city or town. It was nothing uncommon to vacate a street or even an alley by special act of the legislature. Prior to 1851 a temperance wave had swept over the State, taking a stronger hold on the people in one locality than in another. The result was a great patchwork of statutes relating to the subject. In some counties prohibitory laws were in force, while in others a license was required. Even in the same county these differences prevailed, some of the townships being "dry" while others were "wet".

There was no uniformity in the schools, the laws being as various with reference to the subject of public education as those concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors. The public schools were poor—far below the standard prevailing today. Practice and pleading in our court are now uniform, but before 1851 such was not the case. In a county in particular instances a certain practice had to be observed; in an adjoining one, another, and in a third still another. Even the practice in several townships of the same county before justices of the peace was not uniform, and a special law for the election of a justice of the peace in a particular township was not uncommon. Nor were the laws of taxation uniform. One county could levy a certain tax while another could not levy it; and this difference often extended to townships of the same county; or to cities and towns.

There is also a vast body of legislation, of a date prior to 1851, that is called "private" legislation, because it is of a private and not a public character. Prior to 1847 each corporation was incorporated by an act of the legislature pertaining to it alone, called the "charter". At the session of 1846-7 the first law of a general character for the

incorporation of voluntary associations was enacted, but it was limited in its scope. Academies, seminaries, colleges, private schools, libraries, railroads, manufacturing and trading companies of all kinds, planing mills, saw mills, and even brass bands were incorporated by private acts of the legislature. This practice became a great burden to that body. Thus at the five sessions prior to that of 1843-4 the number of octavo pages of the private laws were respectively 180, 301, 365, 431 and 636; while those of the general laws were respectively only 122, 92, 135, 164 and 125. Within the eight years prior to 1846 more than four hundred private acts of incorporation were enacted.

Under the old constitution the legislature could grant divorces, and 83 were granted, 40 of them at the session of 1845-6. Under the present constitution none can be granted by this method. Under the present constitution each statute can embrace only one subject, and the subject-matter must be embraced within the title. There was no such requirement under the old constitution. The object of this provision is to prevent undesirable legislation slipping through, and to give all legislation as much publicity as is conveniently possible.

Another reason for a new constitution was the resentment in the breasts of many toward the State Bank and its branches, and the monopoly it held in banking matters in the State. It had become a very lucrative source of income to its stock-holders, who were mostly influential Whigs, and the Democrats dreaded their influence in State affairs. Many of the latter, therefore, favored a revision of our banking laws so as to overthrow the bank. Still another reason, growing out of the disastrous State internal improvement legislation, was to adopt measures to prevent the lending of the State's funds or credit to private enterprises.

These were some of the features in our laws that brought about the calling of the convention of 1850. Others were the election of the judiciary and all State and county officers by popular vote; biennial instead of annual sessions of the legislature, and the election of members of the general assembly from single districts. The year 1850 was also the end of two decades of constitutional construction and revision in many of the States of the Union. That

Movement in
Other States

fact had a decided influence in bringing about the call for a convention. In 1830 Virginia had adopted a new constitution; in 1831, Delaware; in 1832, Mississippi; in 1835, Michigan (although not admitted until 1837); in 1836, Arkansas; in 1838, Pennsylvania and Florida (although the latter was not admitted until 1845); in 1842, Rhode Island; in 1844, New Jersey; in 1845, Louisiana and Texas; in 1846, Iowa and New York; in 1848, Illinois and Wisconsin; in 1849, California; in 1850, Kentucky and Michigan. In Maryland and Ohio the subject had been so much under discussion that in 1851 both these States adopted new constitutions.

First Laws under
New Constitut'n

The laws enacted at the first session of the legislature after the adoption of the present constitution were a decided improvement over previous statutes. Of course there were radical changes required by the new fundamental law, but even where no changes were so required many were made. There were many improvements upon the draft of the statutes, for the legislators had the old statutes before them, and it was an easy thing to improve upon them. The general body of the law was made more certain, and in many instances not so complex.

New Civil and
Criminal Codes

The crown of the work of legal reformation was the two codes—the civil and the criminal. These were the work of the Commissioners of Revision, and well they did their work. New York, in 1846, had adopted a code of civil procedure—the first in this country—which served as a model for our revisers, as well as a model for many other States since the adoption of our code. David Dudley Field, in many respects her greatest lawyer, had written her code, and the impress of his genius has been felt in many of the States of the Federal Union. The Indiana codes—especially the civil code—are models of legal writing. The commissioners that revised them in 1881 made few changes and added little to them, but what they did was an improvement. The new codes introduced great and radical changes in the practice of the law, sweeping away a brood of fictions and technicalities that rendered the practice uncertain, cumbersome and unnecessarily prolix. Strange as it may be, the reformation of our practice in the courts was brought about largely by the laity, and against the opposition of a majority of the members of the legal profession.

On the Writing of Statutes The statutes of our State are not as well written as those of some of the older States, nor as well as those of the United States, but there is a marked improvement in them in this respect over our early statutes. The Commissioners of Revision in 1881 presented to the legislature drafts of many statutes that failed to pass that body, which would not only have introduced many reforms into our legislation but greatly improved existing statutory law. Many of our statutes should be re-written and simplified. This is especially true of the school law, which is a mere hodge-podge of statutes enacted during the last thirty-seven years, often so obscure that no man can tell what the law is upon a particular question. In the writing of statutes one of the cardinal principles to be kept in view is that a statute with which the people *en masse* have to deal should be not only clear in its language, but explicit and minute in detail. Statutes that courts deal chiefly with may be more general in terms and omit details in many instances, the courts having the power to supply the latter often when necessary to carry out their provisions. Such a statute will not do, however, where the people *en masse* deal in minute particulars directly with its provisions. The civil and criminal codes are written in general terms, but the tax and Australian ballot laws are written in great detail, the language used in them being explicit and clear. They are models of statutory writing. The laws on taxation and elections are not only a great advancement over the laws of the past on those subjects, but are much better and more clearly written than those of the past.

Legislation as affected by New Conditions Beginning with 1888 the volume of our legislation has annually been very large as compared with that of the previous years. Many statutes are now in force on subjects where prior to 1851 none existed. This is due to the change in the condition of the country and the advance in civilization. There have arisen new conditions, new methods of doing business, new opportunities to commit crimes, and these had to be met. Necessity in old countries requires the statutes to be more numerous, more minute in detail, and usually more complicated than in new countries, and for this reason a new revision of our statute laws can be but a matter of time; though to undertake to secure such revision now would be a Herculean task.

The State Library--Its Character and Aims

By W. E. HENRY, State Librarian

HISTORICAL THE history of the State Library at its beginning and for many years after is a rather sorry story of a perfunctory institution that existed, not in response to a real demand, but because the legislature had said it should. It was established in 1825 as a department of the office of Secretary of State, for the purpose of furnishing information for the officers of the State when at the capital—or, as the law read: for “the members of the Legislature, the secretaries and clerks of each House thereof, the officers of the several branches of the executive department of the State government, the judge of the United States District Court, the United States District Attorney, the judges of the Supreme Court of this State, and the judges of the Circuit Courts when they or any of them may be at the seat of government.” Subsequent statutes gradually broadened the scope of the library and extended its privileges. In 1841 it became a separate institution and was removed from the Secretary’s office.

The State Library was for many years a political office. It was understood to belong to the party in power, and the party majority in the legislature always elected to the office of librarian a man of the right political faith. It was at once a reward for party service and an earnest of party support. Men who are put into office for these reasons are not put in for special fitness, and whatever fitness there might be is largely accidental. The party-chosen State librarians were, presumably, not an exception to this rule; and the qualifications they possessed stood small show of useful development, what with uncertain tenure of office and miserly allowance of funds.

The latter handicap of itself would have effectually prevented the usefulness of the library however capable the librarians, and as a matter of fact the library had practically no growth for the first fifty years of its existence. At the end of that time the collective wisdom had got so far away from the idea of the library as a political adjunct as to elect women to the office, and it should be noted that these, so far as can be judged from the evidence at hand, seem to have been the first incumbents to have the welfare and future of the library at heart. Sarah A. Oren (1873-5), appealed for a larger

appropriation and affirmed that "the great" State of Indiana calls loudly for a well-filled reference library." Maggie F. Peelle (1879-'81) did a good work by starting the collection of books by Indiana writers, and it was by her advice that the library of the late Daniel Hough was purchased; and equal credit must be given to others.

In 1889 Mr. J. P. Dunn became librarian and, through some seemingly miraculous influence, succeeded in securing a most liberal appropriation. After two years, however, this fund was reduced and remained wholly inadequate until two years ago, when the people of the State and the legislature began to see the desirability of more liberal treatment. In consequence, the library now has a much better outlook than at any time in its past.

Creating of Non-partisan Library Management In 1895 a law was enacted removing the library from partisan politics, and its management was placed in the hands of a non-partisan board—the State Board of Education. It was not to be managed as part of the school system, but was so placed because this board was thought to be as clear of partisan bias as any body of persons in the State, and at the same time it possessed a special degree of fitness because the majority of its members were men of the highest educational qualification. This board represents all parts of the State, and no person on it secures his place by virtue of political or religious affiliations. It is a board the membership of which can not change rapidly, and which, through political powers, cannot reward friends or punish enemies. The policy of this non-partisan and *ex officio* board has been from the first, and is, that no person shall enter the service of the library who has not special qualifications for the work.

Size and Scope of Library The State Library has now a collection of nearly forty thousand volumes consisting largely of historical material. This is composed of sources rather than secondary matter, being made up chiefly of State government publications, the publications of the United States government, and a very considerable collection of local records in the way of town, county and State histories, the printed archives from various States, and the histories of particular movements, institutions, sects and specific organizations working toward some specific ends. It should be added that the files of Indiana newspapers, particularly of the earlier years, are, I believe, fuller and more valuable than exists elsewhere.

**State and U. S.
Publications,
how Acquired**

State and United States publications are received by deposit and exchange, demanding no expenditure of money, so that all our purchases are in the lines of history, economics and sociology, and, as before said, mostly in source material. The library especially seeks those publications which are either too bulky or too expensive to be owned and preserved by private or small public libraries. This makes it largely a reference library for historical purposes; yet it is now rapidly becoming more than is implied in "reference" or "historical."

Method of Circulating Books By the provisions of a law enacted by the last legislature the State Library can now lend any but rare books to any responsible citizen of the State if the borrower is willing to pay transportation charges. By this plan it is enabled to supplement the local library and to reach a considerable number who do not have access to any local library. I hope to see the time when the State at public expense may place the book, not merely in the post or express office, but in the hands of the reader. Any argument that will justify the State in buying the book for the reader will equally justify delivering that book to him, whether he be far or near.

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Special Indiana Collection The State Library makes every possible effort to secure all printed material that shall in any way throw light upon the history or present condition of Indiana. We purchase, so far as possible, every book or pamphlet ever written by an Indiana author, upon any subject; or by any author, of any time or place, upon any subject relating to the State's life.

Further Aims When we have more funds I hope to see this institution become a general reference library in all departments of science and literature, so that almost any rational demand of the citizens of the State, within these lines, may be supplied; and I hope to see the State ready to bear all expense to put the book into the hand of the reader in whatever part of the State he may be. A larger fund, however, is necessary to these conditions, and in the securing of such fund all citizens can have a voice. To every citizen a great and really useful institution of this character should be a matter of interest and pride. By such interest and pride you can materially help the library to grow and branch out into new fields of usefulness. We bespeak your co-operation.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

Works on Indiana History

[The following does not aim to be a complete list of works treating of or tributary to the history of Indiana. Such a bibliography would include a large amount of material of an indirect or local character that does not come within the scope of the present purpose, which is to present a brief account of such works as may be of use to the casual student having occasion for inquiry along these lines. We have also, by way of guidance to the uninformed, indicated what we conceive to be the respective values of the works considered.]

PRIOR to the work of John B. Dillon, whose *Historical Notes* was published in 1843, there was, practically, no written history of Indiana, either as a State, as an American Territory, or as a French possession—excepting, of course, the documents from which the orderly history was subsequently constructed. Dillon entered a virgin field with the prodigious labor of a pioneer before him, and, single-handed, as it were, worked his chosen part of this field so industriously and well that he still remains a leading authority upon the period covered by him. His first book, *Historical Notes of the Discovery and Settlement of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio*, was merged in the *History of Indiana*, which appeared in 1859. The title has been somewhat misleading to many unacquainted with the work, as it is almost wholly devoted to the early French occupancy and the Territorial period, the narrative proper ending with the admission of the State in 1816. To this is added, however, "a general view of the progress of public affairs" up to 1856. In the twenty pages devoted to this is condensed an amount of information that in the hands of a more verbose writer might have made a small volume. Not the least valuable part of Mr. Dillon's book are the appendices of Indian treaties and other documents.

J. P. Dunn In our opinion the little volume by J. P. Dunn: *Indiana, a Redemption from Slavery* (1896), is, next to Dillon's book, the most notable contribution to Indiana's historical records. Like Dillon's work it is not a history of the State, but is, rather, a study of a particular phase of our earlier history—our relations to slavery. Incidentally the entire French and Territorial periods are dealt with, and the subject throughout added to by original research. Thorough as an investigator, taking full advantage of the researches of other students, and with a keen and search-

ing reasoning faculty, Mr. Dunn reveals the genius of the genuine historian, and has the ability, none too common, to write history attractively without imperilling his authenticity. His work as a reference book stands the test of long and frequent usage.

W. H. English *The Conquest of the Country Northwest of the River Ohio and the Life of George Rogers Clark*, two large volumes by William H. English (1896), is an exhaustive study of one chapter in our earlier history. The full scope of Mr. English's plan was to write a voluminous history of the State, and this work that saw the light was but introductory to the larger scheme. Of the particular events with which he deals the two volumes named are the most thorough study extant, and as such have a value proportioned to the importance of those events. For years Mr. English was a collector of rare and valuable material, and a considerable amount of this appears in the "Conquest of the Northwest."

Goodrich & Tuttle An illustrated history of Indiana issued in 1875 under the names of DeWitt C. Goodrich and Prof. Charles R. Tuttle, and which, in an enlarged form, re-appeared in 1879 sponsored by Wm. S. Haymond, was then the only book in the field aiming to present the later history of the State, and so, perhaps, its existence was justified. It is chiefly distinguished by an overburdened title-page advertising the phenomenal scope of the work. It has long since been relegated to the upper shelves where it rests in an oblivion quite comprehensible to any one who seeks it for historical enlightenment.

W. H. Smith Of the "complete" works, *The History of the State of Indiana from the Earliest Explorations by the French to the Present Time*, by William Henry Smith (1897), is the most ambitious and the fullest. The writer unquestionably possesses a wide and varied fund of information; his subject-matter, made more attractive, perhaps, by arrangement into numerous topics that fairly well cover the State's story, is set forth in an easy, readable style, and it will doubtless hold its place as a popular history. To the more particular student, who is indisposed and who ought not to be asked to take things implicitly on faith, the book is less satisfactory. Mr. Smith tells us a surprising number of new things, but, unfortunately, does not at any time see fit to cite authorities. The possible suspicion that he prefers a flowing and readable narrative to strict

accuracy he has taken no pains to avoid, and for that reason, if for no other, he will hardly be regarded as a reliable authority.

Mrs. Hendricks The *Popular History of Indiana*, a compilation by various authors, but bearing the name of Mrs. T. A. Hendricks as sponsor, covers the whole period of our history up to 1891, the date of publication. It may be regarded as a young peoples' history, and was the first published attempt in that line. For a work of its character it was a creditable product, and served its purpose for a time, but is about forgotten now.

Julia S. Conklin The *Young People's History of Indiana*, by Mrs. Julia S. Conklin (1899), fills admirably the need it aims to subserve. Within the compass of 375 pages it tells the story of the State's development in the style of one who knows the juvenile mind and has the literary skill to appeal to it. The work is conscientiously done and, on the whole, is accurate, the few mistakes in it, so far as we have found, being of minor importance. For use in the school room it is the best book published so far, and as a convenient reference book it is well worth a place on the library shelf.

M. Thompson and W. S. Glascock *Stories of Indiana*, by Maurice Thompson, and *Young Folks' Indiana*, by W. H. Glascock, are juvenile books designed to awaken in the youthful mind an interest in our history. The elements that best lend themselves to attractive narrative are chosen, and these are presented with literary ability, making a very desirable addition to our historical literature.

W. W. Woollen *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana*, by William Wesley Woollen (1883), while chiefly biographical in character is yet an important contribution to the history of the State. It deals with personages closely identified with the State's life, many of whom, important as were their services, have no other biographer. Mr. Woollen, personally familiar for many years with men and affairs in Indiana, devoted long and arduous labor to collecting the material for this book, which is, and will always remain the source of information touching many notable Indianians whose names have all but dropped from public memory.

Civil Gov't *The Government of the People of the State of Indiana*, by W. A. Rawles (1897), and *The Government of the State of Indiana*, by W. W. Thornton, are two small volumes dealing with the civil development and the governmental machinery

of the State. They are pioneer works in their line, and, if we err not in reading the signs, point the way to a field where much work of a high quality and important character is going to be done. We refer to historical work with a distinctively sociological bearing. Such work, indeed, is already appearing, and there have recently been published two notable theses by college men which show the trend of historical thought in the universities. The thorough-going scholar, with wide knowledge of historical sources of the subject in hand, and who begrudges no pains in the attempt to search out and master complex data, is revealed by both these productions, and they should certainly take rank among our really valuable historical material.

Elbert J. Benton The first of these, in date of publication, is *The Wabash Trade Route in the Development of the Old Northwest*, by Elbert Jay Benton, Fellow in History in the Johns Hopkins University, published by that university early last year. In substance it is a study of the development of the Wabash valley (and accompanying influences) through the medium of the Wabash river, the Wabash & Erie canal, and, finally, of the railroads. He traces the effects of transportation facilities upon industries and commerce, upon agriculture, upon the distribution of population and urban growth. In developing his theme he probes deeper into the State's great internal improvement experiment than any other writer has yet done, and when that chapter of our history comes to be adequately treated Mr. Benton's pages will be of considerable help. Finally, this writer invests his subject not only with interest but with positive charm; and not the least mission of such literature is to promote the taste for history in its sociological aspect.

W. A. Rawles The *Centralizing Tendency in the Administration of Indiana*, by Willim A. Rawles, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Economics, Indiana University, was recently published by the Columbia University as one of a series of history studies that constitute part of the advanced work of the university. That the study is a serious and ambitious one is indicated by the length of the thesis, which consists of 322 octavo pages of actual subject matter. The tendencies traced through the separate histories of a number of governmental activities are an integral part of social development, and the data that indicate their true sweep are many

and complex, but Professor Rawles' investigation of these goes far toward proving the thesis he maintains, i. e., that centralization is really a factor in progress. Aside from his argument and his conclusions his book, purely as a collection of historical facts, is no small addition to our records. Education, Charities and Corrections, the State and public Health, Taxation and the exercise of Police powers are successively considered in their historical developments, and in each branch of inquiry a valuable fund of information set forth; while in the generalization and grouping of these facts to show their direction and sociological significance, the author has doubly justified his labors. It is hoped that this is but a precursor of much more work of the same character.

W. F. Harding In our reference above to the work of college men in Indiana history we overlooked a thesis which antedated the two just noticed by several years. This is *The State Bank of Indiana*, by William F. Harding, published by the University of Chicago in The Journal of Political Economy for December, 1895. This paper of 36 octavo pages, with an appendix of about equal length, is a careful and instructive study of the State's financial affairs during the life of the old State Bank, or from 1834 to 1857. To say that it is a careful study of this important subject is to say that it is a real acquisition to our historical literature, and as such is every way worthy to rank along with the work of Mr. Benton and Mr. Rawles. If published by itself instead of being merely a feature in a periodical it would, probably, come to the notice of more people and be surer of a place in the library.

Fred J. Bartel *The Institutional Influence of the German Element of the Population in Richmond, Indiana*, by Fred J. Bartel, was published within the last year as the second paper of the Wayne County Historical Society. This is but a pamphlet of 27 small pages, but is decidedly noteworthy as representing a kind of work which, it seems to us, might easily be promoted through the higher schools, and which, if so promoted, would certainly result in great gain. Mr. Bartel has attempted nothing very ambitious or complex—he has simply performed a modest task well. Studying at first hand the material lying about him, and chiefly, we judge, by personal interviews, he has taken up one element of the population of his city and carefully traced its history, its influences and its

character as an integral part of the community. Mr. Bartel has done good pioneer work, and when the ideas of history study now obtaining in our colleges have shifted to another view-point, students from these institutions will rescue from their respective home localities data which, taken collectively, will be invaluable.

Geo. B. Lockwood *The New Harmony Communities*, by George B. Lockwood, while a book devoted to a locality, has yet a much wider interest. The romantic story of the New Harmony social experiment with the galaxy of remarkable personages it drew together is unique in our annals. Fuller information touching it has long been in demand, and Mr. Lockwood, after long application, has recently published an extensive study that is brimful of interest.

Miscellaneous As intimated at the beginning of this list there are many works that touch the history of the State in one way or another, which hardly come under our present caption. Several of these, however, in addition to those noticed above, may be casually mentioned. *Early Indiana Trials and Sketches*, by Oliver H. Smith, U. S. senator and one of the State's leading lawyers in the earlier period, is an oft-quoted volume of reminiscences which gives many graphic glimpses of the political and legal life of his day, as well as pen portraits of contemporary notables. *Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley*, by Sanford C. Cox, is another, exceedingly readable, collection of reminiscences that reach back to the early twenties. *The New Purchase*, by Baynard R. Hall, represents things in and about Bloomington seventy-five years ago. Because of the fictitious and fanciful names given to places and persons, which make it largely unintelligible without a key, it is now but little read, and few, perhaps, know that as a circumstantial and vivid account of the life, surroundings and customs of our pioneer population, few other books compare with it. *Indiana Miscellany*, by W. C. Smith, contains considerable interesting matter of a reminiscent and anecdotal character. *The History of Education in Indiana*, by Richard G. Boone, is the fullest study of that subject yet published. *The Hoosiers*, by Meredith Nicholsons, while primarily a literary study, yet deals with the historical forces that have made for literature within the State. *The Indiana Historical Soc. Collection*, a number of papers of exceptional value, at present is two large volumes with a third in press.

List of Indiana Newspapers

On File in the Indiana State Library at this date

American Non-Conformist, weekly, Indianapolis. Jan. 1, '97 to Sept. '98.

American Tribune, w. Indianapolis. '97 to date.

Anderson Weekly Democrat, June 16 '93 to Dec 28, '94.

Angola Herald, w. June 7 '93 to Dec. 26, '94; Jan. '97 to Dec. '98.

Auburn Courier, w. July 13 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. 1 '97 to date.

Auburn Despatch, w. May '98 to date.

Bloomfield Democrat, w. Jan. '88 to Dec. '94.

Bloomfield News, w. Jan. '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Bloomington Courier, w. Jan. '02 to date.

Bloomington Post, w. Nov. 6 '35 to Sept. 8 '41.

Bloomington World, w. June 15 '93 to Dec 27 '94.

Bluffton Banner, w. June 14 '93 to '94; Jan. 1 '97 to date.

Boone County Pioneer, w. Lebanon, Aug. 25 '55 to July 5 '56.

Brookville American, w. 'oo to date.

Brookville Democrat, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Cambridge Reveille, w. Jan 13, '43 to Dec. 28 '50.

Catholic Columbian Record, Indianapolis, w. '93, '94; '97 to date.

Chesterton Tribune, w. '01 to date.

Columbus Herald, w. June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.

Columbus Republican, w. '88 to '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Daily Evening Mirror, Indianapolis, Nov. 25 '68 to Dec. 31 '69.

Danville Weekly Advertiser, July 18 '48 to Feb. 18 '51.

Daviess County Democrat, w. Washington, June 24 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Dearborn Independent, w. Lawrenceburg, Jan. 4 to Dec. 19 '72.

Delphi Times, w. June 16 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.

Democratic Weekly, Franklin, '89, '90.

Democrat, w. Spencer, '94.

Democratic Herald, w. Batesville, '94.

Democratic Register, w. Lawrenceburg, '72.

Democratic Sentinel, w. Rensselaer, June '93 to Dec. '94.

Denver Tribune, w. Jan. '02 to date.

English News, w. 'oo to date.

Evansville Courier, daily, '72.

Evansville Journal, d. July to Dec. '71.

Fairmount News, w. Jan. '97 to May 23 '02.

Farmers' and Mechanic's Journal, w. Vincennes. Vol. 1, Dec. 14 '22 to Sept. 25 '23.

Fort Wayne Sentinel, d. July to Dec. '72.

Fort Wayne Gazette, w. '92 to '94; '97, '98.

Fountain Warren Democrat, w. Attica, '92 to '94. Jan. '97 to date.

Franklin Democrat, w. '92 to '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Freeman, w. Indianapolis, '92 to '94; '97 to '98.

Gas City Weekly Journal, '97 to '98.

Goshen Democrat, w. June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Greencastle Star-Press, w. June 17 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Greenfield Herald, w. June 29 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. '97 to '00.

Hancock Democrat, w. Greenfield, June 8, '93 to Dec. 27 '94.

Hartford City Telegram, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Hobart Gazette, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Hoosier Democrat, w. Charlestown, Jan. '99 to date.

Howard County Tribune, w. Kokomo, '68; '70.

Huntington News, w. '93, '94; '97, '98.

Independent Press, w. Lawrenceburg, Oct. 18, '50 to Aug. 22, '51.

[This paper, so far as we can learn, was the first avowedly independent newspaper in the State, and is the legitimate forerunner of our modern journals of that class. It was exceptionally well edited, and is one of the most interesting sheets on file in the State Library.—*Ed.*]

Indiana American, w. Brookville, Dec. 29 '43 to '50; Dec. 2, '52 to Dec. 2, '54; March 2 '55 to Oct. 23 '57; Sept. 10 '58 to Dec. 26 '60; Aug. 17 '70 to Dec. 30 '71.

Became Brookville American.

Indiana Sentinel, w. Vincennes. Vol. 3, May 22 '19 to Sept. 8 '21.
Very rare.

Indiana Christian Advocate, w. Indianap's, May 6 '86 to Aug. 11 '88.

Indiana Democrat, w. Indianapolis, Aug. 14 '30 to Aug. 6 '31.

Became the Sentinel.

Indiana Farmer, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '40 to Feb. '41; April '58 to March '59; '89 to '94; '97 to date.

Indiana Journal of Commerce, w. Indianapolis, '70, '71.

Indiana Radical, w. Richmond, '70.

Indiana Republican, Madison. Vol. 5, Aug. 9 '21.

Indiana Statesman, w. Indianapolis, Sept. 3 '51 to Aug. 25 '52.

Indiana Statts-Zietung, w. Fort Wayne, Jan. to June '72.

Indiana Telegraph, w. Connersville, March 16 '48 to Dec. 28 '48.

Indiana True Democrat, w. Centreville, Feb. 6 '50 to Sept. 4 '62.

Indianapolis Commercial, d. '68 to '71.

Indianapolis Evening Gazette, d. '64; Nov. 18 '65 to June 3 '66; July 4 '66 to Dec. 28 '66.

Indianapolis Journal, w. tri-w. and d. Dec. '41, '42; March '44 to March '46; Oct. '46 to Dec. '54; July '56 to Dec. '58; Jan. '60 to Dec. '63; Jan. '65 to June '67; Sept. '67 to Sept. '77; April '78 to date.

Indianapolis News, d. Dec. '69 to date, except: Jan. '76 to June '76; July '77 to Dec. '77; Jan. '78 to June '78.

Indianapolis Press, d. Dec. 13 '99 to April 16 '01.

Indianapolis Sentinel, semi-w. and d. Semi-weekly from July '41.

Daily, complete to date except: April 28 '51 to March '52; May '54 to June '56; Jan. '61; Nov. '65 to June '68; June '75; July '88 to Dec. '88.

Indianapolis *Times*, w. July 15 '81 to March '82; July to Sept. '82; '83 to Aug. 9 '86.

Jasper *Weekly Courier*, June '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. '97 to date.

Kewanno *Herald*, w. Feb. '97 to '00.

Kokomo *Journal*, w. '70.

Kokomo *Weekly Dispatch*, June 8 '93 to Dec. 29 '94; Jan. '97 to '00.

Lafayette *Courier*, d. Jan. 1, '47 to Dec. 2 '48; '50.

Lafayette *Journal*, d. and w. Daily, April to Dec. '58; Feb. 15 '59 to '60. Weekly, Jan. '50 to Dec. '51; June 10 to Dec. 30 '70; May 31 to Nov. 29, '72; '93 to '94.

Lake Co. News, w. Hammond, June 8 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; '97 to date.

Lake County Record, w. Hammond, May 20 '93 to '94.

Laporte *Argus*, w. June 3 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; '97 to date.

Lawrenceburg *Register*, w. '71; '88 to '94; Jan. '97 to '99.

Lebanon *Patriot*, w. '97 to '01.

Ligonier *Banner*, w. June 8 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; '97 to date.

Linton *Call*, w. '00.

Logansport *Journal*, w. '01.

Logansport *Pharos*, w. Feb. 2 '48 to Feb. 28 '53; Aug. 29 '55 to July 16 '56; July 13 '59 to May 30 '60; '66 to '68; '70 to '72; June 14 '93 to Dec. 26 '94; Jan. '97 to '99.

Logansport *Reporter*, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Madison *Tribune*, d. and w. Daily, April 7 '51 to Jan. 21 '52. Weekly, April 12 '51 to March 23 '53.

Madison *Courier*, d. and w. Jan. 7 '52 to April 5 '54; '61, 62; '66; '68; '70; '88 to '94.

Marshall *Republican*, w. Plymouth, '01 to date.

Miami County *Sentinel*, w. Peru, '91 to '94; '97 to date.

Michigan City *Dispatch*, w. June 8 '93 to Dec. 27 '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.

Mishawaka *Democrat*, June '97 to Dec. '98.

Morgan County *Gazette*, w. Martinsville, '92 to '94.

New Albany *Commercial*, d. April 4 '65 to Nov. 27 '66.

New Albany *Daily Tribune*, Sept. 22 '52 to Sept. 21, '59; March 22 to Dec. 31 '60.

New Albany *Democrat*, w. July '47 to Aug. '49.

New Albany *Ledger*, d. and w. Daily, '52, '53; '58 to '60. Weekly, Sept. 27 '47 to Aug. 30 '54; Dec. 20 '54 to Aug. 26 '57. Odd numbers, Aug. 29 '55 to July 16 '56.

New Albany *Ledger Standard*, d. '72.

New Harmony *Gazette*, w. Oct. 1 '25 to Oct. 22 '28. Vols. 1, 2 and 3.

North Judson *News*, w. '97 to date.

Parker *News*, w. July 7 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.

People, The, w. Indianapolis, '71, 72.

People's *Friend*, w. Covington, Jan. 2 '47 to Nov. 30 '50.

Perrysville *Record*, w. Jan. '97 to date.

Peru *Republican*, w. June 16 '93 to Dec. 28 '94.

Plymouth *Democrat*, w. June 15 '93 to Dec. '94; Jan. to Oct. '97.

Plymouth *Republican*, w. May '97 to '00.

Political Beacon, w. Lawrenceburg, Oct. 6 '38 to Oct. 19 '39.
Prairie Chieftain, w. Monticello, Sept. 17 '50 to Sept. '54.
Public Press, New Albany, '92 to '94; '97 to date.
Pulaski County Democrat, w. Winamac, June '93 to Dec. '94.
Recorder, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '99 to date.
Referendum, w. Shoals, Aug. 8 '95 to Aug. 10 '99.
Republican, Corydon, '97 to date.
Richmond Palladium, w. Feb. 2 '47 to Dec. '50; '89 to '94.
Ripley Journal, w. Osgood, June '93 to Dec. '94; June '97 to date.
Rockville Republican, w. Jan. '97 to date.
St. Joseph Valley Register, w. South Bend, Jan. 7 to Dec. 28 '48.
Salem Democrat, w. '90 to '94; '97 to date.
Saturday Evening Mirror, Indianapolis, Feb. 29 '68 to Dec. 26 '68;
April 30 '70 to Dec. 31 '71.
Silent Hoosier, w. Indianapolis, Jan. 7 '92 to Dec. '94; '97 to date.
Spencer Democrat, w. '92, '93.
Spirit of '76, w. Indianapolis, Feb. 26 to Nov. 28 '40.
Spottvogel, w. Indianapolis, '69; '71, '72.
Starke County Democrat, w. Knox, June '93 to Dec. '94.
State Sentinel, w. Indianapolis, Jan. '02 to date.
Taglicher Telegraph, Indianapolis, '67 to '72.
Tell City News, w. '93, '94; '97 to date.
Terre Haute Daily Express, Aug. 25 to Oct. 3 '51; '56.
Terre Haute Daily Journal, Aug. '71 to '72.
Terre Haute Daily Union, '57.
Union, The, w. Indianapolis, Oct. '77 to date.
Versailles Republican, w. June '97 to date.
Vincennes Gazette, June 15, '33 to May 30, '35; Jan. 20 '48-Dec. 26 '50.
Wabash Atlas, w. Lafayette, Aug. 24 '48 to July 27 '50.
Wabash Courier, w. Terre Haute, Jan. 1 '48 to July 5 '56.
Wabash Express, w. Terre Haute, Dec. 23 '46 to Dec. 15 '47.
Washington County Democrat, w. Salem, Jan. '99 to June 28 '09.
From Jan. to May called *Salem Searchlight*.
Waterloo Press, w. Jan. '97 to date.
Weekly Journal, Lafayette, Jan. '97 to date.
Western Register and Terre Haute Advertiser, w. July 21 '23 to
Aug. 13 '23.
Western Sun, w. Vincennes. Vol. 1, No. 1, July 11 '07 to Feb. 4 '32;
Jan. 25 '34 to Dec. 23 '43; March 6 '47 to Oct. 6 '49; '88 to '94; '97
to date. Earlier numbers exceedingly rare and valuable.
White County Democrat, w. Monticello, June '93 to Dec. '94.
White River Standard, w. Bedford, Dec. 21 '54 to Dec. 20 '55.
Winamac Democrat, w. June '93 to Dec. '94.
Winchester Journal, w. Jan. 7 to Dec. 28 '70.
World, w. Indianapolis, '92 to '94; '97 to date.
Worthington Times, w. and semi-w. Weekly, '92 to '94. Semi-
weekly, '99 to date.
Early Wayne Co. papers not yet catalogued. Isaac Julian collection.

Pertinent Comment

By the Editor

ON THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

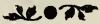
THE course of history study prescribed for the elementary schools of Indiana, published by the Department of Public Instruction in the State Manual for 1904-5, should, along with the other contents of that booklet, be of interest, not only to teachers but to parents. It was prepared by a committee from the History section of the State Teachers' Association—Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgin, Prof. S. B. Harding, Prof. N. C. Heironimus, Supt. Adelaide S. Baylor and Supt. George H. Tapy. A brief outline here of their plan is in place.

The First Year is to be devoted almost wholly to object lessons, to story and to familiar things, beginning with a study of local surroundings, both social and geographical. Indian and pioneer relics may be brought to the school room and their interest enhanced by narratives of Indian and pioneer life. In the study of local geography the pupil's attention is to be guided to the fact that hills, forests, rivers, etc., offer advantages, and originally induced people to live in their locality. Food, clothing and ways of living of both the Indians and white men are to be studied, and the latter part of this year is to be given to stories of notable American pioneers.

The Second Year begins with an introduction to other famous Americans, from George Washington to Francis Key; then takes up Norse life in story form, and Norse legends and beliefs. In this transition across the sea foreign children in the school, if there be such, are to be utilized in bringing out the idea of foreign lands and other peoples. The larger part of the second year is to be given to this. The Third Year compasses a similar study of Hebrew and Greek life and heroes, and of the Greek myths. The Fourth Year takes up Rome, and this year the course follows more closely the sequence of events, though still by the story method. The Fifth Year injects, in a measure, philosophy into the study, and deals mainly with historical personages as determined by environment and as, in turn, affecting events; the period being that of the great maratime activity in European history between 1453 and 1618, the French and Revolutionary wars in America, and the middle period of United States history. The Sixth Year is devoted entirely to England. The Seventh and Eighth Years are given to

the United States. For each year a list of books is given to be used as supplementary to the course, besides the suggestions as to the utilizing of relics and familiar objects, and the whole plan, evidently, contemplates emancipation from the time-honored, cut-and-dried text-book that has been the detestation of many a pupil.

Introductory to the course as thus arranged by the teachers' committee is a disquisition setting forth a theory of history and stating what should be the view-point and aims of the teacher of this subject in the elementary schools. "History," it is said, "is the growing life of humanity. * * The subject of history, then, is the human race and its development, and the purpose of teaching it should be to lead the child to a broad view of the historic movement, so that he may see many ages, many civilizations, many stages of the growth, and to be able to compare and contrast one with another, and thus get a picture of all the struggles and triumphs of men in elevating humanity." History, it is said, is essentially the history of institutions; the institutions of society "do not exist for themselves; they are only means to an end. That end is the freedom of man." Finally, biography is but subsidiary to history, and in teaching it the teacher should bear in mind that the object is "not that the child may learn about isolated individual men but to see movements of society through the lives of these men."



Now, the nature and uses of history, its importance in the sum total of one's education, from which end it shall be approached as a study, the psychology of its acquiring, etc., are all mooted questions. Eminent scholars have discussed them searchingly. Eminent scholars, like doctors, have also disagreed, and it follows that any course prescribed must be, in a measure, experimental, and any theory should be propounded tentatively—certainly not as a finality, even in a system of positive instruction such as teachers and pupils are supposed to be subjected to. Both course and theory should expect rigid examination.

What we shall have to say about the present Indiana course will be commendatory rather than critical. It seems to us to have been the outcome of both thought and experience, and recognizes at once the difficulties of creating an intelligent attitude toward history and the natural avenues to the juvenile mind. Its successful application, however, depends much upon a preparation more thorough

than can reasonably be expected of teachers who have to deal with a multitude of things, and until the branch has its special teachers as certain branches now have in the larger centers, the plan of the course will be hampered. The authors of this course evidently subscribe to the belief that the true educational method in history is from the known to the unknown, from the familiar to the remote. Just how far this idea is adopted by the public school systems of the country we do not know, but there has been and is opposition to it. The argument, in brief, is that the small segment of the near and familiar is so related to antecedents that these antecedents must be traced before anything like an adequate conception can be had of more immediate conditions. The State is not comprehensible until led up to by a preparatory knowledge of the nation; United States history is meaningless unless explained by its forerunners, English and ancient history. This argument, like some others that are time-honored, does not seem to be conclusive. By the same parity of reasoning the antecedent histories insisted upon are meaningless unless viewed in the light of more remote antecedents, and that involves us in hopelessness, because beyond all recorded history lies the unrecorded ages where are buried the real roots of things that are. The truth seems to be that there is no logical starting-point for historical study. The utmost we can do is to fix upon a unit (whether it be a single State or all the records of the nations) that, in a manner, stands complete and which, within limits, explains its own nature, as all things do by the syntheses they present. We may choose an immensely large and complex unit, and feel our way, very much in the dark and but dimly knowing what we are after, from the outer margin inward, or we may take a unit that comes somewhat within the comprehension, and which has the very important advantage of engaging the interest at the start, and, as the conception of it enlarges by study, reach out farther and farther into the great sphere of causes and relations, with the lamp of ever increasing enlightenment guiding the way. To us it seems that the latter is by far the more hopeful method. We venture the belief that in a long and completed course the pupil by this method will gain quite as broad a comprehension of history and its meanings as by the attempt to lay the broad foundation at the start; while in the many instances where but limited time is given to the subject, he will, in the first instance, be enlight-

ened just so far as he goes, while in the other case he will, perhaps, have gained but a fragment of a "foundation," which will be of as much use as foundations usually are without a super-structure. However, this is but our theory, and maybe we are quite wrong.



With the theory of history above quoted from the Manual we dissent, and we dissent the more decidedly because it is presented, not as a discussable opinion, but as authoritative statement from which, supposedly, teachers are to take their view-point and to teach accordingly. A theory which aims to have so wide an influence as this, and which is helped on its way by authority, aside from its intrinsic merit, certainly ought to stand close scrutiny. We do not think that this one does. In its definitions of history and the aims of historical study much, it seems to us, is left out of the survey. History is not alone the "growing life of humanity;" it is everything of importance that has ever been recorded in the experience of man; and the aim of its study is not alone to appreciate the grand spectacle of historic movements but to learn whatever of importance has happened within the experience of man. Among those happenings has been decadence as well as growth—the power within ourselves that made for wrong as well as the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, and to take cognizance of the diseases engendered by man in the body politic is, it may be held, of quite as much importance as contemplating the more pleasing manifestations. To interpret history wholly in terms of grand progressive laws, however desirable an exercise that may seem to be for the school room, reminds one of Emerson's Providence dressed up "in a clean shirt and white neckcloth," whereas Providence in history has, to quote the sage again, "a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end," and sometimes is far from lovely. The contemplation of the historic processes is something other than cultural in the literary or esthetic sense. The very center of interest, we take it, is the place of man as a determining agent, and particularly as a corrective force in the great march of events. To ignore this is much as if a physician should make a study of anatomy and physiological functions in their ideal forms and pay no attention to the science of conserving and restoring health. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the causes thereof have in them lessons

among the most important of all history, and on the theory that man is a determining factor in his own fortunes it surely behooves him to know such lessons well.

Again, history is but the history of institutions, says the Manual in substance. Institutions "do not exist for themselves; they are only means to an end. That end is the freedom of man." Hence the study of history is a study of the freeing of man. That, we fear, is more transcendental than true—it sounds better than it is. To say that an institution is but a means to an end (impliedly an extraneous means) is analogous to the assumption, so frequently made, that work is but a means to an end—which is, the enjoyment of the fruits of work. And yet those who have no work but have a super-abundance of the fruits of work, as the idle rich, are among the most discontented of people. We would submit as a truer proposition that work, performance, the bringing to pass, the creating of new forms, is for its own sake a requirement of human existence, and that institutions, which are necessary forms taken by work, represent a natural activity so incorporated with man's welfare that to say they are merely means, or in any sense extraneous, is meaningless. Then as to man's freedom—to what extent is that true? The mastery of man, collectively, over nature—"freeing himself from the limitations of time and space," as it is put, is but a small arc in the full circle of freedom. With increasing obligations that come with advancing civilization the individual is shorn of much of the freedom that goes with the more primitive life—the rights of others necessarily become more binding. If, on the one hand, there is an advance toward political freedom, on the other there is a corresponding movement not only toward social restrictions but in the direction of industrial slavery. Out of the power of capital issue systems wherein the bread-earner, as never before, is held like a beast in a tread-mill. Out of the power of labor organizations issue demands, as never before, that seem to strike at the very roots of our ideas of freedom. In the face of all this, to say that the study of history is a study of the freeing of man is somewhat incomprehensible.

Finally, exception may be taken to the Manual's theory of biography and the assertion that the great personage is chiefly of interest as he is the center of a historical movement and an instrument

to elucidate that movement by. If there are streams or aggregates of force there are also units of force, and it is quite permissible to hold that to the unit for its own sake attaches a very keen interest. Where man is the unit this is particularly true, for personality and its mysteries—the possibility of the individual, always has been and always will be, in its own right, of supreme human interest. This fact remains true however much the individual is carried along by the general stream, and in our daily life, wherever we come into touch with a really strong personality, we realize it. Had Washington or Lincoln been stricken out of their respective periods the movements in which they have figured would have gone on—history would still have been made, but it would have been changed more than we can realize. In studying these men biographically the influences they exerted, the qualities they revealed, the native power residing within them that welled up under the stress of circumstances, is the very center of interest, and the attempt to transfer that interest to something, however large, outside of them, is, it seems to us, to wholly misapprehend the real character of biography as distinguished from history proper. It is Carlyle, we believe, who somewhere speaks of man as “the most interesting little fellow on the planet,” and Carlyle is not yet quite out of court, though some of us at the present day like to lose ourselves in the immensity of the universal.

An Old-Time Pleasantry

He:

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

She:

My worthy friend, it cannot be—
U cannot come till after T.

LITERARY

The Secession of Dixie

A Story

THE "Secession of Dixie" may be taken as story or as history—just as you choose about that. On this point I will merely say I have read some history that was further from fact—and in that I commit myself to nothing.

"Dixie," indeed, is no myth. From the well-tilled fields now occupying its site you may see the smoke of Indianapolis, and even, when that smoke permits, discern the great Soldiers' Monument which so majestically commemorates the Union that Dixie wanted to draw out of. I can remember when those fields (just a quarter-section in extent) were covered by a wilderness so dense that one who entered there was glad to avail himself of narrow winding paths that threaded the place, Indian trail fashion. These paths led to little log cabins here and there, surrounded by as many scant cleared spaces devoted in a rude way to garden truck, and occupied by uncouth, half-clad people.

This ground, so runs the tradition, had at an early day been entered by one John Pogue, a Virginian, who, for some reason, let it remain in its primitive condition while the country around was improved. Then when the Rebellion broke out he hied himself elsewhere; his land was promptly confiscated as the property of an enemy, and once more it became government territory. Then came the squatters—the poor folk who are looking for land to live on without money and without price. A Mr. Jabez Baughman took the initiative, and others promptly followed; the government was too much occupied with weightier affairs, just then, to care much about it, and ere long a score or so of families had established themselves here in as many little openings, making a small community, quite cut off from the rest of the world. Quite cut off, I say, because something other than mere walls of woodland isolated them. They were, without exception, Southerners, of the kind known as "poor white trash"—victims of the vicious labor system of the South, haters of "niggers," and yet with a warm, unreasoning loyalty for their native States that had done so little for them and their kind. Alienated from their neighbors thus by sentiment it is no wonder, then, that when so excellent an opportunity offered they should segregate into a neighborhood of their own, and it was be-

cause of the character of this settlement and the former "secesh" owner that the place came to be known as "Dixie". And by this opportunity the squatters found themselves very happily situated, for while the "butternuts" hereabout as a rule had to sing small and carry their sentiments up the sleeve, these could congregate and express themselves as often and freely as they chose with none to make afraid. Stray newspapers carried in like bones into a den to be feasted on at leisure, passed from hand to hand and so kept them apprised of the doings of the outside world. When, in the course of time, the fierce war tide lashed to and fro like the swing of an angry sea, and the rebellious murmurings of disaffected Northerners grew more pronounced, Dixie plucked up hope and began to dream of a day when the chivalry from the southland would sweep the country like a besom. Then suddenly, borne on the wings of excited rumor, came the report that the dashing John Morgan and his gallant battalions were actually bound hither like gay-hearted knights on a holiday jaunt. The secret order of the Sons of Liberty, rumor further hinted, would burst its chrysalis and come forth boldly to the light; the order of things would be all changed. There was excitement in the air. The whole State set to buzzing like a vast hornet's nest, there was a swift gathering of the clans, and on all sides was the busy notes of preparation for conflict. Something was going to happen.

And now one day Mr. Jabez Baughman "issued a call" for all Dixieites to convene at his cabin that evening to discuss questions of moment. Of the resultant meeting no minutes were preserved; you will find no mention of it in the Adjutant-General's reports, nor elsewhere, and the only authority I can claim for it is the oral account of Mr. Andrew Jackson Strickler, a "member of the convention," who afterward became reconstructed and reconciled to the Government. As faithfully as I can quote him here he is, Tennessee dialect and all:

"It was," said Mr. Strickler, "in July of '63. I disremember adzactly the date, but it was after the hayin' was done an' the wheat harvest about over. We heerd tell o' John Morgan crossin' the river an' headin' our way, an' was consid'ble intrusted like, an' so w'en Jabe Baughman's boys went eroun' the settlement tellin' all the men folks their pap wanted us to meet at their house late that night, we jest natchally fell in with it, kase we knowed from

the sly way it 'as done thar was somepin' up. None of us was to come till after ord'nary bed-time, an' none of us was to carry 'ary light, an' that putt ginger in it, y' see. Well, w'en night fell the the weather got ugly, and I mind way about ten o'clock, as I felt my way through the thickets, how everlastin' black it was, an' how the wind rasseled the trees erbout, roarin' like a hongry lion seekin' who he may devour. It made me feel kind 'o creepy, kase it 'peared like the elerments an' man an' everthing was erbout to do somepin'—kinder like the bottom was goin' to drap out 'o things, y'understand.

"Well, the fellers come steerin' into Jabel's one by one, an' by 'leven o' the clock ever' man in Dixie was thar. Jabe's young'uns an' womern folks hed been sent out in the stable to sleep, an' so ever'thing was clear fer business, but we all set eround talkin' hogs fer a spell, kase we felt a mite unsartin; but byme-by Baughman, says he: 'Gen'l'men, I call this yere meetin' to order.' Then my oldest boy, whose name was Andy, too, and who'd been to two or three public meetin's before an' felt kind o' biggoty over it, he hol-lers out: 'I second the motion.' Then young Jerry Stimson says: 'I move that Mr. Baughman take the cheer,' an' my boy seconded that, too, an' it was so ordered. Then Baughman riz an' said he hadn't hardly expected that honor (w'ich was a lie), but sence they had putt it on him he'd try to discharge his duties to the meetin'.

"After that we made young Stimson secatary, seein' he was somepin' of a scholard, an' then Jabe he made us a speech sayin' as how we'd orto stick by the grand old South, w'at was even now sendin' her conquerin' hosts to our doors, an' how we'uns should be ready to receive her to our buzzums. It wa'nt all quite clear to me, an' I ast how we was goin' to take her to our buzzums. 'W'y, give her our moral s'port,' says Jabe. 'How'll we give our moral s'port, says I,' an' then says Jabe, slow an' solemn like: 'Gen'l'men,' says he, 'w'en our sister States found it was time fer 'em to be up an' adoin'—w'en they found the Union wa'nt the place fer 'em, w'at did they do?.' Here Jabe helt his fire, an' ever'thing was stock-still fer a spell, w'ile the wind howled outside. It 'peared like no one hadn't the grit to tackle the question, an' Jabe had to do it hisself. 'Gen'l'men,' says he, air we men enough to run risks for our kentry? W'en John Morgan's histed the flag of the grand ol' Confederacy over the Injeany State House who's goin' to come to their reward, them as helt back skeert, or them as give him their moral s'port?.

At this my boy Andy, who was gittin' all het up like with the idee o' doin' somepin', bellers out: 'Mr. Cheerman, I move 'at we air all men, an' 'at we ain't afeerd to give the South our moral s'port.' Then Jabe grabbed the cow by the tail an' w'ipped her up. 'Do I understand the gen'l'man to mean,' says he, that we'd orto do w'at our sister States hev done, an' draw out o' this yere Union, an' ef so, will he putt a movement to that efeck before the house?.

"I make a move then,' says Andy agen, as bold as Davy Crockett, 'that we don't w'ip the devil eround the stump no more, but that we git out o' the Union an' we git out a-flyin.' I was right proud o' the boy, not kase I thought he had a durn bit o' sense, but kase he went at it with his coat off like a man bound to make his mark. That got all of us spunkly like, an' nigh ever one in the house secondoned the move. Then says Jabe: 'Gen'l'men, the question is before you, whether we will lend the Southern Confeder'cy our moral s'port an' foller our sister States out'n the Union. All in favor of this yere motion signify the same by sayin' aye'. 'Aye!' says ever livin' soul with a whoop, fer by that time we shore was all runnin' in a flock. 'All contrarywise say no,' says Jabe, an' we all waited quiet fer a minute, kase that 'as the proper way, y' know, w'en all of a suddent, above the roar o' the wind outside, thar was a screech an' a tremenjus racket; the ol' house shuck like it was comin' down; the daubin' flew from the chinks, an' overhead it 'peared like the ol' Scratch was clawin' his way through the clabboards. Next he come a-tearin' at the floor of the loft above us, an' a loose board swingin' down hit Jabe a whack an' knocked the candle off'n the table, an' the next thing it was black as yer hat. Jabe, I reckon, was consid'able flustered, kase he gethered hisself up an' yelled: 'The Devil's after us—git out o' here, fellers!' An' you bet we got.

"It tuck me a full hour to find my way home through the bresh, an' w'en I did git thar, at last, an' was tryin' to tell w'ich side o' the house the door was on, I bumped up agin Andy groopin' his way too. 'Andy,' says I, 'I move we git in jest as quick as the Lord'll let us,' an' says Andy, 'I second the motion'.

"The next day w'en we went back to Baughman's to see w'at we cu'd larn we found a good-sized ellum had keeled over agin the roof-poles an' poked a limb down through the clabboards. It 'as never settled among us jest w'at it meant. Some said it 'as the Lord's way of votin' no agin our goin' out o' the Union, an' others allowed it was the Lord's way o' savin' us from our brashness, kase, as ever one knows, John Morgan didn't git to Injunoplis after all, an' as things turned out it wa'nt jest best fer us to be seceded, y' know."

—G. S. C.

Two Graphic Hoosier Pictures

[The two pictures here poetically presented of the Hoosier pioneer home are so akin that we thus reprint them as a pair. The "Hoosier's Nest," by John Finley, for many years the mayor of Richmond, was, perhaps, the first Indiana poem to win fame, and it is further distinguished by its introduction of the term "Hoosier" into literature. It was first published in 1833 (not in 1830, as commonly stated), according to Mr. J. P. Dunn, as a Carrier's Address for the Indianapolis *Journal*, and after some revision by the author, became fixed in the form from which we here quote. The other, untitled poem, from a far more famous poet, James Whitcomb Riley, is practically unknown and is not to be found in any of the author's books. It was read before an old settler's meeting at Oakandon, in 1878, and is reported in full in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for August 5th (or 6th). Both the poems are considerably longer than here given, and take a wider range than the theme of the cabin home].

The Hoosier's Nest

I'M told, in riding somewhere West,
A stranger found a Hoosier's Nest,
In other words, a buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hide Queen Mab in.
Its situation, low but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And, fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighted.
The Hoosier met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside
And to a sturdy sapling tied,
Then, having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half-a-dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places;
But madam, anxious to display
Her rough but undisputed sway,
Her off-spring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk and Johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances 'round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins over-head were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor,
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.

The host, who centered his affections
On game and range and quarter-sections,
Discoursed his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' all-composing powers
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em,
And then I came away and left them.
No matter how the story ended;
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That burly chiels and clever hizzies
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Mr. Riley's Poem

[This poem, we find, is in the *Sentinel* of Aug. 4, 1878.]

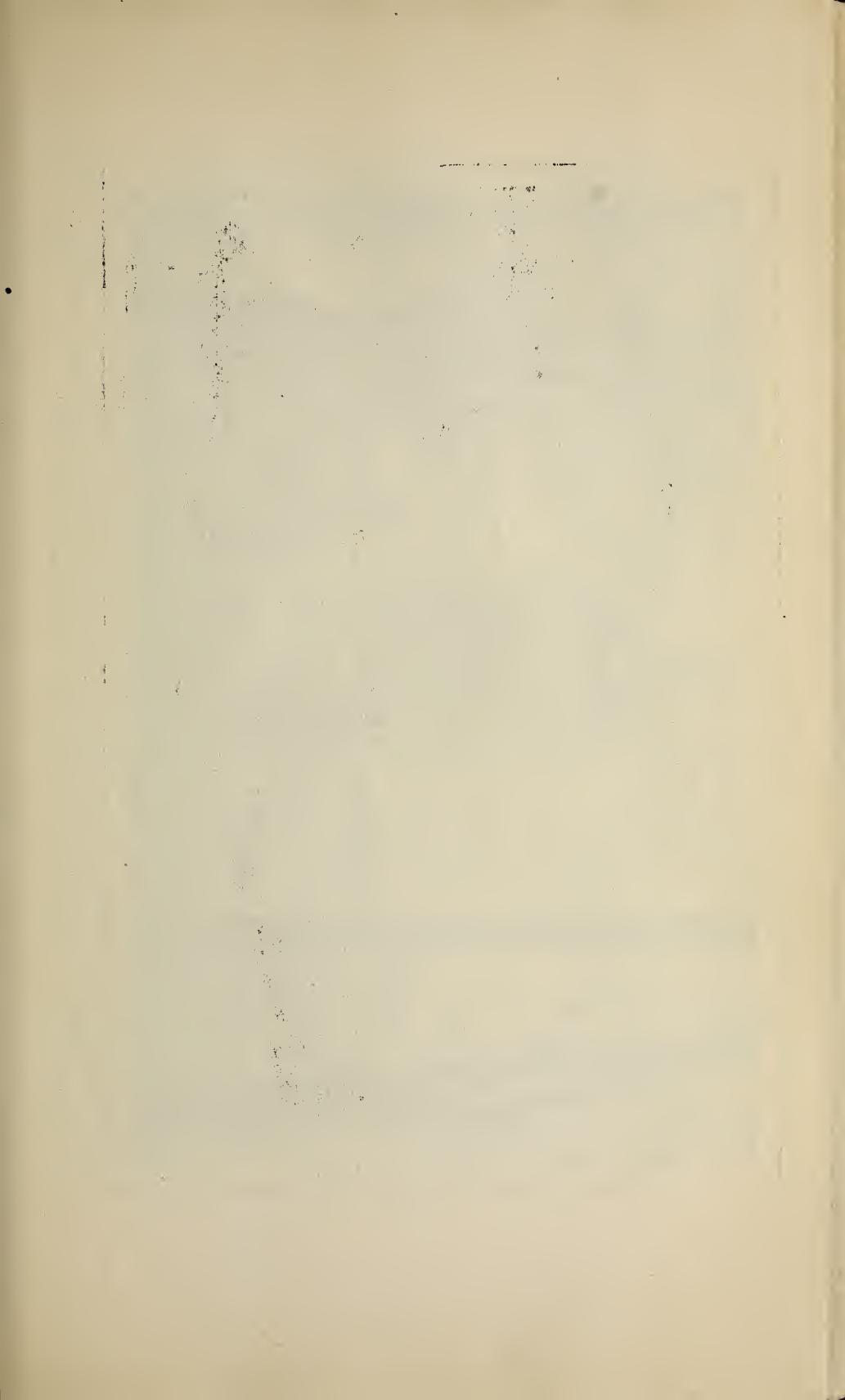
O'ER the vision like a mirage falls
The old log cabin with its dingy walls,
And crippled chimney, with the crutch-like prop
Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top;
The coon skin, battened fast on either side;
The wisps of leaf tobacco, "cut and dried";
The yellow strands of quartered apples hung
In rich festoons that tangle in among
The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er
The little clapboard roof above the door;
The old well-sweep, that drops a courtesy
To every thirsty soul so graciously
The stranger, as he drains the dripping gourd,
Intuitively murmurs: "Thank the Lord!"
Again, through mists of memory, arise
The simple scenes of home before the eyes;

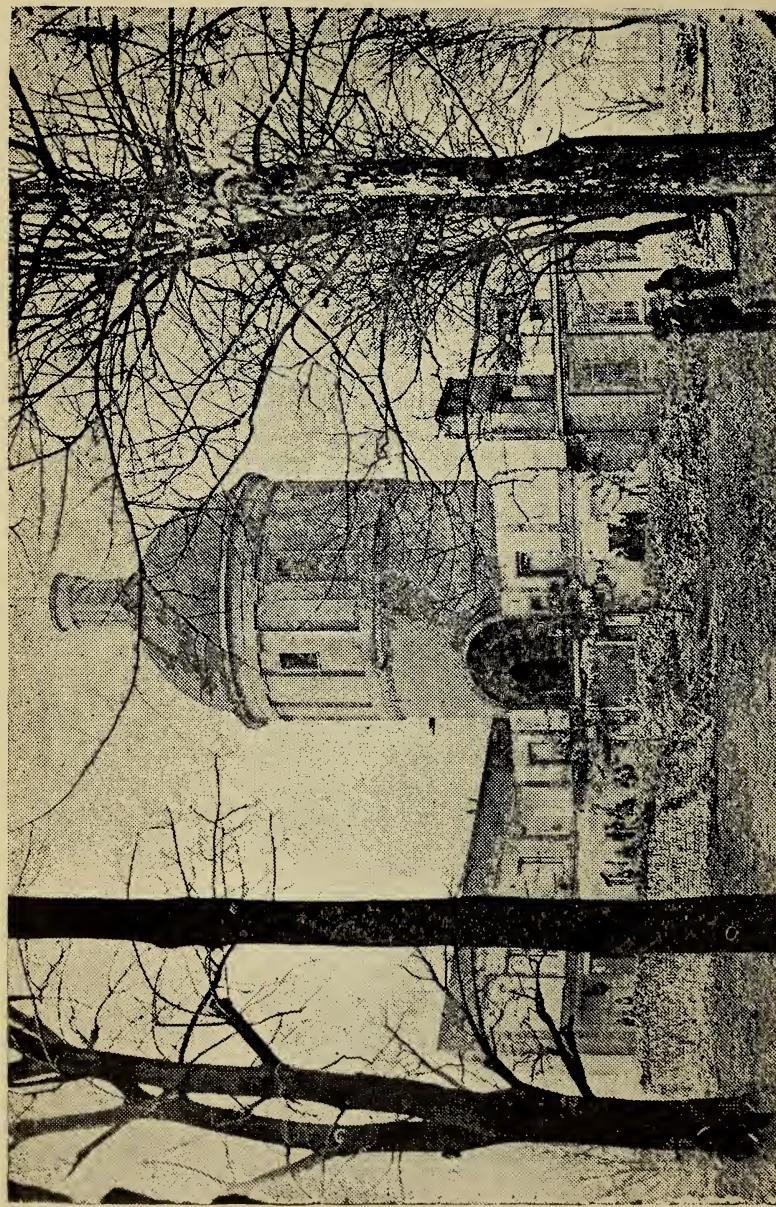
The happy mother humming, with her wheel,
The dear old melodies that used to steal
So drowsily upon the summer air
The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care,
And nestled at her feet, to dream, perchance,
Some cooling dream of winter-time romance;
The square of sunshine thro' the open door,
That notched its way across the puncheon floor,
And made a golden coverlet whereon
The god of slumber had a picture drawn
Of babyhood, in all the loveliness
Of dimpled cheek and limb and linsey dress;
The bough-filled fireplace and the mantel wide;
The fire-scorched ankles stretched on either side,
Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joist,
The old clock hiccupped, harsh and husky-voiced,
And snarled the premonition, dire and dread,
When it should hammer time upon the head;
Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row,
Preserved not then for diet, but for show,
Like rare and precious jewels in the rough,
Whose worth was not appraised at half enough;
The jars of Jelly with their dusty tops;
The bunch of pennyroyal, the cordial drops;
The flask of camphor and the vial of squills;
The box of buttons, garden seeds and pills;
And, ending all the mantel's bric-a-brac,
The old, time-honored "family almanack."

And memory, with a mother's touch of love,
Climbs with us to the dusky loft above;

* * * * *

Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed,
Where first our simple, childish prayers were said,
And, while without the merry cricket trills
A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills,
And, filing on the chorus with his glee,
The katydid whets all the harmony
To feather-edge of incoherent song,
We drop asleep, and peacefully along
The current of our dreams we glide away
To that dim harbor of another day,
Where brown Toil waits us, and where Labor stands
To welcome us with rough and horny hands.





Razing of the old Capitol at Indianapolis, in 1877—from photograph in State Library. Building erected 1832-35

The Indiana Magazine of History

VOL. I

SECOND QUARTER, 1905

NO. 2

The Wabash and Its Valley

Part I—The Earlier History

ONE who delves among old books and documents that bear upon early Indiana history is struck by the fact that a great and, in some respects, a peculiar interest attaches to the Wabash River and the region that it waters. Next to the Mississippi and Ohio it, more than any other Western stream, seems to have commanded the attention of old-time travelers, its relation to the St. Lawrence water system giving it an importance hardly appreciated to-day by those who are not students of history and of former conditions.

A glance at the map will show the magnitude of the Wabash, as compared with other Indiana rivers. Traversing the State in a great arc from the northeast part to the southwest extremity, it covers, counting its bends, more than five hundred miles. When we reflect that its valley is a tract of that extent, in some places many miles wide, and originally of unsurpassed fertility, we can realize its ultimate agricultural importance; but long before that day the river itself had a supreme value. Along its course were the very beginners of Indiana history, and for reasons that are intimately inwoven with the larger history of the country.

From the lofty tower of the court house in Fort Wayne one has a fine bird's-eye view not only of the third largest city in Indiana, but of a much wider sweep of territory which circles about with a visible radius of perhaps ten miles. Down in the town, from the midst of trees and buildings, occasional glimpses may be had of the three rivers—the St. Mary's, the St. Joseph and the Maumee—that find their union here, on the summit of the great water-shed. To north and south and east the eye may trace their three valleys. Westward a level, al-

most treeless, depression like the ancient bed of yet another river, stretches to the blue distance.

To the instructed observer this topography tells a most interesting story. Eastward of him gently dips the broad Erie basin, sending its waters to the sea by Lake Erie, Niagara and the St. Lawrence. On the other hand, a few miles across the prairie-like expanse spoken of, and almost within sight, lies a tributary of the beautiful Wabash, and beyond it the vast slope of the Mississippi Valley, down which the lordly rivers merge in a general highway to the far-off Gulf of Mexico.

The near approach to each other here of these two great water systems which thread the land through various latitudes for perhaps three thousand miles, binding together the remote parts of the continent, must be appreciated to understand the peculiar interest that attaches to the spot. By referring to a map of this region it may be seen that the St. Mary's and St. Joseph Rivers, which send their waters to Lake Erie, do not flow from the west, but toward the west till they meet, then, by an unusual dip of the surface, they run back eastward to the Maumee, down a trough that lies between the two valleys of the first-named streams. The branches of the Wabash flow from the same direction as do the branches of the Maumee, but continue westward. Moreover, the Maumee and its two oblique tributaries form a sort of arrow head, which, intruding among the Wabash tributaries, thus make the two systems interlock and approach at their nearest points to within a few miles of each other. The important feature of it is that this interlocking is not of insignificant headwaters, as usually happens, but the nearest point of approach is where the streams on both sides are navigable. Back of all this lies a fascinating geologic story—the story of a vast retreating glacier, shaped not unlike the prow of a mighty ship, that, as it halted and retreated and anon halted, built up successive lines of morainic breastworks that determined the courses of the rivers and drew together the two systems as above described.*

* For fullest exposition of this theory see Sixteenth Geological Report of Ind.; Charles R. Dryer's chapter on Allen County.

Under the old methods of transportation, when the navigable rivers were of paramount importance, the immense advantages of this spot where the seaboard met the Mississippi Valley were fully recognized by various masters of the place. Its military value alone was such that through three successive periods the French, the English and the Americans commanded with military posts this portage where, by a carry of some nine miles, troops might have easy ingress to the territory which otherwise was almost inaccessible. Anthony Wayne, indeed, regarded it as "the key to the Northwest." Subsequently it came to have a commercial value which made the early growth of Fort Wayne, and before the white man's advent his aboriginal predecessors had pitched their lodges there for similar reasons, the city just named being antedated by a Miami village known as Kekionga. A squaw, the mother of the Chief Richardville, who had preceded him as the ruler of her tribe, is said to have amassed a fortune from tolls exacted from the traders who used the portage; Little Turtle, the great war chief, was not less thrifty, and when the whites succeeded to the holding a flourishing business was carried on with carriers and pack-horses. At the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, after the subjugation of the northwestern tribes by Anthony Wayne, Little Turtle pleaded for a continued interest in the portage. This region, he contended, had always belonged to the Miamis, and in one of his speeches he speaks of it as "the glorious gate * * * through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass from the North to the South, and from the East to the West. * * * This carrying place," he said again, "has heretofore proved in a great degree, the subsistence of your younger brothers. That place has brought to us, in the course of one day, the amount of one hundred dollars."* The explanation of this is that the Twilightees, or Miamis proper, the dominant tribe of the great Miami confederacy, held many councils here with visiting tribes—hence "the glorious gate * * * through which all the good words of our chiefs had to pass," while for the use of

* Dillon, pp. 368, 369.

the portage by traders the holders exacted tribute or toll, thus levying what might be called the first tariff on imports. General Wayne, in answering this part of Little Turtle's plea, used an argument not altogether unknown at the present day. "Let us inquire," he said, "who, in fact, paid the heavy contribution. It is true the traders bore it in the first instance; but they laid it on the goods, and the Indians of the Wabash really and finally paid it."*

Another interesting fact in connection with this portage was the utilizing of beaver dams on Little River. When the water was low these were broken away and the boats of the voyagers carried down with the increased floods. The witless animals would industriously repair the breaches thus made, quite unconscious of the part they were playing in man's traffic.†

With the coming of the explorer and the fur trader the Wabash begins a new phase of history. Just when the first white man's canoe traversed its winding miles is a matter of speculation. Some historians have put it as early as 1680 and some as late as 1735 and even 1750. Some of the earlier chart-makers confused it with the Ohio, and on one French map, dated 1720, we find a stream rising in a good-sized lake near the east end of Lake Erie, flowing thence through what is now northern Ohio, and finally trending southwest to the Mississippi. This is called "OUABACHE AUTREMT APPELLEE OHIO OU BELLE RIVIERE." By 1742 the two rivers are differentiated, but flow parallel with each other, not very far apart, and by 1784 the Wabash is laid down with considerable accuracy. The stream was at one time christened St. Jerome and is so called on a few of the maps, but the name did not stick, and it was generally designated as the "Ouabache." This was the French spelling of an Indian word from an Algonquin stem, wabi or wapi, which meant white.‡ In time it became anglicized into Wabash, which is not far removed

* Dillon, p. 371.

† Dunn's Indiana, p. 114.

‡ Dunn, p. 14.

from the Indian "Wabba-shikka," that is attached to it in Hough's map, giving the Indian names of rivers.*

Hard after the first explorers came the French fur traders. The most lucrative and most immediate returns promised by the wilderness of the new world were in the skins of its wild animals, and capitalists were swift to draw upon this source of wealth. Large companies were formed and these established their agents along with the military posts which France planted across her vast new territory from the lakes to the gulf. Three of these settlements, military and commercial, were located on the Wabash—one at the Miami village of Kekionga, where Fort Wayne now stands; one called Ouiatenon, among the Wea Indians, below the present site of Lafayette, and one among the Piankeshaws, eventually known as Vincennes. To these posts the Indians from far and near brought their peltries, exchanging them for commodities dear to the savage heart, and from here they were sent to the great fur houses in upper Canada. Communication between these remote points was effected by the famous *COUREURS DES BOIS*, the carriers of the woods, who were the forerunners of the steamboat and the freight train. The reign of these wild, lawless and care-free rangers adds a picturesque gleam to the history of the beautiful Wabash. To quote the words of J. P. Dunn: "They were the most romantic and poetic characters ever known in American frontier life. Their every movement attracts the rosiest coloring of imagination. We see them gliding along the streams in their long canoes. * * * We catch afar off the thrilling cadence of their choruses, floating over prairie and marsh, echoing from forest and hill, startling the buffalo from his haunt in the reeds; telling the drowsy denizens of the posts of the approach of revelry, and whispering to the Indian village of gaudy fabrics, of trinkets and of firewater. * * * Another night they have reached the little post and we are overwhelmed by the confusion of chattering, laughing, singing and bargaining."†

* Indiana Geological Report, 1882.

† Dunn, p. 91.

With all this gaiety, however, the lot of the *VOYAGEUR* was by no means an easy one. His food was such as few civilized men could live on, a day's ration being simply a quart of hulled corn and a pint of bear's grease, while a ceaseless plying of the paddle from dawn till dusk could not have been less laborious than the toil of the Roman galley slave, whose task has become a synonym for hard work.

The favorite craft of these carriers was the *pirouge*, a large canoe made from the hollowed trunks of trees, propelled with paddles by four men. Coming they bore coarse blue and red cloths, fine scarlet, guns, powder, balls, knives, hatchets, traps, kettles, ribbons, beads, vermillion, tobacco, spirituous liquors, etc.* Returning, they carried back, as a load, some forty packs of skins weighing about one hundred pounds each, and that the exchange of the cargoes proved profitable to the traders we can readily believe when told that the Indians were charged at the rate of four dollars a hundred for bullets.

Of the three Wabash settlements named, two, Ouiatenon and the one at Kekionga, were never more than mere posts, consisting of traders and their families, and the little garrison maintained by the French government. An old document published by the Indiana Historical Society, which has been called "The First Census of Indiana," gives the names of the heads of families at these points, there being nine at Fort Miami (Fort Wayne), and twelve at Ouiatenon. These, with sixty-six names at Vincennes, represented the white population of our territory in 1769. Colonel Croghan, an officer in the British service, who was captured by the Kickapoo Indians and carried up the Wabash in 1765, describes Kekionga as forty or fifty Indian cabins and nine or ten French houses occupied by a runaway colony from Detroit.

Of Fort Ouiatenon, which, in all probability, was the first settlement in Indiana, information is so meager that the historians have waged a spirited controversy as to its site. A few years ago a skeleton in the remnants of a French uniform, along with some silver crucifixes, utensils and various frag-

* Dillon, p. 20.

ments of military equipments were dug up on the north bank of the river near the mouth of Wea creek, which would seem to determine the spot. During the French occupancy this post, situated in the very heart of the fur country, did a thriving business, the annual trade being estimated at £8,000, but after the English conquest it was gradually abandoned.

The date of the founding of Vincennes is also involved in obscurity, and there has been not a little ingenious but barren speculation upon the subject. Dillon suggests 1702, Dunn 1727 and Bancroft about 1716. The names that attached to it in the earlier days were various. It is first mentioned as the "Post du Ouabache," which became contracted into au poste, and this in turn, when the American settlers came, was corrupted into Opost. It has also been referred to as "the post of Pianguichats" and "L. (little) Wiaut." Sometimes it took its name from St. Ange, the first commandant, and from this was anglicised into Fort St. Anne, or Fort Anne. It finally became Post St. Vincent, and then Vincennes, in honor of its founder, Sieur De Vincennes. Vincennes was not a surname, but a title appertaining to one of the Canadian fiefs, this successor to it being Francoise Morgane.

Unlike Ouiatenon, Vincennes, almost from the first, had in it the elements of permanence. Peopled by emigrants from New Orleans, Kaskaskia and various parts of Canada, it was an agricultural community in a crude way, and here, shut off from civilization by untrod leagues of wilderness, they led a shiftless, indolent, contented life, still retaining the customs and gaieties of La Belle France and adding to their costumes and house furnishings a picturesqueness borrowed of the Indians. There were few iron workers among them, and their implements of husbandry were of the most primitive kind. The rich Wabash lands returned them a subsistence with a minimum of toil; the more well-to-do class held slaves who relieved them of that little toil, and so there was an abundance of time for the consumption of tobacco and snuff and home-made wines; for the keeping of holidays and the indulgence of the French passion for social intercourse and amusements. Among other things we learn, incidentally, of billiard tables

among them, though how they were transported thither we are left to imagine. Being of the Roman Catholic faith, these easy-going souls were not called upon to solve religious problems, and they were quite as free from responsibility and worry in political affairs. The commandant was king in a small way and the grand arbiter in all matters pertaining to the community. They carried on some commerce with New Orleans, sending thither flour, pork, hides, etc., and bringing back sugar, metal goods and fabrics.

For more than half a century this isolated little community flourished, or rather, perhaps, "vegetated" here, untouched by outer influences, but the English acquisition of the West was the beginning of the end for them. Their first realization of the seriousness of the change, perhaps, was in 1772, when General Gage, commander of the English forces in America, issued a proclamation which, treating them as mere squatters, ordered them to leave the Indian country and retire to "the colonies of his Majesty." The poor French, in great consternation, returned a remonstrance, claiming that they had their lands by "sacred titles." Gage, with a show of justice, demanded circumstantial proof of the validity of each title, and as the careless holders had not taken the pains to preserve their documents they were put to their wits end. Eventually, the British ministry not supporting Gage's measures, the matter was adjusted and his Majesty's new subjects allowed to remain on their old claims, where, in time, they were all but obliterated by an alien people; though to the present day there are reminders in Vincennes of the old French occupancy. Of these three French settlements, Ouiatenon and Fort Miami were in the territory of Canada and subject to that government, while Vincennes was in Louisiana, the border line crossing the Wabash about where Terre Haute now stands.

When, in the fullness of time, the country again changed hands, and, after the stirring events of the Revolution, attention was turned to the great new territory west of the Alleghenies, the importance of the Wabash was still recognized. General Wayne, according to the knowledge current in his

day, was sagacious and far-seeing. In his famous Indian campaign he planted a fort at the head of the Maumee where the French and English had built their forts before; and in the treaty at Greenville, following that campaign, he stipulated for a tract six miles square where Fort Wayne stood; one two miles square on Little River (the Wabash tributary), at the other side of the portage; one six miles square at Ouiatenon, and lands lying about Vincennes to which the Indian title had been extinguished. In addition it provided for a free navigation of the Wabash, believing that to be of the greatest military importance to the territory the river threaded. The control of the portage at the head of navigation was the control of the door to that territory, and hence his designation of the spot as "the key to the Northwest." Had not the locomotive become a factor in the trend of affairs it is more than probable that Wayne's wisdom would have been proven by time.

A word of post-mortem history touching the doughty veteran who wrested this spot from the red man and established his name here may not be amiss. Wayne, as may be learned from any standard biography of him, died where Erie, Pa., is now located, not long after his conquest of the Northwestern tribes. There he lay buried for thirteen years, when his son removed the remains to the old home place in Chester county, Pennsylvania. Further particulars are not, I believe, given in any of the "lives," but some twenty-five years ago a fugitive article afloat in the press added some gruesome details to the established account.* According to this the son came over the mountains on his sepulchral errand in a small sulky. When his father's body was disinterred it was found to be in an excellent state of preservation. To transport it thus on the sulky was impossible, and a Dr. John C. Wallace, one of Wayne's old companions in arms, overcame the difficulty by boiling the body, thus separating the flesh from the bones. The flesh was returned to the original grave and the bones, strapped in a box to the sulky, were taken home and re-buried. Thus the dust of the hero of Stony Point has the anomalous distinction of occupying two graves. Over the bones a monument was erected. The first grave was forgotten for many years, when some digger for relics unearthed a coffin lid, with the initials A. W. and the figures of Wayne's age and date of death formed by brass-headed nails.

Revolutionary Soldiers in Putnam County

By W. H. RAGAN

From the Papers of the Putnam County Historical Society.

IT is rather remarkable that Putnam County should have furnished a home for any survivor of the Revolutionary struggle. When we remember that a period of more than forty years intervened between the close of the Revolutionary War and the pioneer settlements in Putnam, and when we remember, in addition, that Putnam County is situated almost a thousand miles from the scenes of that great struggle, it is, as I have stated, rather remarkable that veterans of that war, the youngest of whom must have been nearing his sixtieth year, should have made their way across the mountains and through the wilderness to found new homes in our then sparsely settled country. That some did thus migrate in their old age to become citizens of our county is beyond the question of doubt.

It is with the hope of stimulating investigation that may lead to the discovery of all those who once had their homes within the limits of our county that I have consented to prepare this paper, in which I shall speak of those only of whom I have some personal or well-authenticated knowledge. There is a small section of country lying immediately north and east of the village of Fillmore and embracing but a few square miles of territory, at least not exceeding a half dozen, in which five survivors of the Revolutionary War spent their last days on earth, and in which their sacred ashes still remain. Three of the five the writer very distinctly remembers, the others dying but a short time before his recollection.

I doubt if there is an area so small within the limits of the county, or even the State, where so many patriots of our War of Independence spent their last days. This is, perhaps, a mere coincidence, as I know of no community of interests that could have thus brought them together. Indeed, they had been,

for aught I know, entire strangers to each other. Certainly there were no close ties of consanguinity existing among them. Hence, I conjecture that their settlement in such near proximtiy was not by design or purpose on their part.

The area in which the patriots resided embraced a small portion of the adjacent townships of Floyd and Marion. Three of them resided in the former, and two in the latter-named townships. At least three of the five came to this county with their families, the others perhaps coming with children or friends. Abraham Stobaugh, Silas Hopkins, Samuel Den-ny, John Bartee and Benjamin Mahorney were the worthy patriots of whom I shall speak. Their deaths occurred in the order in which they are named.

Abraham Stobaugh came from Montgomery County, Virginia, in company with his son, the late Jacob Stobaugh, and settled in the southern portion of Floyd township. He was the grandfather of Mrs. Anderson M. Robinson, of Filmore, and of the late Mrs. Owen, the deceased wife of our fellow-townsman and ex-County Recorder, George Owen. From Mrs. Robinson I learn that this patriot died in September, 1836, and that he was buried with the honors of war. A militia company from Greencastle, commanded by the late Col. Lewis H. Sands, fired the salute at the grave. He was buried in a private cemetery on the old Gorham farm in Marion township. There is to-day no trace of this grave remaining, none at least that would indentify it among those of numerous friends and relatives. Mr. Stobaugh left quite a large number of descendants, some of whom still remain in the neighborhood of his former home.

Silas Hopkins, if tradition may be credited, was a native of the city of Baltimore, and a supposed relative of the late millionaire merchant and philanthropist, Johns Hopkins, whose name will go down to posterity in connection with the great university his beneficence endowed. Silas Hopkins was the father of the somewhat noted John Deroysha Hopkins, whose eccentric characteristics will be remembered by many in Putnam County. He was also the father of the late

Mrs. Thomas Gorham, with whom he made his home. Patriot Hopkins was in some particulars not unlike his eccentric son. His death occurred near the close of the fourth decade of this century.

How long, or when, and at what period of the Revolutionary struggle, and in what branch of the service, or under what command these patriots served, is perhaps unknown to living mortals; but that they were Revolutionary soldiers there is not the shadow of a doubt. Jacob Stobaugh, the son of Abraham was a veteran of the war of 1812, and some of the descendants of Silas Hopkins laid down their lives to preserve that government which he gave his best years to the establishment of. Even his eccentric son, John D., was for a time a Union soldier in the War of the Rebellion. Although at the time beyond the age of military service, he enlisted in Company C, 70th Regiment, and served a part of the second year of the war as a member of that regiment, which was commanded by the only living ex-President of the United States. At least four grandsons served in the Union Army, two of whom, Silas and Thomas Gorham, laid down their lives in their country's service, and now rest side by side in the village cemetery at Fillmore.

There is something sadly pathetic in the story of the death of these patriotic grandsons of Silas Hopkins. They had survived the mishaps of war from 1861 to 1865, when one of the brothers began to decline in health. The war was over, and they really were needed no longer at the front. So the sick brother was given a furlough to his home, and for company the well one was sent with him. On the Vandalia train, while halting at the Greencastle station, and within six miles of home and friends, the invalid brother quietly breathed his last. The survivor tenderly supported the lifeless form of his brother in his arms until the train reached Fillmore, where kind and loving friends performed the last sad rites. But one short month elapsed until the remaining brother was gently laid by his side "in the shadow of the stone."

In those early days most every farm had its private burial place, in which the members of the family and friends were

interred. The Gorham family was not an exception to this general rule. On the north end of this farm, known to the older residents as the Judge Smith or Gorham farm, and now owned by Albert O. Lockridge of this city, and the first land in the township conveyed by the government to a private individual, is one of these neglected burial places. The location is obscure, and but for a few rough stones, one of which bears the indistinct inscription "W. B.," there is naught to indicate that it is a pioneer cemetery in which many of the early settlers sleep their long sleep. Here rest the mortal remains of Abraham Stobaugh and Silas Hopkins, of Revolutionary memory. But a few years will elapse until this little grave yard will be entirely unknown and forgotten, and posterity will then have naught but tradition as a guide to this spot where lie two of the founders of our Republic.

Samuel Denny resided in the southern part of Floyd Township on what is now known as the Gravel Pit Farm, which is owned by the Big Four Railway. His home was with an adopted daughter, Mrs. Isaac Yeates, he having had no children of his own. Mr. Denny first settled in Warren Township, where his wife died and was buried. He was the great uncle of our fellow-townsman, James T. Denny, Esq. Patriot Denny had long predicted that his death would occur on the 4th of July, which prediction was verified by the fact. In the early summer of 1843, his rapid decline was noted and on the Nation's sixty-seventh birthday, his gentle spirit took leave of earth. I well remember Mr. Denny, and have him pictured in my mind as a most venerable personage. Indeed he was highly respected and honored by all who knew him. I have already referred to the fact that he had no children of his own. It is, however, a well-verified tradition that he reared thirteen orphan children by adoption, thus showing the great benevolence of his character. He was buried in Warren Township, at what is known as Deer Creek Baptist Church, by the side of his deceased wife, and, I have no doubt, with the honors of war so well befitting the day and the occasion.

John Bartee's home was on a fraction of the same farm on

which Patriot Denny died, and to which he had, in some way, acquired a fee-simple title. There were ten acres of the little homestead on which he resided. He lived in an humble log cabin, with but one room. Here in company with his feeble-minded second wife, and still more imbecile daughter, he spent his last days in extreme poverty. The family were objects of charity. Through the exertions of the late A. B. Matthews, himself a member of the Board of County Commissioners, that body made a small appropriation, I am unable to say just how much, in support of this superannuated veteran; but with all this, only a small share of the good things of earth fell to the lot of our worthy patriot in his declining years. At the early age of sixteen, he participated in the siege of Yorktown and the capture of Lord Cornwallis. His death occurred in February, 1848, and he was buried in the little graveyard on the Yeates farm near by his former home.

Benjamin Mahorney, the fifth and last survivor, and perhaps among the very last of his race, died in the summer of 1854, more than seventy years after the close of the great struggle in which he was an active participant. His home, like that of Patriot Hopkins, was in the northern portion of Warren township, and immediately on the line of the Big Four Railway, one mile east of the little station of Darwin. He resided with his son, Owen Mahorney, who made him comfortable in his last days. He was a most venerable object, known to the people of the neighborhood as worthy of veneration and respect. His hair was white as the driven snow. Patriot Mahorney was a Virginian, and enlisted from Farquire county, in that State, in the spring of 1779, for a period of eighteen months. He served under Captain Walls, in Colonel Buford's regiment of Virginia militia. His regiment met the British cavalry, under Colonel Tarleton, at Waxham, North Carolina, and were repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. Patriot Mahorney was one of the few who escaped injury or capture. His term of enlistment closed on October 25, 1780, nearly seventy-four years prior to his death in this county. From the records of our County Clerk's office, I learn that he made application for a pension at the April term of court in

1833, and that he was at that time seventy-three years of age. From this record I also learn the above facts concerning his enlistment and service in the patriot cause.

At the time of Benjamin Mahorney's death there was in the neighborhood, a military company with headquarters at the village of Fillmore, and commanded by James H. Summers, a Mexican War veteran, and afterwards Colonel of an Iowa regiment in the War of the Rebellion. Captain Summers called his company together and fired a salute over the open grave of the last survivor of Revolutionary memory in that neighborhood. The interment was at what is known as the Smythe graveyard, and one mile east of Fillmore. It is probable that the grave of Mr. Mahorney might still be identified. If so, it should become an object of public care and attention for all time to come.

An incident occurred after the burial of Patriot Mahorney, when Captain Summers, with his company, returned to Fillmore to store their guns in the company's armory. A member of the company, Noah Alley (also a Mexican veteran, and afterwards killed at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, as a member of the 27th Indiana Regiment) through an awkward mishap, thrust the fixed bayonet of his musket through his leg just above the ankle, making a serious and painful wound. The village boys out of juvenile curiosity had gathered about the military company, and were many of them witnesses to this unfortunate accident. The writer well remembers the impression it made on his youthful mind, and this incident will go down in his memory, associated with the death and burial of the last survivor of the Revolutionary struggle in that part of the county, if not in the State.

Of these five Revolutionary patriots, two only, Hopkins and Stobaugh, have living descendants in our midst. Denny, it will be remembered, had no children of his own. Bartee's wife and daughter are long since dead, and the younger Mahorney, after his father's death, together with his family, removed to Fountain County, where they have been lost to sight, in the busy throng that now throbs and pulsates throughout our land.

The Journal of John Tipton

Commissioner to Locate Site for State Capital—1820

(Concluded.)

[NOTE.—The first installment of this journal was copied from Tipton's original manuscript. This part is a reprint from the Indianapolis News, as published by the owner of the MS., Mr. John H. Holliday (see the News, April 17, 1879). In this newspaper version some of Tipton's illiteracies have been dropped.]

Monday 29 a fine clier morning. after breckfaſt I paid \$3.00 for the co's bill (viz) Bartholomew Durham and myself with Bill the negro. We then set out to look at the country down to the town of Spencer, the seat of justice of Owen county. At 12 stopt on small Branch. Boiled our coffey, 45 p 12. Set out at 15 p 3, croſt Fall Creek, continued down the river. at 7 stopt at some Indian camps. Had a pleasant K't, having good (?) shelter and (?) Bark to sleep on.

Tuesday 30th

Couldy morning. Some rain. We set out at 6. At 45 p 7 the Bluffs. Stopt at Whetsalls for B. Paid 37½. Set out at 9. Some rain. Stopt at 12. Found the corner of S 22 & 23, 26 & 27 in T 11, Nor R 1 E. The ground hilly. Good timber. I went out hunting, could not kill anything. Set out at ½ p 1. Saw some clay that we think would make brick. Past a house. Saw a beautifull lake, 1 mile long & 100 yds. wide, clier water, sandy bottom. I am told the river in a high stage runs into it. Went ½ mile west, saw corner of S 5 & 6, 7 & 8, T 11 N of R 1 E. Land and timber good. Croſt the river at ½ p 4, at small prairie through which 2d p meridian runs. We traveled west through a good bottom. Saw a large field new (?). Stopt for the K't with a Mr. Harris who lives on the n. w. qr. of S. 11, T 11, north of R 1, W. Staid 3 days in this neighborhood to rest ourselves and horses.

Wednesday 31. Set out at 5. Traveled west down the path. at 7 came on the river; made coffey. At 10 passed L.

Gass, sec 31, t 11 n, r 2 w; $\frac{1}{2}$ p 12 came to J Harts on sec 21, t 10 n, r 3 west.

Saturday, 3d June. 1820. We paid nothing. Set out from Mr. Harts at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 for the mouth of Fall Creek, having been furnished with everything necessary for our journey. The land rather broken, tho' good soil. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 12 came to a section line. Found the corner of sections 21, 22, 27 and 28 in t 11 north of range 2 west. The north west quarter of section 28 is good land; the timber, sugar, beech, cherry, At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 2 came to the river, Stopt to boil coffy. Staid untill 45 p 3. Set out and traveled through a large bottom, most of which is good land, some part overflowed. The bottom seems to be 10 or 12 miles long and very wide. The timber, sugar beech, walnut huckleberry. The under growth is mostly prickly ash, some spice and pawpaw, as is most of the bottom on this side of the river. At 15 p 6 came to the river opposite a very high bluff. Turned up it, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 6 crost one part of the river into an island. I shot 147 yards at a turkey and killed it. Here we encamped. The river here is divided into several small shutes or channels. I went on the bluffs to examine them but found them to be from 100 to 200 feet in height, and very uneven on the top. The river at these islands, 7 in number, is very much choked and one part of the old bed for about 250 yards is entirely dry, the water passing through small channels from northeast to southwest, as follows, (One page of the diary has a rough drawing of these seven islands) as near as I could take it down with my pocket compass, which we called the seven islands. This obstruction entirely prevents the pass of any water craft, even the smallest canoe can not pass them at this time, and I am told that the river has been lower than it is at this time.* Here we spent the evening and kt.

Sunday the 4. The morning fine, cool and clier. General

* In the Baskin and Forster atlas map, of 1876, a series of four islands are shown in the southwest corner of Morgan County, some miles below Martinsville. These would seem to be the ones Tipton describes. Of the lake spoken of further on, in the s. e. qr. of s. 5, in T. 11 north, R. 1 E., (which would be immediately southwest of the site of Martinsville,) no trace is now given.

Bartholomew and me set out as soon as light to view those islands to enable me to make the above and foregoing rough draft, whch is only to be for my own satisfaction, believing the State legislature will take the earliest opportunity to remove this great obstruction to the navigation of this beautiful stream. We levelled island No. 5, found it about ten feet above the water at the present time. Set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11. Came to the lake on the S E qr of s 5 in T 11 north of R 1 E. I rode out to the east, Found section 4 all level, rich soil and am told that the north half of 9 is also good land.

South half of 34. (?). On the S. E. qr. of 34, T 12 north of R 1 E a house—good spring. Sec. 35 good land.* The timber on this land is white and black walnut, cherry, sugar, hackberry, mulberry, and some beech and hickory. We then traveled s 21 and 16. Both good land with the best of black walnut timber I have seen. Crost a high bluff on the river and at 15 p 4 crost the river to the n w side and stopt to boil our coffy. Set out at 15 p 5 came to the sections 34 & 35 in T 12 n of R 1 E. The south e quarter of s 34 is good land and the n e of 13 T 12 R 1 E. The s e qr of s 35 is the best I have seen, the corner on the bank of White lick creek on which we encamped at dark near a good lick.

Monday the 5—Before I was up Gen'l B and Col. D. went to the lick. The Col. killed a deer.†

We had a good breakfast and set out at 7.

Traveled $\frac{1}{2}$ mile over poor hills then level back land. Some sugar, ash and walnut. At 8 came to the corner of sections 13 & 24 in T 13 north of R 1 E. We then traveled n e $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and crosst White lick creek. The land good. We crosst the creek on a ripple. It is a fine creek and has the appearance of being a fine mill stream. The land mostly level. For some distance the timber, beech, sugar, ash &c. Came to the river at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 9 at a place where the river runs near a hill about 50 feet high. Turned up the bottom. Trav-

* These various sections lie in the immediate vicinity of the Martinsville site.

† This lick, from the description, was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Centerton, near the "Blue Bluffs."

eled near the hill, which is 30 to 50 feet in height of a gradual ascent. The top good upland, the bottom the best soil for duration I have seen on White river. The soil very fine mixed with clay. The timber hackberry, buckeye, sugar, walnut, ash. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 10 saw a spring which pleases me the best of any I have seen on the river, which I intend to purchase at the sale. A Mr. Brown lives on it; from the hill issues a number of fine springs. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p 11 came to the camp of a Mr. William Sanders (or Landers), covered with young timber. Here I am told was once a French village once occupied by the Delaware Indians, but evacuated by them about 33 years ago.* The land is rich and level; staid $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Set out at 15 p 12; stopt at small branch to boil our coffy and venison of which we have plenty. We set out and saw the range line between 2 & 3 east in town 14 north. At 20 p 4 crosst a fine large creek. Eagle creek; large a-plenty to turn a mill. Saw fine land, good timber, crosst the river one mile below the mouth of Fall creek at $\frac{1}{2}$ p 6. where we found the commrs., Gov. Jennings etc., waiting for us: Went to see the surveyor, found his work so much forward as to enable us to finish our business.

Tuesday 6th. A very cool morning. This day we spent in reading and walking around the lines of the sections that we intend to locate, and in the evening returned to our encampment, having removed to the n w side of the river this morning, above the mouth of Fall creek, and stretched our tent on a high bank which we called Bartholomew's bluff, on fractional section number 3, which is part of our location.

Wednesday, 7th, a fine, clear morning. We met at McCormicks, and on my motion the commissioners came to a resolution to select and locate sections numbered 1 and 12, and east and west fractional sections numbered 2, and east fractional section 11, and so much off the east side of west fractional section number 3, to be divided by a north and south line running parallel to the west boundary of said section, as will equal in amount 4 entire sections in 15 n. of

* See "Indian Towns in Marion County," No. 1 of this Magazine.

R, 3, E, We left our clerk making out his minutes and our report, and went to camp to dine. Returned after dinner. Our paper being ready, B. D and myself returned to camp at 4. They went to sleep and me to writing. At 5 we decamped and went over to McCormicks. Our clerk having his writing ready the commissioners met and signed their report, and certified the service of the clerk. At 6:45 the first boat landed that ever was seen at the seat of government. It was a small ferry flat with a canoe tied alongside, both loaded with the household goods of two families moving to the mouth of Fall creek. They came in a keel boat as far as they could get it up the river, then reloaded the boat and brought up their goods in the flat and canoe.* I paid for some corn and w (?) 62½.

Thursday 17th—A fine cool morning. We rose early. I paid for commissioners \$1.25 and for supper \$1.12½. Col. D paid one dollar and we set out at 15 p 5 for home in company with Ludlow, Gilliland, Blythe, Bartholomew, Durham, Governor Jennings and two Virginians. At 8 stopt on a small creek to boil our coffy for the last time as we boiled the last we had. Set out at 15 p 9. At 45 past 9 crosst a creek. At ½ p 11 crosst a creek. At 1 stopt to boil our baken. Staid until ½ p 2. Set out and at 7 came to John Berry, having traveled about 45 miles over a bad path.

Friday, 9. Cleer morning. We set out at 15 p 5. At ½ p 7 came to the upper rapids of drift river. Stopt to let our horses graze. Set out at 9. At 12 stopt at Mr. J. Radcliffe's. Had some bread and milk for our dinner and some corn for our horses. Paid 37½ by B, and set out at ½ p 5. Stopt at Capt. J. Shields, staid all night.

Saturday 10. Clear and very hot. Set out at ¼ p 5. Stopt at Brownstown. Had breakfast; paid 50. Stopt with Col. Durham in Vallonia, who had left us last kt and went home. Stopt at Wm. Grayham's, staid 1 hour. Stopt with Gen. De Pauw, had dinner, and at dark stopt in Salem.

Sunday the 11—Cloudy, some rain. Set out at ½ p 4. At 15 p 6 stopt at Wilcoxes. Had breakfast, paid \$2 by me.

* Who these two families were is nowhere recorded.

Stopt at Major Arganbrites (?), had dinner, etc. At dark got safe home, having been absent 27 days, the compensation allowed us commissioners by the law being \$2 for every 25 miles traveling to and from the plaice where we met, and \$2 for each day's service while ingaged in the discharge of our duty, my pay for the trip being \$58—not half what I could have made in my office. A very poor compensation.

JOHN TIPTON.

Some Early Indiana Taverns

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J. H. B. NOWLAND

THE writer commenced traveling through the State at the age of ten years, and has kept it up pretty well for nearly fifty, which has given him an opportunity to learn something of the different taverns and their proprietors.

Prerequisite to securing a tavern license was the certificate of a free-holder testifying that the applicant had two spare beds, and two stalls that were not necessary for his own use. Included in the tavern privilege was the right to retail spirituous liquors—this being the only form of liquor license issued in the earlier days. An old man I knew, wishing a license, rented two beds in a neighbor's house and two stalls in his stable. This the neighbor certified to and the license was procured.

There was a class of houses of which no license was required, and these were usually announced on their signs as places of "Private Entertainment."

On the different roads radiating from Indianapolis were many taverns, well known in their day, a few of which may be mentioned. On the Michigan road, south, was Goble's, near Pleasant View; Adkin's, just this side of Shelbyville; Mrs. Louden's, just beyond the latter place; Boardman's, in Dearborn County. On the Madison road were Isaac Smock's, Mrs. Adams', Widow Thompson's, Chauncey Butler's (this was Ovid Butler's father), and many others. On the Michigan road, north, were George Aston's and Widow Davis'; on the National road, east, were Fuller's, John Hagar's and Beck-

ner's. On all the roads, indeed, were numerous well-known taverns where first-class entertainment could be had for "man and beast"—for the man, ham and eggs, fried chicken, light biscuit and buckwheat cakes with honey; for the beast, a warm stable, with plenty of oats and hay—and all for 75 cents.

The signs before the taverns were sometimes as odd and catching as the modern advertisement. I remember one which hung in West Washington street that was made like a gate with slats, and on the slats was painted:

"This gate hangs high and
hinders none,
Refresh and pay then travel on."
JOHN FERNLEY.

Another on Washington street, opposite the court house read on one side: "Traveler's Ray House, Cheap," and on the other, "Traveler's Ray House, Cash."

The first sign painter in Indianapolis, Samuel S. Rooker, put before the public gaze some samples of his handiwork that I well remember. Mr. Rooker came at a very early day, and his first order was from Caleb Scudder, the cabinet maker. When the sign was done it was in flaming red letter and read, "Kalop Skodder, Kabbinet Maker." His next was for the "Rosebush" and "Eagle" Taverns, which he executed to the satisfaction of his patrons, but the critics said the picture of the royal bird on the latter sign was a turkey. A tavern-keeper on the National road ordered a life-sized lion on his sign, but when Mr. Rooker had finished his job he had hard work proving that it was not a prairie wolf. Rooker's most notable work of art, however, was one that stood on the Michigan road about six miles southeast of Indianapolis. This was a portrait of General Lafayette in full uniform. The board on which it was painted was not long enough for the heroic scale on which the picture was begun, so the legs were cut short and the put on where the knees should have been. Mr. Rooker's own advertisement long stood on the northeast corner of Washington and Illinois streets, and read: "Samuel S. Rooker, House and Sine Painter."

An Early Indiana Educator

John B. Anderson

FOR nearly a quarter of a century, dating from 1840, John B. Anderson was a resident of New Albany, and for nearly twenty years he was principal of two famous classical schools—schools which had then not their equal in the Middle West, and which will always live in local history as not having been surpassed even in this present era of progressive education.

In 1840 Mr. John B. Anderson, a graduate of the historic Washington and Jefferson College, came from Washington, Pa., to Brandenburg, Ky. There he engaged in educational work and there also he was married to Miss Cecelia Geraldine Alexander. At New Albany in 1840, appeared Mr. Anderson, a man of impressive presence, unusual height and size, of fine character and rare scholarly attainments. He was accompanied by his wife, a woman possessing all the grace and culture of the representative Southern woman of that day, and an unmarried sister, Miss Nancy Anderson, also a woman of elegance and accomplishment. In this year was founded "Anderson's High School for Boys," designed as the catalogue stated, to be "a permanent English and classical school, in which young men might be prepared for the advanced classes in college, or for entering upon the business of life, professional or otherwise." An able body of professors was secured, a fine curriculum in English, Latin, Greek and mathematical studies established—Monsieur Picot in charge of "the French language and literature," and the school at once began to flourish. It drew patronage from many towns in Kentucky and Indiana, also from Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio, and even from far New York. In the prospectus issued by Mr. Anderson, New Albany was highly commended for its healthfulness, the general morality and industry of its inhabitants, and as a place offering fewer inducements to vice than most other towns in the country.

In compliance, no doubt, with "the general pecuniary embarrassment of the times," as mentioned in the prospectus,

the educational rates were surprisingly moderate; tuition and board, including fuel and lights, per quarter of eleven weeks, costing only \$31.25; French lessons, \$5 extra; vocal music, under Prof. S. W. Leonard, \$1 per quarter, and washing, per dozen, 38 cents. To this early school of the Anderson regime came, from Fort Smith, Ark., two boys named Hickory and Pinckney Rogers—known among their classmates as “Hickory” and “Pickory.” From Arkansas also came several Indian lads of the Chickasaw tribe: Zack Colbert, son of the chief of the Chickasaw nation, and two half-breeds, David and John Vann, one a blonde, the other a typical brown Indian, sons of Capt. John Vann, of the ill-fated Ohio River steamer, Lucy Walker. Among other Anderson school boys of this period were Gerard Alexander, of Kentucky, nephew of Mrs. Anderson, known to his classmates as “Ohio Piomingo Alexander,” and William H. Hillyer, afterwards a colonel and a member of Gen. U. S. Grant’s staff during the war. Further on in the chronicles are found other names now prominent in various ways: Charles W. Shields, professor at Princeton College; Hon. Jesse J. Brown, Hon. Alexander Dowling, of New Albany; Mr. Henry Crawford, of Chicago, and the name of Vinton Nunemacher—dead at twenty-three—who once won intellectual spurs among the “Old Seminary Boys,” of Indianapolis.

For the establishment of Anderson’s Female Seminary, in 1843, a large, old-fashioned, red brick mansion on the corner of the public square was chosen by Mr. Anderson, and a corps of eight instructors was secured, which was afterwards extended to thirteen. In 1850, 103 pupils were in attendance and in 1853, 132 names were registered in the catalogue. Of the quaint old residence in which this seminary flourished a word must be said. It once ranked as “the finest dwelling in New Albany,” but in 1895 was torn down, having degenerated into a troublesome and unprofitable tenement house. In the thirties, it was built by Mr. Erastus Benton, a wealthy Pittsburg man, interested in the New Albany iron factories. This pretentious house, with its great walls and gables, broad

porches and unusual architectural adornments, demanded an elegant interior. The handsome furnishings called for costly entertainments, and in a few years, the owner was disastrously involved in debt, the fine residence was sold and became rental property, locally registered as "Benton's Folly." Its large halls, commodious drawing room and parlors, airy galleries and unusual number of bed-rooms rendered it especially adapted to the needs of the female seminary, which occupied it for a long and flourishing term of years.

The girls' school was but a few minutes walk from the boys' school, and Mr. Anderson held both in careful superintendence. In addition to solid attainments the young women were taught French and German, with piano, guitar and harp lessons, vocal music, drawing and painting in oil and water. Plain and ornamental needle work were also taught. Girls held lower rank financially than boys in that epoch, as tuition was billed at \$75 per season, with washing 50 cents per dozen. Piano and guitar lessons were 25 cents each, while French and German lessons, and lessons in painting and drawing were 10 cents each; a lesson in oil coloring was rated at 15 cents, and vocal music at 2 cents per lesson. From North and South, East and West, came young women to this noted classical school for girls; many of the instructors were from New York State, and pupils were on the records from Oswego and Saratoga, from Mobile and New Orleans. Among the teachers, at one time, was Miss Caroline Cornelia Cooke, of New York, afterwards the wife of Indiana's Governor, Ashabel P. Willard. Mr. Willard, it is related, was assiduous in his attendance during leisure hours at Anderson's Seminary, and some of the young women who were pursuing the deep sciences and the elegant graces, did not fancy his physical peculiarities, his neck being notably longer than that of the average man. Girls will be girls, even with all the classics at their beck and call, and one staid matron now vividly recollects being reprimanded and incarcerated ignominiously for calling down the corridor to another girl, as Mr. Willard, on a prancing steed, drew rein at the pavement: "Look, look; there comes Neck."

"Regulations," in the Anderson schools, although described in the catalogue as "kind, though firm and decided," were really almost a minus quantity. Among other quaint features of the catalogue of 1850-51 is the name, on the list of instructors, of Miss Rhoda B. Byers, monitress. Certainly, the "power of presence" was never more strongly exemplified than in this instance, Mr. Anderson's amplitude of gracious authority, Mrs. Anderson's genial bearing and Miss Nancy's friendly stateliness operating in all cases as potent disarmament of unruliness and insubordination. Godliness, too, abode in the Anderson classical schools, pupils being required to attend worship, either in the churches of their choice, or with the family of the principal. Mr. Anderson came of a family of clergymen, his father, Rev. Dr. John Anderson, and his brother, Rev. Wm. C. Anderson, being prominent in the Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Kansas.

Among the attractive features of these old-time schools, the family atmosphere is described as having been unusual and most attractive. Out of harness Mr. Anderson was always a popular social center, the girls clustering about him with fearless and animated devotion. The New Albany pupils consisted of the flower of the town, and now, in all old New Albany families, eyes kindle and words of praise are spoken at the mere mention of the Anderson family. Several years ago, down in French town—Porr'entrury—I came upon an elderly Frenchman, a farmer and a wagon maker, whose dignity of bearing, choice language and general information impressed me as unusual, until the fact was elicited that he had been educated in John B. Anderson's school, walking to town, and paying for his tuition by serving as janitor boy. On his table was the New York Tribune, to which he told me he had been a subscriber since 1853.

In 1853 Mr. C. C. Hine and lady, of New York, became associated in the management of the seminary, and at this date more than fifty graduates, with twelve resident graduates, are noted in the catalogue as the fruits of the preceding scholastic years. Mr. and Mrs. Hine were notable additions to social New Albany, and the for-

mer afterwards became prominent in New York banking and insurance circles. Mrs. Hine was a woman of much culture and many accomplishments, and her presence gave additional zest to the care with which feminine deportment was molded in the Anderson Seminary. In those days membership in this classical institution was, in itself, passport to the upper intellectual and social life of the town; and, even at this day, can be set apart, as a class formed on old-school models of punctilious gentleness and courtesy, the New Albany men and women who enjoyed such privileges and example. A true "great heart" in many ways was John B. Anderson, and on the register of his good deeds is noted one most interesting incident. From Louisiana to these schools in far Indiana came a little group of two boys and a girl. For one year their tuition bills were promptly met, but after that appeared a financial vacuum. Mr. Anderson, however, kept the children in the school several years at his own expense, and it has never been known whether or not this outlay was made good to him by their derelict guardians. In 1850, 1851, 1852 and 1853 the Indiana girls in the Anderson schools, outside of New Albany were Eunice Meberd, Vincennes; Mary E. Hall, Princeton; Annie J. Vance, Corydon; Elizabeth and Cordelia Devin, Princeton; Nannie Fabrique, Pilot Knob; Eliza J. Foster, Evansville; Olivia Mitchell, Evansville; Arabella D. Wise, Vincennes; Sarah Ann Devin, Princeton; Sarah Devol, Terre Haute; Clarinda Mitchell, Evansville; Mary E. Rice, Corydon; M. J. O'Riley, Evansville; Ellen M. Brackenridge, Newburg; D. M. Dietz, Charlestown; Mary Hurd, Bedford; Nannie Johnston, Evansville; Glen J. McJunkin, Washington; Mary Miller, Bono; Emma Riley, Orleans, and Helen Von Trees, Washington. At the Chicago Beach Hotel this summer two ladies who had just met investigated an instinctive friendliness which they felt for each other and found the bond to be that they were both graduates of the Anderson Seminary at New Albany—one having been graduated in 1850, the other being probably the last graduate to whom the school had given a diploma. Owing to ill health in 1858, the master of the Anderson schools retired from collegiate labor and entered

upon a long and successful career as builder and manager of railroads. During the war Secretary Stanton recognized his fine grasp of affairs, his cool judgment and remarkable executive ability, and pressed him to accept a position as brigadier general. This honor was declined, but he did accept an appointment as general manager of the United States military railways, serving faithfully and retiring at his own request in 1864. Mr. Anderson was a wonderful reader and book lover, and at the time of his golden wedding assisted in founding at the College of Emporia, Kan., an Anderson memorial library, instead of accepting for himself and wife the usual gifts which such celebrations evoke. Mrs. Anderson survives him. No children were ever born to this couple, whose domestic relations were otherwise ideal, but in the remembrance of many school children and school children's children shall their lives and works be perpetuated.

EMMA CARLETON

NOTE.—For further information about John B. Anderson by the same writer, see *The Book-Lover Magazine*, July-August, 1903. In this sketch Mrs. Carleton credits Anderson with having directly inspired the munificent library gifts of Andrew Carnegie.

Origin of the Word Hoosier

[The many and varied accounts of the origin of the term "Hoosier" inostly have in common one thing—improbability. These stories are too well known to give space to here and may be found elsewhere—for instance in Meredith Nicholson's "The Hōosiers." So far as we know Jacob P. Dunn is the only one who has made anything like a thorough study of the question, and because his conclusions seem to us the most reasonable theory in the field, and, in addition, are but little known, we think they will be of interest here. The following article is the second of two that appeared in the *Indianapolis News* (see Aug. 23 and 30, 1902), and contains the substance of Mr. Dunn's argument, the first being, mainly, a discussion of the current stories. The entire study in a revised form will probably be published before very long in the collections of the Indiana Historical Society.]

In 1854 Amelia M. Murray visited Indianapolis, and was for a time the guest of Governor Wright. In her book, entitled "Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada" (page 324), she says: "Madame Pfeiffer (she evidently meant Mrs. Puslzky, for Madame Pfeiffer did not come here and

does not mention the subject) mistook Governor Wright when she gave from his authority another derivation for the word 'Hoosier.' It originated in a settler's exclaiming 'Huzza,' upon gaining the victory over a marauding party from a neighboring State." With these conflicting statements, I called on Mr. John C. Wright, son of Governor Wright. He remembered the visits of the Pulszkys and Miss Murray, but knew nothing of Madame Pfeiffer. He said: "I often heard my father discuss this subject. His theory was that the Indiana flatboatmen were athletic and pugnacious, and were accustomed, when on the levees of the Southern cities, to 'jump up and crack their heels together, and shout 'Huzza,' whence the name of 'huzza' fellows.' We have the same idea now in 'hoorah people,' or 'a hoorah time.' "

It will be noted that all these theories practically carry three features in common:

1. They are alike in the idea that the word was first applied to a rough, boisterous, uncouth, illiterate class of people, and that the word originally implied this character.
2. They are alike in the idea that the word came from the South, or was first applied by Southern people.
3. They are alike in the idea that the word was coined for the purpose of designating Indiana people, and was not in existence before it was applied to them.

If our primary suspicion be correct, that all the investigators and theorists have followed some false lead from the beginning, it will presumably be found in one of these three common features. Of the three, the one that would more probably have been derived from assumption than from observation is the third. If we adopt the hypothesis that it is erroneous, we have left the proposition that the word "hoosier" was in use at the South, signifying a rough or uncouth person, before it was applied to Indiana; and if this was true it would presumably continue to be used there in that sense. Now this condition actually exists, as appears from the following evidence.

In her recent novel, "In Connection with the De Wil-

loughby Claim," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett refers several times to one of her characters—a boy from North Carolina—as a "hoosier." In reply to an inquiry she writes to me: "The word 'hoosier' in Tennessee and North Carolina seemed to imply, as you suggest, an uncouth sort of rustic. In the days when I first heard it my idea was also that—in agreement with you again—it was a slang term. I think a Tennessean or Carolinian of the class given to colloquialism would have applied the term 'hoosier' to any rustic person without reference to his belonging to any locality in particular. But when I lived in Tennessee I was very young and did not inquire closely into the matter."

Mrs. C. W. Bean, of Washington, Ind., furnishes me this statement: "In the year 1888, as a child, I visited Nashville, Tenn. One day I was walking down the street with two of my aunts, and our attention was attracted by the large number of mountaineers on the streets, mostly from northern Georgia, who had come in to some sort of society meeting. One of my aunts said, 'What a lot of hoosiers there are in town.' In surprise I said, 'Why, I am a 'Hoosier.' A horrified look came over my aunt's face, and she exclaimed, 'For the Lord's sake, child, don't let anyone here know you're a hoosier.' I did not make the claim again, for on inspection the visitors proved a wild-looking lot who might be suspected of never having seen civilization before."

Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, of Nashville, Tenn., gives the following statement: "I have been familiar with the use of the word 'hoosier' all my life, and always as meaning a rough class of country people. The idea attached to it, as I understand it, is not so much that they are from the country, as that they are green and gawky. I think the sense is much the same as in 'hayseed,' 'jay' or 'yahoo.'"

Hon. Thetus W. Simes, Representative in Congress from the Tenth Tennessee District, says: "I have heard all my life of the word 'hoosier' as applied to an ignorant, rough, unpolished fellow."

The following three statements were furnished to me by

Mr. Meredith Nichoison, who collected them some months since.

John Bell Henneman, of the department of English, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, writes: "The word 'hoosier' is generally used in Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee as an equivalent for 'a country hoodlum,' 'a rough, uncouth countryman,' etc. The idea of the 'country' is always attached to it in my mind, with a degree of 'uncouthness' added. I simply speak from my general understanding of the term as heard used in the States mentioned above."

Mr. Raymond Weeks, of Columbia, Mo., writes: "Pardon my delay in answering your question concerning the word 'hoosier' in this section. The word means a native of Indiana, and has a rare popular sense of a backwoodsman, a rustic. One hears: 'He's a regular hoosier.' "

Mrs. John M. Judah, of Memphis, writes: "About the word 'Hoosier'—one hears it in Tennessee often. It always means rough, uncouth, countrified. 'I am a Hoosier,' I have said, and my friends answered bewilderedly. 'But all Indiana-born are Hoosiers,' I declare. 'What nonsense!' is the answer generally, but one old politician responded with a little more intelligence on the subject: 'You Indianians should forget that. It has been untrue for many years.' In one of Mrs. Evans's novels—'St. Elmo,' I think—a noble and philanthropic young Southern woman is reproached by her haughty father for teaching the poor children in the neighborhood—'a lot of hoosiers,' he calls them. I have seen it in other books, too, but I cannot recall them. In newspapers the word is common enough, in the sense I refer to."

It is scarcely possible that this wide-spread use of the word in this general sense could have resulted if the word had been coined to signify a native of Indiana, but it would have been natural enough, if the word were in common use as slang in the South, to apply it to the people of Indiana. Many of the early settlers were of a rough and ready character, and doubtless most of them looked it in their long and toilsome emigration, but, more than that, it is an historical fact that

about the time of the publication of Finley's poem there was a great fad of nicknaming in the West, and especially as to the several States. It was a feature of the humor of the day, and all genial spirits "pushed it along." A good illustration of this is seen in the following passage from Hoffman's "Winter in the West" (published in 1835, Vol. 1, Page 210) referred to above:

"There was a long-haired 'hooshier' from Indiana, a couple of smart-looking 'suckers' from the southern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed, leather-belted 'badger' from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy, yeomanlike fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins and red sash proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine 'wolverine,' or nauralized Michiganian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a 'red horse' from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a 'buckeye' from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select."

This same frontier jocularity furnishes an explanation for the origin of several of the theories of the derivation of the name. If an assuming sort of person, in a crowd accustomed to the use of "hoosier" in its general slang sense, should pretentiously announce that he was a "husher," or a "hussar," nothing would be more characteristically American than for somebody to observe, "He is a hoosier, sure enough." And the victim of the little pleasantry would naturally suppose that the joker had made a mistake in the term. But the significance of the word must have been quite generally understood, for the testimony is uniform that it carried its slurring significance from the start. Still it was not materially more objectionable than the names applied to the people of other States, and it was commonly accepted in the spirit of humor. As Mr. Finley put it, in later forms of his poem:

With feelings proud we contemplate
The rising glory of our State,
Nor take offense by application
Of its good-natured appellation.

It appears that the word was not generally known throughout the State until after the publication of "The Hoos-

iers' Nest," though it was known earlier in some localities, and these localities were points of contact with the Southern people. And this was true as to Mr. Finley's locality, for the upper part of the Whitewater valley was largely settled by Southerners, and from the Tennessee-Carolina mountain region, where the word was especially in use. Such settlements had a certain individuality. In his "Sketches" (page 38) the Rev. Aaron Wood says:

"Previously to 1830 society was not homogeneous, but in scraps, made so by the eclectic affinity of race, tastes, sects and interest. There was a wide difference in the domestic habits of the families peculiar to the provincial gossip, dialect and taste of the older States from which they had emigrated."

The tradition in my own family, which was located in the lower part of the Whitewater valley, is that the word was not heard there until "along in the thirties." In that region it always carries the idea of roughness or uncouthness, and it developed a derivative—"hoosiery"—which was used as an adjective or adverb to indicate something that was rough, awkward or shiftless. Testimony as to a similar condition in the middle part of the Whitewater valley is furnished in the following statement, given me by the Rev. T. A. Goodwin:

"In the summer of 1830 I went with my father, Samuel Goodwin, from our home at Brookville to Cincinnati. We traveled in an old-fashioned one-horse Dearborn wagon. I was a boy of twelve years, and it was a great occasion for me. At Cincinnati I had a fip for a treat, and at that time there was nothing I relished so much as one of those big pieces of gingerbread that were served as refreshment on muster days, Fourth of July and other gala occasions, in connection with cider. I went into a baker's shop and asked for 'a fip's worth of gingerbread.' The man said, 'I guess you want hoosier-bait,' and when he produced it I found that he had the right idea. That was the first time I ever heard the word 'hoosier,' but in a few years it became quite commonly applied to Indiana people. The gingerbread referred to was cooked in square pans—about fifteen inches across, I should think—and

with furrows marked across the top, dividing it into quarter sections. A quarter section sold for a fip, which was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents. It is an odd fact that when Hosier J. Durbin joined the Indiana Methodist Conference, in 1835, his name was misspelled 'Hoosier' in the minutes, and was so printed. The word 'hoosier' always had the sense of roughness or uncouthness in its early use."

At the time this statement was made, neither Mr. Goodwin nor I knew of the existence of the last four lines of Finley's poem, in which this same term "hossier-bait" occurs, they being omitted in all the ordinary forms of the poem. The derivation of this term is obvious, whether "bait" be taken in its sense of a lure or its sense of food. It was simply something that "hoosiers" were fond of, and its application was natural at a time when the ideal of happiness was "a country boy with a hunk of gingerbread."

After the word had been applied to Indiana, and had entered on its double-sense stage, writers who were familiar with both uses distinguished between them by making it a proper noun when Indiana was referred to. An illustration of this is seen in the writings of J. S. Robb, author of "The Swamp Doctor in the Southwest" and other humorous sketches, published in 1843. He refers to Indiana as "the Hoosier State," but in a sketch of an eccentric St. Louis character he writes thus:

"One day, opposite the Planter's House, during a military parade, George was engaged in selling his edition of the Advocate of Truth, when a tall hoosier, who had been gazing at him with astonishment for some time, roared out in an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What do you see so funny in me to laugh at?" inquired George.

"Why, boss," said the hoosier, "I wur jest a thinkin' ef I'd seed you out in the woods, with all that har on, they would a been the d—dest runnin' done by this 'coon ever seen in them diggins—you're ekill to the elephant! and a leetle the haryest small man I've seen scart up lately."

Unfortunately, however, not many writers were familiar with the double use of the word, and the distinction has gradually died out, while persistent assertions that the word was coined to designate Indiana people have loaded on them all the odium for the significance that the word has anywhere.

The real problem of the derivation of the word "hoosier" is not a question of the origin of a word formed to designate the State of Indiana and its people, but of the origin of the slang term widely in use in the South, signifying an uncouth rustic. There seems never to have been any attempt at a rational philological derivation, unless we may so account Mr. Charles G. Leland's remarks in Barriere and Leland's "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant," which are as follows: "Hoosier (American). A nickname given to natives of Indiana. Bartlett cites from the Providence Journal a story which has the appearance of being an after-manufacture to suit the name, deriving "hoosier from 'husher—from their primary capacity to still their opponents." He also asserts that the Kentuckians maintained that the nickname expresses the exclamation of an Indianian when he knocks at a door and exclaims 'Who's yere?' However, the word originally was not hoosier at all, but hoosieroon, or hoosheroon, hoosier being an abbreviation of this. I can remember that in 1834, having read of hoosiers, and spoken of them, a boy from the West corrected me, and said that the word was properly hoosieroon. This would indicate a Spanish origin."

The source of Mr. Leland's error is plain. "Hoosieroon" was undoubtedly coined by Mr. Finley to designate a Hoosier child, and what the boy probably told Mr. Leland was that the name to apply properly to him would be Hoosieroon. But that alone would not dispose wholly of the Spanish suggestion, for "oon" or "on" is not only a Spanish ending, but is a Spanish diminutive indicating blood relation. In reality, however, Mr. Finley did not understand Spanish, and the ending was probably suggested to him by a quadroon and octroon, which, of course, were in general use. There is no Spanish word that would give any suggestion of "hoosier,"

The only other language of continental Europe that could be looked to for its origin would be French, but there is no French word approaching it except, perhaps, "huche," which means a kneading trough, and there is no probability of derivation from that.*

In fact, "hoosier" carries Anglo-Saxon credentials. It is Anglo-Saxon in form and Anglo-Saxon in ring. If it came from any foreign language, it has been thoroughly anglicized. And in considering its derivation it is to be remembered that the Southerners have always had a remarkable faculty for creating new words and modifying old ones. Anyone who has noted the advent of "snollygoster" in the present generation, or has read Longstreet's elucidation of "fescue," "abisselfa," and "anpersant" (Georgia Scenes, page 73), will readily concede that. And in this connection it is to be observed that the word "yahoo" has long been in use in Southern slang, in almost exactly the same sense as "hoosier," and the latter word may possibly have developed from its last syllable. We have a very common slang word in the North—"yap"—with the same signification, which may have come from the same source, though more probably from the provincial English "yap," to yelp or bark. "Yahoo" is commonly said to have been coined by Swift, but there is a possibility that it was in slang use in his day.

It is very probable that the chief cause of the absence of conjectures of the derivation of "Hoosier" from an English stem was the lack in our dictionaries of any word from which it could be supposed to come, and it is a singular fact that in our latest dictionaries—the Standard and the Century—there appears the word "hoose," which has been in use for centuries in England. It is used now to denote a disease common to calves, similar to the gapes in chickens.

* Mr. Dunn is sometimes over-positive in his statements. Mrs. Emma Carleton, of New Albany, calls our attention to the old French word *huissier*, as used by Sir Walter Scott in "The Abbott" (Chapter 18). The "hussier" was an usher; hence Mrs. Carleton suggests, with some plausibility, that the word might have attached to the first French occupants of Indiana, as the ushers of civilization, or that the use of it by them "might have been the lingual forefather of Hoosier."—*The Editor.*

caused by the lodgment of worms in the throat. The symptoms of this disease include staring eyes, rough coat with hair turned backward, and hoarse wheezing. So forlorn an aspect might readily suggest giving the name "hooser" or hoosier" to an uncouth, rough-looking person. In this country, for some reason, this disease has been known only by the name of the worm that causes it—"strongylus micrurus"—it sounds very much like "strangle us marcus" as the veterinarians pronounce it—but in England "hoose" is the common name. This word is from a very strong old stem. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial words," gives "hooze" and "hoors," and states that "hoos" occurs in the "Cornwall Glossary," the latter being used also in Devonshire. Palmer, in his "Folk-Etymology," says that "hoarst—a Linconshire word for a cold on the chest, as if that which makes one hoarse," is a corruption of the old English "host," a cough, Danish "hoste," Dutch "hoeste," Anglo-Saxon "hweost," a wheeziness; and refers to Old English "hoose," to cough, and Cleveland "hooze," to wheeze. Descriptions of the effect of hoose on the appearance of animals will be found in Armatage's "Cattle Doctor," and in the "Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland," fourth series, Vol. 10, at page 206.

There is also a possibility of a geographical origin for the word, for there is a coast parish of Cheshire, England, about seven miles west of Liverpool, named Hoose. The name probably refers to the cliffs in the vicinity, for "hoo," which occurs both in composition and independently in old English names of places, is a Saxon word signifying high. However, this is an obscure parish, and no especial peculiarity of the people is known that would probably give rise to a distinctive name for them.

There is one other possibility that is worthy of mention—that the word may have come to us through England from the Hindoo. In India there is in general use a word commonly written "huzur," which is a respectful form of address to persons of rank or superiority. In "The Potter's Thumb," Mrs. Steel writes it "hoozur." Akin to it is "housha," the title

of a village authority in Bengal. It may seem impossible that "hoosier" could come from so far a source, and yet it is almost certain that our slang word "fakir," and its derivative verb "fake," came from the Hindoo through England, whither for many years people of all classes have been returning from Indian service.

As a matter of fact words pass from one language to another in slang very readily. For example, throughout England and America a kidnapper is said in thieves' slang to be "on the kinchin lay," and it can scarcely be questioned that this word is direct from the German "kindchen." The change of meaning from "huzur" to "hoosier" would be explicable by the outlandish dress and looks of the Indian grandees from a native English standpoint, and one might naturally say of an uncouth person, "He looks like a huzur."

It is not my purpose to urge that any one of these suggested possibilities of derivation is preferable to the others, or to assert that there may not be other and more rational ones. It is sufficient to have pointed out that there are abundant sources from which the word may have been derived. The essential point is that Indiana and her people had nothing whatever to do with its origin or its signification. It was applied to us in mockery, and our only connection with it is that we have meekly borne it for some three score years and ten, and have made it widely recognized as a badge of honor, rather than a term of reproach.

J. P. DUNN.

The Primitive Hoosier

THE following enthusiastic bit of writing, copied into the Journal from the New Orleans Picayune more than sixty years ago, gives a picture of the Hoosier of that period who came down the river with his flatboat load of produce. Says the Picayune writer:

"There is a primitive and pristine simplicity of character and independence of mind about a Hoosier that pleases us much. His step is as untrammeled by the artifice of fashion

and as free from the constraint of foppery as the mighty rivers of the West are from obstruction in their impetus course to the ocean, or as the path of the buffalo herd over the wild prairie. Born on the fructuous soil of freedom, and unchecked in his growth by avarice and dissimulaion, he rises to manhood with a mind unwarpt and a spirit unbent like the trees of the forest around him. He loves liberty—loves it in his heart's core—he would fight—he would die for it. * * * He cries from his soul, 'Long live liberty!' because the instinct of his free and unsophistocated nature tells him that it is the inalienable birthright and heritage of man, and he thinks that to live without it is impossible as to exist without the free air that wantons round his Western home. He may be ignorant of the use of the eyeglass, but is his aim with his rifle less deadly? He may not be able to discuss the merits of the last novel, but thinkest thou that he is ignorant of the cardinal principal of liberty? In a word, he may not be a thing with his face hid in a stock, long hair and a shirt collar, but might not more confidence be placed in his brawny arm in time of war than in a whole regiment of such men of doubtful gender?

"We do love to see a Hoosier roll along the levee with the proceeds of the plunder of his flatboat in his pocket. It is the wages of industry, and no lordly ecclesiastic or titled layman dares claim a cent of it. See with what pity he regards those who are confined to the unchangeable monotony of a city life, and observe how he despises uniformity of dress. He has just donned a new blue dress coat with silk linings and flowered gilt buttons. His new pants look rather short for the present fashion, but this is easily accounted for—they were of stocking fit or French cut at the instep, and thinking they pressed rather close he has curtailed them of some six inches of their fair proportion. * * * He glories in still sporting the same unpolished peg boots, and the woolen, round-topped, wide-leaved hat in which he set out from home. The Hoosier says, or seems to say—

" 'A life in the woods for me,' and his happy and independent life attests the wisdom of his choice."

Local Historical Societies

IN the introductory article to the first number of this magazine we expressed the hope that we might do something toward promoting the work of local historical societies. We cannot say at this writing that we are particularly encouraged.

So far as we have been able to learn local societies have, at one time or another, been organized in the following counties: St. Joseph, Henry, Randolph, Delaware, Hamilton, Carroll, Wayne, Martin, Putnam, Parke and Clark. Our attempts to gather information concerning the origin, history and accomplishment of these societies resulted with most of them, in nothing. Some of them, we know, have ceased to be. The Putnam County organization, for instance, has been out of existence some ten years, but its archives are still preserved by one of the original members, and from them we secured the article on "Revolutionary Soldiers" published in this number. In similar collections elsewhere there are doubtless many valuable papers which should not be wholly lost, and which would not be if those having them in custody would but render a very small service. On another page we explain a plan of the State Librarian to collect as exhaustive a bibliography as possible of Indiana material, both published and unpublished. Upon application he will send copies of a printed form on which the description and location of such material may be set forth for the benefit of any student along certain lines who may be interested in it. If these papers of non-existent societies were handed over to the keeping of the State Library it would much increase their chances of usefulness. But even a knowledge of them in private possession is desirable.

From societies now existing, which we tried to reach with letters of inquiry, there were but few responses. The most circumstantial information received was from the Wayne County organization, and for this reason, and because it would seem to be an excellent model for those contemplating new organizations, we here deal fully with it.

This society has rooms in the court house, where it has begun the collection of a library and historical museum; and contributions, such as old letters, manuscripts, pictures, books, pamphlets, relics, or anything that will illustrate the history and progress of the country, are solicited. It holds four meetings a year, at various places in the county, and to these the general public is invited. The program of 1904, which is before us, gives an idea of the character and scope of these meetings, and we here copy it in substance.

February 27 (in the rooms of the society in the Court House, Richmond). 1—The Early Railroads of Richmond, by Mr. James Van Dusen. 2—Original Poem, by Rev. Luke Woodard. 3—Report of the New Orleans meeting of the American Historical Association, by Mr. Jesse S. Reeves. 4—Report of a visit to the Henry County Society, by Mrs. Helen V. Austin.

May 21 (High School, Cambridge City). 1—The Whisky Frauds of 1876, by Dr. Joseph W. Jay. 2—History of Dairying in Wayne County, by Mr. W. S. Commons.

August 27 (Meeting House, Fountain City. All day meeting, devoted to the Pioneer Industries of the county). 1—Papers on Field Industries. 2—Papers on Household Industries. 3—Papers on Industrial Amusements.

November 10 (Rooms of the Society). 1—Prominent Educators of Wayne County, by Prof. Lee Ault. 2—The Wayne County Argonauts of '49 and '50, by Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgin.

Other noteworthy papers, given in 1903 were on the Old National Road; Historic Houses of Centerville; Early Mills of Wayne County and the Geological History of Wayne County. These papers, as we understand, are all carefully preserved by the curator of the society in its room, and a number of them, doubtless, contain interesting historical data not to be found elsewhere.

Another feature of the Society's work is the publishing once a year of a historical pamphlet contributed to its archives. Two of these, thus far, have been issued, "The Naming and Nicknaming of Indiana," by Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgin,

and "Institutional Influence of the Germans in Richmond," by Fred J. Bartel. The membership dues are fifty cents a year.

The Constitution of this society may be secured by sending to Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgins, Richmond, Ind.

Since writing the above we have received reports from the Henry and Monroe County societies, through the kindness of Mr. Benjamin S. Parker, of New Castle, and Prof. J. A. Woodburn, of Bloomington, whose letters we add. The first of these organizations is among the oldest, and the latter the newest, we believe, among our local societies.

HENRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Henry County Historical Society held its 19th annual meeting at its building in Newcastle on Saturday, April 29th, 1905. As the above statement indicates, this society was organized and began active work in 1887. Its constitution provides for two meetings with papers, addresses, discussions, music, etc., in each year. As with other similar societies, it has been indebted, during much of its career, to the efforts of a few persons for its continuous existence and progress.

The hope of its founders, and those who have since carried forward its work, has been to collect and preserve in an easily accessible shape, the history of every township, town, village, and country neighborhood, from the first settlement forward. The society also seeks to illustrate the life of the country and its people, through the various changes and steps of progress, by a collection of earlier and later industrial implements, household and kitchen utensils, natural history specimens, and whatever may serve to give to the present and future generations, correct ideas as to the method by and through which the county has been improved and the people have progressed.

Taking advantage of the law passed by the State Legislature in 1901, the society applied to the Board of County Commissioners and County Council for an appropriation to purchase or build a home for the society and its collection.

An appropriation of \$5,000 was promptly made. Soon after an unexpected event occurred. In order to close up and settle the estate of the late General William Grose, the administrator offered at a very low figure the splendid residence property of the General. Upon the appearance of the advertisement the late W. H. Adams began a movement to secure the home, including one acre of ground for the use of the society. The Commissioners were called together, then the County Council met in special session, and in about a fortnight, the county of Henry became the owner of the property for the use of its Historical Society. The fine mansion not only furnishes large space for the society's collection and library (which now contains about 800 volumes), but also provides a residence for the custodian. While a full historical collection is sought for, the managers are taking great care not to cumber the space with mere "old junk." A place must have some other merit than age to make it worth preserving. It must be part of an illustrative chain that elucidates some branch or portion of the country's life, past or present, to be acceptable. Small appropriations have been made, year after year, to this society, but up to the present a considerable per cent. of the appropriations thus made have gone back to the county treasury unused, so that the cost of maintenance has, thus far, been but trifling to the county. The society pays its own running expenses except the cost of light, water and fuel, and the maintaining of buildings and grounds.

The 19th annual meeting was a very enjoyable one and very well attended. Its principal features consisted of a fine address upon the preservation of local history by the retiring President, Mr. John Thornburgh; an exceedingly interesting letter from Mrs. S. A. Pleas, (now of Florida) widow of the naturalist, Elwood Pleas, one of the promoters of the society; a splendid address delivered by Judge L. C. Abbott, of Richmond, representing the Wayne County Historical Society, upon "Life in Washington Fifty Years Ago;" a local paper, entitled a "History of Clear Spring," a well-known neighborhood of the county, by Miss Orabell Shaffer, and a unique series of caricatures and illustrations of the early life,

dress and manners of the people of the county by Clark Gordon, the Spiceland artist.

A musical program furnished by local talent proved a popular feature. The fine dinner served by the ladies of Newcastle and Spiceland, free to all, was one of the features of the meeting which commanded undoubted popular approval.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, Clark Gordon, of Spiceland; Vice-President, Nathan T. Nicholson, of Newcastle; Secretary, Miss Linnie Jordon, of Newcastle; Treasurer, Benjamin F. Koons, of Mooreland; Chairman Executive Committee, John Thornburgh, of Newcastle; Trustees, Eugene H. Bundy, Newcastle; Henry Charles, Spiceland; Robert M. Chambers, Newcastle.

BENJ. S. PARKER.

Newcastle, Ind., April 30, 1905.

MONROE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On April 6, 1905, after previous conferences, a Monroe County Historical Society was formed in the lecture room of the Christian Church of Bloomington. Mr. Amzi Atwater, formerly professor of Latin in the University, was elected President, Mr. W. B. Seward, an old and well-known citizen of Bloomington, was made Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Woodburn was appointed Secretary and Mr. Dudley Smith Treasurer. Prof. S. B. Harding, of the University, Miss Minnie Ellis, teacher of history in the Bloomington High School, and Miss Margaret McCalla were made advisory members. The Constitution and By-Laws of the Wayne County Society were adopted for the use of the new society. The Monroe County Society expect to meet once a month and have papers from various members. At this first meeting of the Society Professor Atwater read a paper on "The University of Forty Years Ago." At the May meeting Judge H. C. Duncan, of Bloomington, will read a paper on Hon. James Hughes, one of the leading public men of Monroe County forty years ago. Mr. Seward will prepare a paper on "Old Water Mills of Monroe County," and other papers of local interest are under way.

The outlook for the society is good and it is hoped that there will be found a growing interest in its work.

J. A. WOODBURN, Secretary.

Bloomington, Ind., May 6, 1905.

In addition to the above we have received a copy of the Constitution of the Wabash County Historical Society. This society was organized in 1902. As we understand, it has at present no definite plan of active work, but in its room in the Court House it is gradually accumulating appropriate material.

No doubt there are other local societies of which we have not been able to learn, and fuller information from any or all of these is solicited.

An Indiana Bibliography

AS THE result of a paper read before the Indiana Library Association at its last meeting by W. E. Henry, State Librarian, a movement has begun which has for its purpose the collecting of material for a bibliography of Indiana. Blank cards requesting information concerning bibliographical matter of interest to the State has been sent to editors, librarians and others interested in this matter over the State, and it is the intention of the authorities of the State Library to publish this information as it is collected.

Mr. Henry was chosen by the association to act as Chairman of a committee whose duty it was to organize and proceed in the work outlined. This committee consists of W. M. Hepburn, librarian at Purdue University; Arthur Dransfield, of New Harmony; J. L. Smith, of Winchester; Miss Anna Nicholas, of this city; Col. R. S. Robertson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor; Arthur Cunningham, librarian at the State Normal; Miss Merica Hoagland, organizer for the public library commission; Miss Minnetta T. Taylor, Greencastle; Miss Eva N. Fitzgerald, librarian of the Kokomo public library; George S. Cottman, of Irvington, and Miss Jennie Elrod, reference librarian of the State Library.

The card blanks that are being sent over the State have a place for the enumeration of the writings of the individual of any city, county or town; church publications are asked for, as are the publications of associations and societies. Special attention is given to references to local history, and the enumeration of the newspapers of any community, together with the date of establishment, and the location of the most complete files. Directories or gazeteers of each town or county are also asked for, and the list closes with a request for a list of the official reports of towns or counties or any officer of either.

Mr. Henry points out that the success of the attempted bibliography depends upon the care with which these card blanks are filled out by those to whom they are sent. If the matter is attended to carefully the result as published by the State Library will be invaluable to students of local history.

—INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

To this we append the following scheme, outlined by Mr. Henry, and sent out by him as a guide to those assisting him in the work:

OUTLINE FOR BIBLIOGRAPHY OF INDIANA.

This should include any item written concerning Indiana or its people, and any item on any subject if written while the writer recognized Indiana as his or her place of residence.

Unit for collecting information: Town, County and State.

1. Writings of individuals, *viz*:

a. Books.

b. Pamphlets. (If title is not descriptive, state subject in note.)

c. Articles or series of articles in newspapers or magazines.

NOTE.—Give name of author in full with date of birth and place of residence if living; date of death if not living. Concerning each of these items give: Title in full, publisher, date and place of publication, and number of pages. Illustrations.

2. Church publications.

NOTE.—Minutes of yearly meetings, Synods, Conferences, Associations, etc. Any manuscript record of births, marriages and deaths; if such record exists, where it may be found.

3. Educational institutions.

a. Catalogues, year books, bulletins.

b. Reports of original investigations.

4. Publications of associations and societies.
 - a. County fairs.
 - b. Historical or other societies.
5. Local history.
 - a. County or town history.
 - b. Social organizations, secret societies, etc.
 - c. Family history and genealogy.
 - d. Biographies.
 - e. Club papers containing local history or biography, either printed or manuscript.
 - f. Club programs and year books.
6. Newspapers.
 - a. Name of paper. Editors. Politics. Subscription price.
 - b. When established.
 - c. If suspended, give date.
 - d. Give inclusive dates of the most complete file known to exist and where it may be found. Other important or accessible files.
7. Directories or gazeteer of town or county.
8. Official reports of town, county or any particular officer in either town or county. If published regularly indicate date of first issue and frequency of publication. If not issued regularly, give date of each issue. Where files are preserved. Include manuscript journals, diaries, etc., if in public library or otherwise made available.

The Robert Dale Owen Memorial

THE Women's clubs of Indiana have individually, from time to time, turned their attention to the study of the State and its notable citizens, and this growing interest has now taken the form of a definite movement expressive of a more substantial appreciation. It is the attempt to raise a fund of \$2,000 or \$2,500 for a bust of Robert Dale Owen, to be placed in the State Capitol. This fund is to be contributed exclusively by the women of the State "as a lasting memorial to the man who for many years persistently labored to secure just laws concerning the educational and property rights of women." Last year a circular was issued setting forth in brief the claim of Owen to the proposed honor; since then the promoters have been vigorously carrying on a "campaign of education," and the public generally is being enlightened as

never before concerning the services of one of the most distinguished men Indiana has produced. Entertainments of various kinds by the women's organizations for the benefit of the fund have been urged. Mr. George B. Lockwood, author of "The New Harmony Communities," and an authority on Owen, lectured in Indianapolis for the benefit of the fund, besides contributing fifty autograph copies of his book; the Indiana State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, as organizations, endorse the movement, and the desired sum bids fair to materialize. The chief movers representing the Memorial Association are: Chairman, Mrs. Julia S. Conklin, Westfield; Secretary, Miss Esther Griffin White, Richmond; Treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Indianapolis. Art Committee, Mrs. D. O. Coate, Shelbyville; Mrs. Rose Budd Stewart, Muncie; Miss Esther Griffin White, Richmond. Finance Committee, Mrs. S. E. Perkins, Indianapolis; Mrs. J. T. McNary, Logansport; Mrs. Eva O'Hair, Greencastle; Mrs. J. N. Studebaker, South Bend; Mrs. Mary D. Maxedon, Vincennes; Miss Minnetta T. Taylor, Greencastle.

Robert Dale Owen, son of Robert Owen, who founded the famous New Harmony Community, was the most noteworthy of a family of notable brothers. Legislator, Congressman, reformer and public-spirited citizen, he was intimately identified with the life and progress of Indiana and of the nation as well. In Congress he was a promoter of various important measures and was recognized as a man of capacity and force. As a Legislator and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850 he left a deep and lasting impress. His most important service, perhaps, was in behalf of the legal rights of women, whose status, when he championed their cause, was incredibly inferior and unjust. The serfdom and helplessness of the wife of sixty or seventy years ago is not remembered or known now by the thousands of to-day, who, whatever restrictions still remain, are, by comparison, immeasurably advanced. For that advancement Robert Dale Owen, more than any other man, deserves recognition, and it seems altogether

fitting that the women who are concerning themselves with the broader field of thought should accord the recognition and acknowledge their debt in the manner proposed.

Gleaned from the Pioneers

A Humble Life Story

A RECENT item in the newspapers announcing the critical, probably fatal illness of Mrs. Elizabeth McClay, centenarian, of Indianapolis, brings to the mind of the writer certain pleasing recollections of a very obscure and humble, but, as he thinks, a quite remarkable person. Some years ago Mrs. McClay made her home with a relative of the third generation on a farm within sight of the roofs of Irvington, and here the Rambler (as we will designate ourself), found her, was interested to the point of fascination, and returned more than once, to sit a spare hour with her in her homely but tidy room overlooking the country spaces; to hear her low, placid talk and to solve, if maybe, the secret of her attraction.

Mrs. McClay seemed wholly un-at-home amid the people and scenes of to-day, as though her lapping over into an alien period was a chronological misfit. The Rambler apprehended this from many things half said and things not said at all. If his guessing was true, earth had seemed denuded and unnatural to her ever since the great forests had melted away, and the inhabitants thereof had undergone strange transformations that separated them from her. So her function now was to live fondly in the past and most expectantly in the future, and to wait with the mute patience of nature while the slow seasons ran their rounds. Meanwhile, the feeble hands, that had long since earned rest, rarely knew an idle moment. Service was as much a part of her being as was breathing. The newspaper item referred to stated that she had that year made twenty-five quilts that others might be warm. Doubtless this was so.

Mrs. McClay wore, indoor and out, an old-fashioned sunbonnet with paste-board stays, and under this a little linen cap. From the depths of that bonnet, framed by the cap's white frill looked out a wrinkled face so calm and peaceful that one wondered if its owner ever could have known bitterness and sorrow. To show so little sign of weariness and wreckage at the end of a long century of existence surely must have argued a pleasant journey. As to this, let her simple little story testify. It is here given as nearly verbatim as the Rambler could reproduce it at the time. Let it be added that the quaint pioneer dialect with its barbarisms, which is here modified somewhat, did not, somehow, seem uncouth in her, nor discrepant with her gentle voice and personality.

"If my daddy and mammy came traveling past here to-day,' I'd drop everything, old as I am, and follow them," avowed the aged reminiscent. "Oh, how I did love my daddy and mammy!—who could be nearer to me than they was? where they went I went; their God was my God. I remember plain as yesterday when my daddy went off to fight the British and Injuns in 1814. The morning he went there was his shot pouch and powder horn and gun all ready for him, and he said to us: 'Now, when I go I don't want any of you to say a word to me.' So when he was all ready and had put on his pouch and horn he kissed us children and then went to mammy, who was sitting by the fireside looking in the coals, and laid his hand on her shoulder and kissed her, but never said a word, and she never said a word. After that he took up his gun and went straight out, but my little baby brother crawled on the floor after him, crying for daddy to take him up, and I looked out of the window after him, and called out 'good bye, daddy!' but he never looked back once. Six months later he came back again, and oh! but we was a joyful lot. That was way down in Tennessee.

"When I was a woman grown and married with children of my own, my man and daddy took a notion they'd try Indiana. So we all came, with just one wagon to carry our things and the children, while the rest of us walked, me tot-

ing my baby. We didn't seem to do well here, and by'n by daddy wanted to go back, and we went with him. Then we seemed to do worse than ever there, and daddy said he'd try Injianny again, and we come. Injianny didn't 'pear to be much better than Tennessee, after all, and back we tromped. Then after while it seem like there was no chance at all in Tennessee, and daddy took a notion again. I was getting despret tired of the travel, but daddy coaxed me and mammy coaxed me, and this time they promisel they would stay, and seeing they were bent on it, I agreed. So five times I walked back and forth between Tennessee and Injianny, kase I would have followed my daddy and mammy to the ends of the earth.

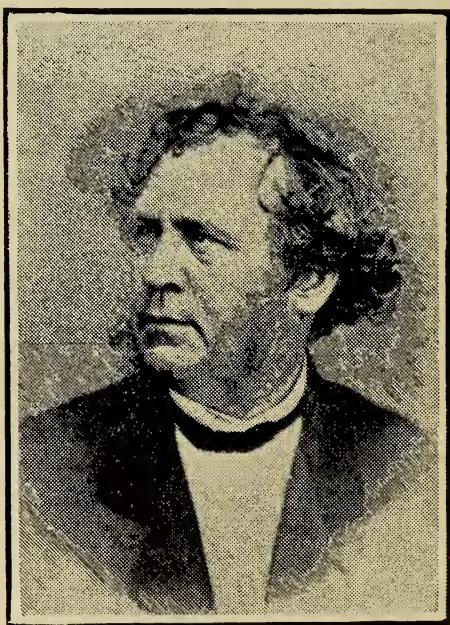
"My man sickened in Injeanny and took to his last bed, and kase we were so pore it looked like I would have a despret time raising the children. In them days, when pore folks couldn't care for their own flesh and blood they would bind 'em out to strangers till the children were of age. My man had been a bound boy, and he called me to his bedside, and, said he, 'promise me that no child of mine shall ever be bound out;' and I said, 'so long as I can lift a hand to work for them they shall not be bound out; and daddy and mammy promised, and that seemed to take a great load off his mind.

"After he was gone I kept my promise to him. I worked out by day, indoor and out; I spun and I wove. I pulled flax and piled brush; all kind of work that's done by woman or man I done, and I kept my children together. Two of the little ones died, but the rest of 'em and daddy and mammy I kept together. Then my daddy, that I loved so, went, and it was harder for me, but still I worked and kept them together till all were old enough to take care of theirselves. Next my Janey, who was married, was smitten by the hand of the Lord, and on her death bed she mourned and grieved bekase of her babies. 'Oh, my precious little ones! what will become of them?' she cried out once, when the end was drawing nigh. 'Never mind, darling, said I, 'mammy will take care of your little ones—she has took care of you and she will take care of them, and that give her comfort before she passed

away. And me and my old mammy took charge of the little ones, but it wan't long before the good Lord gathered them one by one, and oh! I rejoiced, bekase then I knowed my darling Janey had them again. Then my mammy died, and so all them that was nearest to me left me, and as they went I was glad, kase I knowed their troubles were all over, and I had only to wait. If I could bring them all back to me with a word I wouldn't speak it, kase they're happier where they are and I can go to them."

This was old Mrs. McClay's brief and simple story, very simply told—a story too humble, doubtless, to find many listeners. To the Rambler it seemed far worthier of interest than many a one that unravels itself more imposingly, for in the heroism and endurance, the patience and calm, rock-like faith of it, and in the strength of human ties revealed as she told it, was something elemented and essentially great.





GEORGE WINTER—THE CATLIN OF INDIANA

The Indiana Magazine of History

VOL. I

THIRD QUARTER, 1905

NO. 3

George Winter, Artist

The Catlin of Indiana

MANY times, to the knowledge of the present writer, a query has been made as to the fate of a certain large oil painting that once belonged to the State of Indiana, and was kept in the State House. The picture was that of the Tippecanoe battle ground, and was particularly valuable not only because of the importance of that battle and its prominence in the State history, but also because of its political and civil bearing on the commonwealth in subsequent days. Although the painting came to the State as a gift, the State did not think highly enough of it to guard it, and it has long since gone the way of all rubbish. One informant tells me the last time he saw this picture it was stowed obscurely away in a little room off the Supreme Court chamber, in the old State House. It was unframed, with canvas broken and lopped over. When the contents of the old Capitol were removed the painting seems to have disappeared for good. That is about all that is known of the treasure. Where the picture came from—who painted it—not one in hundreds, even among those who remember it, could tell; and yet that inquiry leads to a fund of interesting information.

In the newspapers of forty or fifty years ago one may find an occasional communication signed "George Winter," and as often a paragraph about this individual, whose name, except among the older residents of the locality where he lived, is now sunk in oblivion. From these fragmentary scraps one gathers that Mr. Winter was a pioneer artist of the Wabash Valley —honored as such in his day—and with tastes and interests that stimulate curiosity about the man and his work.

George Winter, the painter of the Tippecanoe picture, was well known in northern Indiana for nearly forty years. He can hardly be called the first professional painter of note in the State,

since Charles A. Lesueur and others of the New Harmony group antedate him, while Jacob Cox of Indianapolis was his contemporary. In a history of Indiana's art movement, Winter would take conspicuous rank among its beginners. The foundations for his work were laid in England, under favorable circumstances. Born at Portsea in 1810, of a cultured family, he lived in an art atmosphere from childhood. His talent was fostered and encouraged. After a preliminary course of private instruction he went to London, entered the Royal Academy, and lived and worked with artists for four years. When twenty years old he came to New York City. Seven years later—1837—found him at Logansport, and most of the remainder of his life was spent in the Wabash Valley.

After residing thirteen years in Logansport, he removed to Lafayette and lived there until 1873, when he went to California. In 1876 he returned to Lafayette, and soon after died of apoplexy while sitting in a public audience at the opera-house.

During these years Mr. Winter earned his livelihood with his brush, in a new country which was supposed to have very little appreciation of art—something of a mystery when we consider how meagerly our present artists fare in the midst of a more advanced culture. One of these latter who, when a young man, knew Winter, testifies to his business enterprise. Being an industrious painter he accumulated a great number of canvases, and once a year, about holiday time, would put them up at a "grand raffle." It proved a popular method. People who would not dream of paying a hundred dollars for a "mere picture," did not mind risking a dollar or two for a chance; and as a consequence, these raffles being well attended, art found its way to the walls of the people. Many of these pictures are now preserved in Lafayette, Logansport, Peru and other Wabash River towns. The late Judge Horace P. Biddle of Logansport had five of them which gave a fair idea of the character of those that caught the popular taste. They represent local scenes on Eel and Wabash rivers, the realism, in one or two instances, being modified with touches of fancy.

In a private letter written in 1841 and now in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society, the artist speaks of six different

pictures of the Tippecanoe battle ground and of two of these as having a dimension of "152 square feet each." According to his description all were taken from different points of view, and, taken together, conveyed one idea not only of the battle ground, but of the "surrounding romantic country."

These pictures were painted in 1840, and the immediate incentive seems to have been the great Tippecanoe campaign of that year. There are indications, however, that this attempt to benefit by the fleeting public interest was hardly successful, for further on in the letter he writes:

"Although I have been defeated in getting these views before the public eye at the time when political excitement ran high, yet I have often indulged in the consoling hopes that Harrison would be elected, and that an interest would still be felt. * * * I think if I could get these pictures to Cincinnati some time before the General sets out for the White House * * * that it would be a favorable time to exhibit them. I have also thought that it would be a propitious time, too, either at the inauguration or during the spring to exhibit them at Washington."

Nothing, probably, ever came of these plans; the pictures have passed away from human knowledge, and of one only have we the meager record. This one was presented to the State and the State threw it away.

The most noteworthy and the most valuable work left by Mr. Winter was a collection pictures that was never sold by him. All are now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. C. G. Ball of Lafayette. When he came to Logansport, in 1837, to quote his own statement, he was "allured to Indiana to be present at the councils held by Col. A. C. Pepper, at the village of Kee-waw-nay, in regard to the Pottawattomie immigration west of the Mississippi." He had an artist's romantic interest in the picturesque red man. What George Catlin was to the Indians in general George Winter was to the Pottawattomies and Miamis of the Wabash, and this rare collection, still preserved by Mrs. Ball, is the result. Presumably he valued them too highly to raffle them off miscellaneous, and the fortunate fact that the collection is still intact, together with much valuable manuscript matter, is

certainly one of which the State of Indiana ought to take advantage. They represent a phase of life on Indiana soil which has been little recorded, and no literary records could convey a more graphic idea of the present inhabitants' barbarian predecessors and their characteristics.

According to my careful count, there are nine oil paintings and thirty-eight water colors in the collection. Of the oils, four canvases are filled in with groups of heads, representing in all thirty-three Pottawattomie chiefs and women. One is a life-size head of Francis Godfroy, the last war chief of the Miamis, and another of Joseph Barron, the famous interpreter, who served General Harrison for eighteen years, and was an important personage in the Indian transactions of General Tipton and Abel C. Pepper.

The water colors are mostly of uniform size, the cards perhaps a foot square. The greater part of them are portraits with landscape backgrounds. They are beautiful color studies, the Indian costumes of that day, with their rich riot of hues and the finery furnished by the traders making rarely picturesque subjects. Some of these are of Indian chiefs, prominent in their day, but now lost to memory, while a number are of Indian women, belles of their tribes, gorgeously apparaled. Several represent modes of burial, manner of traveling, etc., and two are of Frances Slocum, the white captive, whose strange story has been repeatedly published.

Along with this collection is a mass of manuscript matter which undoubtedly has a decided historic value, and which probably offers a more intimate description of the Wabash Indians than has been preserved elsewhere. Among these records a large number of folders of stiff paper are neatly bordered and carefully filled in with writing. This is a descriptive and biographical key to the water colors; the sheets correspond in size to the pictures, and the whole makes a large portfolio, which should certainly be procured and placed where the writers of our history can have access to them.—G. S. C.

NOTE.—Since the above was written two interesting pictures by George Winter have been found. One, of the Tippecanoe battle-ground, is now being re-touched, and will probably come into possession of the State Library. The other, of William Digby, the founder of Lafayette, was rescued from a second-hand store in that city and will be hung in the Lafayette library building.

Winter's Description of Frances Slocum

[The following letter from the pen of George Winter is re-printed from a proof-sheet furnished us by Mrs. C. G. Ball, of Lafayette, Mr. Winter's daughter. It was written as a communication to the Philadelphia Press—date not attached. The picture referred to is one of two oil portraits by this artist now, as we understand, in possession of Slocum families at Wilkesbarre, Pa. This one is reproduced in Megginness' book on Frances Slocum, and the other in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution."]

SIR: A few days since my attention was called to your interesting reminiscences published in the Washington *Chronicle*, since reproduced in the Lafayette *Courier*.

Your allusions to Frances Slocum, the "Lost Sister," are of peculiar interest to me, as I am familiar with her history, being at the time of her discovery, a resident of Logansport, and intimately acquainted with Colonel G. W. Ewing at the time he wrote the letter that led to her discovery, which you published so long ago.

In the year 1839, at the request of the Slocum family, I visited the "Deaf Man's Village," for the purpose of sketching the likeness of Frances which is the only effort of the pencil of her executed from life. Her history being so romantic and interesting I availed myself of the opportunity then and there of making sketches of the Captive's home from several points of view, and other surroundings that I thought would be of general interest.

My visit to the Captive's home was attended with many interesting circumstances. It was a potent auxiliary in satisfying a desire of seeing and knowing the red races in their aboriginal homes, I having been allured in 1837 to Indiana to be present at the councils held by Colonel A. C. Pepper at the village of Kee-waw-nay, in regard to the Pottawattamie emigration west of the Mississippi.

There have been several notices of the history of Frances Slocum during the time intervening between her discovery and the present. They are, however, marred by many inaccuracies.

Having known Frances Slocum personally, and being familiar, too, with her Indian family, will you accept the following statement of personal appearance, which I extract from my journal (unpublished) of a visit to the "Deaf Man's Village," A. D. 1839.

I will, however, premise that Colonel Ewing was not an Indian agent. Colonel A. C. Pepper was the agent at the time of the discovery of the "Lost Sister." Colonel Ewing was an Indian trader of considerable prominence and success. He was of the well-known firm of Ewing, Walker & Co. Ewing, as a trader, knew Frances Slocum for many years, but it was not until the captive woman was in deep affliction—hopeless of recovery, and in the conviction of mind that the realities of life were about to close upon her—that she revealed her history to Colonel Ewing. Her anticipations of death at that time did not receive their fulfillment, for she did not die until 1847.

The following are the extracts from the journal:

"Preparations were then made for the 'sitting.' An old split-bottom chair was brought in by 'Kick-ke-se-quah' from the adjoining room, which I placed near the little window, so as to obtain the best angle of light to fall upon her. Frances Slocum presented a very singular and picturesque appearance. Her '*toute ensemble*' was unique. She was dressed in a red calico 'pes-mo-kin,' or shirt, figured with large yellow and green figures; this garment was folded within the upper part of her 'mech-a-ko-teh,' or petticoat, of black cloth of excellent quality, bordered with red ribbon. Her nether limbs were clothed with red fady leggings, 'winged' with green ribbon; her feet were bare and moccasinless. 'Kick-ke-se-quah,' her daughter, who seemed not to be without some pride in her mother's appearing to the best advantage, placed a black silk shawl over her shoulders pinning it in front. I made no suggestions of any change in these arrangements, but left the toilette uninfluenced in any one particular.

"Frances placed her feet across upon the lower round of the chair. Her hands fell upon her lap in good position. Frances Slocum's face bore the marks of deep-seated lines. Her forehead was singularly interlaced with right angular lines and the muscles of her cheeks were of ridgy and corded lines. There were no indications of unwonted cares upon her countenance, beyond times influences, which peculiarly mark the decline of life. Her hair, originally of a dark brown, was now frosted. Though bearing some resemblance to her family (white), yet her cheek bones

seemed to have the Indian characteristics—face broad, nose bulbous, mouth indicating some degree of severity, her eyes pleasant and kind.

"The ornamentation of her person was very limited. In her ears she wore a few small silver earbobs, peculiarly Indian style and taste. Frances Slocum was low in stature, being scarcely five feet in height. Her personal appearance suggested the idea of her being a half-breed Pottawattamie woman rather than a Miami squaw. The Miamis and Pottawattamies have very distinctive characteristics in regard to stature and conformation of head and facial appearance."

The above description of the personality of Frances Slocum is in harmony with the effort of my pencil.

Allow me to add that she had three daughters, one only of whom is now living. She is residing on the Mississinnewa, the wife of the Rev. P. Bondy, a Miami Baptist preacher, who was converted to Christianity under the missionary zeal of George Slocum, a Baptist, son of Isaac Slocum, who settled in the Miami National Reservation. Mrs. Bondy was a widow when I knew her, in 1839; her name then was "O-sou-pak-shin-quah."

"Kick-ke-se-quah," the oldest daughter, was the wife of Captain Jean Baptiste Brouillette. He died three years since. The Captain was a distinguished Miami; he was a medicine man (not a juggler), an orator of great volubility and force; he was also a convert to Christianity, and preached among the Miamis with success. The other daughter died before the discovery of Frances Slocum. Her death was associated with very painful and startling circumstances. The story runs that the son of a chief wooed her, but did not win her heart; her affections were bestowed upon another champion for her love. Her happiness, however, was not consummated by marriage. She drooped and died; and suspicion, ever active, suggested, and, it was feared, too truly, that she was the victim of poison.

The wigwam upon the Mississinnewa, at the "Deaf Man's Village," was a large, double log cabin, of comfortable capacity, such as characterizes the thrifty farmer's home in the West. A smaller cabin was attached to it, in which a very aged squaw lived. There was also a small bark hut, separated from the

main log, by a distance of a few rods. In addition to these structures, were a tall corn crib and stable, all of which, unitedly, constituted the famous "Deaf Man's Village"—the home of Mono-con-a-qua, the "Lost Sister," Frances Slocum. "She-buck-onah" was the name of the deaf chief, the second husband of the heroine of whom we have written so long an epistle. Hoping it may not be considered obtrusion upon your active engagements, I remain yours very truly,

GEORGE WINTER.

Sketch of Frances Slocum

THE story of Frances Slocum, the "White Rose of the Miami," as some one has poetically styled her, has been often told, but in connection with the preceding description of her by George Winter, the romantic and curious incidents of her career will bear repeating here.

Frances Slocum has now been dead some fifty-eight years. Born to the white man's heritage she began life under the loving care of white parents. She ended it a squaw among the Miami Indians, a thousand miles from her birth-place, the wealthy widow of a chief and alienated utterly from her own race, from whom she had been separated more than sixty-eight years. The account of this transformed life is one of the most remarkable to be found in all our Indian annals.

The Slocums were Quakers who came from Rhode Island to the Wyoming valley, in eastern Pennsylvania, when Frances was four years old, and settled where the city of Wilkesbarre now stands. This was in 1777. The next year occurred the historic attack and butchery by the British and Indians which has so often been the theme of prose and verse. The Slocum home was assailed and pillaged by three Delaware Indians when the men were absent. The mother and most of her children fled and concealed themselves in the woods, but little Frances, who, in the consternation of the moment seems to have been overlooked, secreted herself under a flight of steps leading to the loft till one of the Indians discovered her feet protruding, and dragged her

out. A lame brother had also been left in the house, and as the marauders made off with the children their mother, forgetful of her own peril, came out and pleaded for their release. The boy was left, but the last she saw of her little girl she was thrown, bag-wise, over her captor's shoulder, and, with one hand outstretched, the other trying to keep the long, luxuriant hair from her face, was calling piteously to her mother for help.

The sorrows of this unfortunate woman were great. Francis was her favorite child, the pet of the household, and the memory of the little one's last heart-rending appeal never died away. To fill her cup to the brim, a month or so after the abduction both her husband and father were shot down, tomahawked and scalped by the savages. This new grief, terrible as it was, time assuaged, we are told; but the fate of her child, from its very uncertainty, haunted her till her death, more than twenty-eight years after the separation.

During those years repeated efforts were made to find the lost daughter. Her brothers made trips as far westward as Ohio and Detroit to meet Indians, agents and traders, hoping through them to get trace of their sister. Mrs. Slocum herself, then fifty-three years old, braved the difficulties of wilderness travel to attend a gathering of Indians who were to return captives to their families. To facilitate the search liberal rewards were offered, but all of no avail, and in this connection one or two interesting facts come to light, indicative of the Indian character. In the first place the family and tribe into which Frances was adopted accorded her an unusual regard, as was revealed by her subsequent account. One reason given for this was the color of her hair, which is described as reddish or auburn, and which to the Indians was so unusual as to be esteemed a mark of distinction. Hence, they were not willing to give her up. Again, the indications are that her foster-people knew of the search that was being made for her, and the further supposition is that the Indians far and wide knew who had this particular auburn-haired captive, yet, despite the proffered rewards, never a one would reveal her whereabouts—an illustration of the fidelity with which a red man will keep the secrets of his fellows. Until the day of her death Mrs. Slocum believed that her daughter still lived, and

for years after that the family clung to the hope and instituted occasional search and inquiry, but finally the question was laid at rest as one of the mysteries never to be solved.

Now comes another chapter of this romantic story. Fifty-seven years after little Frances Slocum had been carried off in eastern Pennsylvania, Colonel George W. Ewing, a well-known fur trader of the Wabash Valley, made an interesting discovery. He was traveling on horseback from Ft. Wayne to Logansport, and stopped over night at an Indian habitation known as the "Deaf Man's Village," on the Mississinewa River. This "village" consisted of a log cabin residence and various outbuildings that had been the home of She-pan-can-ah, a deaf Indian, then deceased, who was the war chief of the Miamis before Francis Godfroy. The place was now occupied by the venerable widow of She-pan-can-ah, Ma-con-a-qua, together with her family. They were quite wealthy, from the Indian point of view, owning a great number of horses, cattle, hogs and fowls, and a large reserve of land. Several things about the old woman led Mr. Ewing to suspect that she was really not an Indian, and, gaining her confidence, he got from her the story of her life and her abduction in early childhood. She remembered her Christian name—Slocum—and that her father was a Quaker, but where her old home was she did not know, further than that it was somewhere along the Susquehanna River. Her story impressed Mr. Ewing deeply, and he resolved to communicate his information to some one in eastern Pennsylvania in hopes of reaching some of Ma-con-a-qua's family. To whom or where to write was a puzzling question, but finally selecting Lancaster as an old and important town on the Susquehanna, he sent a letter at a venture to the postmaster of that place.

Then happened one of those curious little freaks of fate which sometimes occur outside of the novelist's pages. It chanced that said postoffice was in charge of a woman, owner of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*. It further seems that this woman had not journalistic sense enough to know that Mr. Ewing's long and circumstantial letter made a good "story," to say nothing of the humane considerations involved. Instead of publishing it she cast it aside among a lot of old papers, where it lay forgotten.

for two years. It chanced again that it was not destroyed, and that in the course of time it was discovered by some one who recognized its importance. It now found the light in the *Intelligencer*, which had changed hands, and fate this time ordained that it should be published in a large extra edition of the paper, which was widely distributed. A copy found its way to Joseph Slocum, one of the brothers, at Wilkesbarre. The family there at once opened up a correspondence with Colonel Ewing, and this resulted in two brothers and a sister, all old then, meeting at Peru, Indiana, to identify their sister.

Accompanied by an interpreter the trio followed an Indian trail ten miles up the Mississinewa to the rude home of Ma-con-aqua. They were received by a stolid woman to all appearances a thorough Indian, with the coolness and reticence of her adopted race. She had been apprised of their coming, but showed no feeling, either of gladness or curiosity. She asked no questions concerning either them or her parents, and during their visit treated them with a civil indifference. When they invited her to visit them at Peru she would not promise till she should consult with Francis Godfroy, the chief, but when he assured her that it was safe to make the visit, she and her two daughters and a son-in-law came, a picturesque cavalcade riding their ponies single file and "decked in gay, barbaric apparel." In accordance with the formal Indian etiquette, they bore with them a haunch of venison, and this being solemnly presented as a token of confidence and received in the same spirit, their reserve gave place to an open friendliness, and Frances talked of herself at length. To the request that she go back East to her kinfolks, even for a brief visit, she would not consent. To her resolution she firmly adhered, and her people, after this successful issue to their long quest, went sorrowfully back to their homes.

The "white captive" lived ten years after this visit from her kindred, and died at her home on the Mississinewa in March, 1847, aged seventy-four years. Her life presents an interesting study of that much-mooted question, environment versus heredity. While she became in all her tastes an aborigine, thoroughly alienated from the aspirations of her native race, she seems to have retained certain Caucasian qualities, among them a strength

of character and a dominating mentality which gave her among the red people that prestige which the whites that mingled with the Indians have almost invariably commanded. She was free from the vices that are particularly common among the Indians, notably that of intemperance, and her cleanliness and orderly housekeeping were contrary to the slovenly habits of these dirty people. She had the Indian's fondness for picturesque apparel, and her industry and skill to this end is most interestingly shown by some of her clothes still preserved by Gabriel Godfroy, a well-known Miami, now living east of Peru. These garments, some of them of the finest broadcloth procurable of the traders, are beautifully ornamented with designs worked with narrow silken ribbons of different colors, the needlework looking like machine stitching.

Of a piece with the story of the "White Rose of the Miamis" is the account of her marriage to She-pan-can-ah, the chieftain, which is as romantic as the fond fabrications of the Indian legend writers who love to talk about "dusky mates." Ma-con-a-qua found the young warrior by the wayside badly wounded, and he was taken to the lodge of her foster parents and nursed back to health. For a time he remained with them and, being a skilled hunter, furnished the family with meat. When he prepared to seek pastures new they prevailed with him to stay permanently, and the presumably fair Ma-con-a-qua was given him to wife.

Some years ago the question of preserving in a permanent way the memory of Frances Slocum and of the vanished race with which she was linked was agitated, and on the 17th of May, 1900 a handsome and substantial monument of white bronze was unveiled over her grave, near the village of Peoria, Miami County, Indiana. The branches of the Slocum family were represented by many members from Michigan, Ohio, and States further east, and remnants of the Miami tribe of Indians gathered for the occasion, some from their distant reserve in Kansas. In addition a large attendance from the surrounding country made the occasion the more memorable and served to promote a sentiment which we of Indiana might well cultivate.

G. S. C.

The Wabash and Its Valley

Part II—Settlement and Early Development

THE treaty of St. Mary's, made in 1818, which gave to the United States government the whole interior portion of Indiana, threw open to settlement the greater part of the upper Wabash valley. In the "New Purchase" there were, according to a writer of that time (Dana), some 8,500,000 acres, and emigration could not spread over that vast area in a day; but by the early twenties, nevertheless, the "land hunter" had penetrated to the Wabash bottoms, attracted thither by the wonderful fertility and other advantages of that region. A tract receding twenty to forty miles from the river on either side comprised the "valley," and throughout this tract were magnificent forests interspersed with beautiful prairies luxuriant with growths of waving grass, prodigally gay with countless flowers, and with a soil practically bottomless. More than that, the noble Wabash promised communication with the remote outer world, and all things pointed to an opulent future. In 1824 the land office for the sale of Wabash lands was opened at Crawfordsville, then the only settlement between Terre Haute and Fort Wayne. A mixed population from the eastern and southern portions of the State and from Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and other sections, came pouring in, and the coveted localities were rapidly taken up at the government price of \$1.25 per acre. Among these pioneers the honest home-seekers were so far in the ascendency that speculators were obliged to be wary and content themselves with second choice, but they were amply in evidence, nevertheless. Immediately on the heels of these first purchases came the craze for the establishment of towns that were to be future emporiums, and for the following decade they sprang up like mushrooms along the river, each big with ambition and hope, and each envious of the others. The founding of a prospective city seems to have been a very simple performance, consisting chiefly in laying off one's purchase into "town lots," and booming the same in various and divers ways. The first requisite was that the location be at a ford of the river as a likely place for the establishing of a steamboat

dock. The beginning of Lafayette is an example. William Digby purchased a piece of land so thickly grown with hazel, and plum brush, and grape vines that the surveyor had great difficulty in doing his work. After creating a "town" by laying out this ground and naming it Lafayette, in honor of the illustrious Frenchman, Digby sold most of the site to Samuel Sargeant for the sum of \$240, and Sargeant began his little "boom" by getting some of the influential Crawfordsville citizens interested in it. A few cabins went up, but it was uncertain for a good while whether the embryo city would live through its beginning. An ironical wag of another settlement jeeringly dubbed it "Lay Flat," or "Laugh At," and threatened to "grease it with a bacon rind so that the next dog that came by might eat it." Time and unforeseen circumstances, however, turned the tables, and eventually Lafayette looked proudly down upon all of her rivals. Of these ambitious towns some have passed, not only from existence, but from the very memory of the succeeding generation, and others, overborne by the trend of events, have long since ceased to aspire.

The making of Lafayette was the fact of its location at the head of navigation. Steamboats from New Orleans, bringing commodities to the heart of this new country, could not penetrate beyond the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and so "Lay Flat" became the great receiving and distributing point for the country about, which drained into it a vast surplus of grain and hogs. During the thirties it was the largest and most important city northwest of Cincinnati; its streets were crowded with teams; some coming from as far east as the Ohio state line, and one writer tells us of no less than sixteen steamboats lying at her wharves at one time.

Despite the thrift at this point, however, the country above developed slowly because of inadequate communication with the outer world. Towns farther up the river, such as Logansport and Peru, were constrained to "play second fiddle" to their more fortunate rival, and the desire of these places to have navigation reach them was so desperate as to be ludicrous. A bonus of several hundred dollars was offered to the first steamboat captain who would prove such navigability, and heroic efforts were made to that end. In June of 1834, the water being high, a little

steamer called the Republican "set sail" from Lafayette, bound for Logansport. She proceeded without trouble as far as Delphi, then began to stick on various sandbars, at each of which delays the passengers would render assistance by getting out into the water and pushing, or by extending a long rope to shore and pulling. Several days were expended at this arduous toil, much to the entertainment of throngs of Indians, men, women and children, who loitered along the banks admiring the strange craft. Eventually, a dozen yoke of oxen were brought down from Logansport and the Republican hauled bodily over ripples and sandbars to her destination. The boat was ruined and left to rot in the bottom of the river at the newly-established head of navigation, and whether the bonus received compensated the captain for his loss history does not say. A year later another boat, the Science, made the attempt. The water being unusually high, Logansport was safely reached. Here a lot of additional passengers were taken on, and the Science went merrily on and up. Trying to ascend a rapids the swift current got control of the boat, which, carried helplessly backward, narrowly escaped being battered to pieces, much to the terror and panic of those on board. Returning to Logansport, they unloaded about two hundred barrels of flour and salt; then the passengers walked around the rapids, meeting the boat above, and at length Peru was made. Here a fracas occurred between some of the Peruvians and a part of the Logansport contingent; a crowd of bellicose Irishmen, who were working on the canal there, unable to resist this opportunity to indulge their favorite passion, came to take a hand, and the captain of the Science, deeming prudence a virtue, "put to sea" again, leaving part of his passengers to find their way back home as best they could. Excursions in those days were even more delightful than they are now.*

But the day of glory for this region was yet to dawn. The grand scheme for the internal improvement of Indiana, projected as early as the twenties, contemplated, first of all, a navigable waterway that should connect Lake Erie with the lower Wabash, and in time this dream became a fact. In 1843 the great Wabash

*Much of the above information is got from Sanford Cox's "Recollections of the Early Settlement of the Wabash Valley"—one of our best and most entertaining books of local reminiscences.

and Erie canal, after long labor and many ups and downs, was completed, and the occasion duly commemorated by barbecues, speeches and general rejoicings. A large number of freight and packet boats at once made their appearance, infusing new life into all the little river towns. The abundant agricultural wealth of the Wabash country now found comparatively cheap and easy transportation directly to the East; the regions north and south for a distance of fifty to a hundred miles gravitated to this outlet, and from the Illinois country, westward, to Lafayette came flocking the great prairie schooners laden with their contributions to the world's marts. Westward, in turn, came the capacious freight boats laden with merchandise of all kinds, and the packets with emigrants who, now having access to this land of promise, came in an uninterrupted tide, adding to the new currents of life. Towns along the river which, heretofore, could have only a broken and restricted intercourse with each other, were now regularly connected, and traveling was made possible to the multitude. And it was idyllic and picturesque traveling. People not given to the frantic haste of the present day were content to spend leisurely hours sitting in pleasant company on the deck or in the cabin of the smoothly-gliding packet. Passengers got acquainted and fraternized, played games, discoursed, argued, and, no doubt, made love, and when the boat was delayed it was quite common for congenial couples or groups to step off and stroll on ahead, gathering wild flowers as they went. Yet movement, bustle and excitement, were not lacking. The speed of the best packets was about eight miles an hour, and one writer gives us a picture of the swaggering driver in a slouch hat and top boots, lashing his team to a sharp trot. On approaching a town there was a great blowing of horns from the deck, and when dock was made everybody went ashore to mingle with the townsmen, to ask and answer innumerable questions, and to descend upon the public houses, presumably for fluid refreshments. When the boat was ready to go a horn was blown again to warn the passengers aboard, and on they fared to the next stopping place.

An Englishman named Beste, who, with his family, traveled through here early in the fifties, describes his trip from Terre

Haute to the lake and gives interesting glimpses of the people.* Being an Englishman of position this traveler could not understand the rather brusque anti-aristocratic notions which frequently shocked and pained him. The children, according to him, were independent and pert, while their elders were inordinately jealous of their doctrine of equality and rights, and he dwells with some severity on their rudenesses and crudenesses. Among other things, he mentions that the chewing of "Burgandy pitch" was a universal habit among the women.

The ordinary course of travel was sometimes retarded by mishaps to the canal, which, at some points, ran between levees or dikes, instead of through an excavated channel, and not infrequently these levees, springing a leak, let the water unceremoniously into the low lands without, in which case the boats lay in the mud till the break was repaired. Among the unusual happenings recounted is that of the wreck of the packet boat Kentucky, in 1844. A mill-dam giving way in the high country back from the canal let loose a great flood which, sweeping down to the canal, broke through the tow-path at one of these embanked points. The packet mentioned was carried bodily through the gap, washed down into the river bottoms, which were submerged with a freshet, and broken to pieces among the trees. Three of the passengers were drowned. The others were rescued by the people of the vicinity, but the baggage and mails were swept away and lost.

The canal was continued south to Evansville, but the lower part never attained an importance comparable to the upper, and soon fell into disuse. And the upper part, incalculably important though it was in its time, was destined to speedily have its day. It was some eleven years in the making, and thirteen years later the Toledo & Wabash Railroad was completed along its line to Lafayette. The ushering in of the railroad era gave a new turn to the tide of affairs; now all is changed, and the old picturesque phase of life which formed so interesting a chapter in our State's history is all but forgotton, save by the lingering remnants of the past generation.—G. S. C.

*"The Wabash, or, Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America," by J. Richard Beste, Esq.

Some Letters of John Gibson

[The following letters of John Gibson are not published, we believe, in any existing sketch of him. They were written in September, 1812, when Gibson was Acting-Governor of the Indiana Territory. War with England had been declared the previous June, the frontier of the northwest had become involved, Fort Harrison on the Wabash, commanded by Captain Zachary Taylor (afterward President Taylor) had been invested by a formidable body of Indians, and these official fragments show Gibson's prompt steps in the exigency. Copies of the letters were found among the papers of the late William Wesley Woollen.]

THE day after the Indian attack on Fort Harrison (Sept. 4, 1812), and before the news of it reached Governor Gibson, he had written "To the officer commanding the quota of militia of Kentucky destined for Vincennes" requesting that Kentucky troops, conformable to the orders of Governor Harrison, be sent as expeditiously as possible to Vincennes. This was in anticipation of Indian troubles. Brigadier General J. Winlock, commanding the forces at Louisville, replied to the letter stating that one of the regiments called for had been taken "on toward Fort Wayne by Governor Harrison," and that he lacked the necessary equipage for the remainder of his troops, there being but 300 muskets, 200 pounds of powder, 20 camp kettles and 300 flints for upward of six hundred men. Having no public money at his command he found great difficulty in supplying the deficiency, but hoped to be able to march by Sept. 10.

Before the latter date Gibson, then apprised of the Fort Harrison investment, wrote again, as follows:

Vincennes, September 9th 1812.

SIR:—On the 4th inst. I wrote you requesting the immediate march of the troops destined for this place, and on the following day I sent a verbal message by Lieut. Whitlock requesting you to have all your heavy baggage under the charge of a guard and proceed with all possible dispatch to this place, as the Indians have invested Fort Harrison and commenced an attack on the frontiers. It is indispensably necessary that no time should be lost in your march hither, as there can be but little or no danger between this and Louisville, except from small skulking parties.

If your baggage should in the least retard your march leave it to come on under a safeguard, and proceed yourself with the troops under your command with all the speed you can.

Yours,

JOHN GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

On the twentieth of September General Winlock wrote from his encampment on "White River, 16 miles from Vincennes," that he would be at Vincennes on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock with 640 men, and that some 600 more, mounted, would be with him the next day; for which force he wished some provision would be made.

At the same time he wrote to General Winlock Gibson dispatched the following letter to General Samuel Hopkins, "or the officer commanding the militia of Henderson County, Kentucky."

Vincennes, September 9th, 1812.

SIR:—The Indians have invested Fort Harrison, and have attacked the frontiers of one of the counties and killed upward of twelve persons. From the number of hostile Indians within the reach of the frontiers of this and the adjacent territory, a general attack is greatly to be apprehended. But a small force has yet arrived from the State of Kentucky, and the thinness of our population and the extent of our frontiers render it difficult if not impossible, to raise such a force here as is necessary to protect our settlements. Under the circumstances we must look to volunteers from Kentucky for assistance. The exigency is such as to preclude the possibility of applying for aid from your quarter through the proper channel. But if there are any in your county or the settlements adjacent to it, who are disposed to volunteer I do not believe that the Governor of the State of Kentucky would object to it. May I therefore ask the favor of you to use your best endeavors to raise as many volunteers as can be conveniently obtained. I shall apprise the Governor of Kentucky of this application.

I am respectfully, Sir, your obt. servt.,

JOHN GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

In response to this Col. Philip Barbour, commanding the 6th regiment of Kentucky volunteers, dispatched to Gibson 241 men under Major William R. McGary, "armed as well as the nature of the case would admit of." Arms and ammunition for this force were secured by impressment, and the balance of the regiment was promised as soon as equipment was supplied.

The following letter is to Col. William Russel, of the United States atmy:

Vincennes, September 16, 1812.

SIR:—Yesterday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a Sergt.(?) of Capt. Taylor's company arrived here express from Ft. Harrison, who informed us that he had left the fort on the 13 inst. in the night. I also rec'd two letters from Capt. Taylor. He informs me that after a severe attack made on him by the Indians, which lasted seven hours, he was still able to maintain his garrison. It will be unnecessary to give you the particulars of the Captain's Letters, as I expect before this reaches you you will have seen him. I expect to load in a few days a number of wagons with flour and whiskey. These with 25 beeves for the garrison will start immediately. Major McGary who arrived here yesterday with 240 men of Col. Barbour's Regt. of Ky. Militia will take command of the escort which goes with the provisions and cattle destined for Ft. Harrison. The escort will consist of thirty mounted riflemen and one hundred infantry. I have directed the Major to proceed with the utmost precaution to Ft. Harrison; that, should he meet you on the way or at Ft. Harrison, he is to obey any orders you may please to give him. I rec'd a letter from General Winlock dated at Louisville Sept. 12. He informs us that he would march with all possible speed to this place. The Ranger who brought the letter informs me that General Winlock on the 13th was two miles on this side Jeffersonville. Major McGary informs me that one thousand mounted horsemen from Kentucky would randezvous at Red Bank on Sunday next, and were to proceed to this place under the command of General Hopkins, and that the remainder of Col. Barbour's regt. would also march to this place as soon as they recieve arms, which were hourly expected to arrive at that place. I am in great hopes before you

receive this you will have entered Ft. Harrison and been able to clear your way to that place.

I enclose a number of letters which I rec'd by mail and by 2 rangers which I sent express to Gov'r. Edwards and to you.

I have the honor to be very respectfully your humble svt.

JNO. GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

One other letter among these MSS., dated a few days previous, and addressed to Col. Robert Robertson, concerns the protection of the Clark County frontier.

On the 12th of September 1812, Governor Gibson addressed Colonel Robertson, as follows:

Vincennes, September 12, 1812.

SIR:—If the company ordered from your regiments should not have marched to this place, you will immediately order that company or some other to the frontier of Clark County to act in conjunction with one ordered from Harrison County. I shall leave it to your own discretion to dispose of the men to the best advantage, taking care to have an eye to Linley's settlement and the Drift Wood and Pigeon Roost Settlements. Should there be no person authorized in your county by the Contractor to furnish provisions you will please have them furnished and they will be paid for at the contract price.

You will give particular orders to the officers commanding to employ their men continually in reconnoitering and scouring through the country or the frontier and should anything extraordinary or alarming occur, you will give me the earliest information thereof by express.

I am respectfully your obt. servt.,

JNO. GIBSON,

Acting Governor.

Historical Relics the State should Own

THREE are in our State, in private possession, at least a few collections of historical value which should, if possible, be made public possessions and be accessible to all that are interested in such. Two of these collections we particularly have in mind. One is the paintings of George Winter, the Lafayette artist, spoken of elsewhere in this number. When we saw these they were held by Mr. Winter's daughter, Mrs. C. G. Ball, of Lafayette, and were of unique interest. Being, in large part, portraits of notable Pottawattomie and Miami Indians and of their dress and customs, and being accompanied by keys and much information in manuscript form from Mr. Winter's pen, it is altogether desirable that they be owned by the State as relics of the picturesque race that once owned and trod our soil.

The other collection is that of Mr. Charles B. Lasselle, of Logansport. Mr. Lasselle, who, we believe, is still living, is of an old French family, which has been intimately identified with the Wabash region since Revolutionary times. His grandfather was a trader at the Indian town of Kekionga (Fort Wayne) long before Anthony Wayne's subjugation of the Northwestern tribes. His father, Hyacinthe Lasselle, during his life was a substantial citizen of Fort Wayne, Vincennes and Logansport, and this scion of the third generation has himself helped make the history of the great valley since pioneer times. The historic instinct, and the disposition to preserve what might be of possible future value, seems to have inhered in the Lasselles. As the result of long hoarding the present member of the family has in his possession enough documents and relics of real historic interest to astonish one. First, there are hundreds of letters, business accounts and miscellaneous papers, reflecting trade and life along the Wabash since the last century. It is the kind of material that the thorough historian, working to modern methods, is most in search of—the kind that throws sidelights and reveals intimate glimpses of past conditions. Here, for example, is an old account-book of Francis Bosseron, storekeeper at Vincennes when Captain Helm under the instruction of George Rogers Clark, held that post. In it is a page devoted to Helm's private purchases, such as "one

chapeau," "one capote," playing cards, and frequent bottles of "taffia" and "eu de vie." There is also a page charging the State of Virginia, through Captain Helm, with divers articles and services, among them "five ells of red silk," and "3½ ells of green silk for a flag," and along with this the claim of one Madam Goderre for making the flag. Full of interest are these few words touching this red-and-green flag which was, perhaps, the first symbol of the nation ever planted in Indiana.

Apropos to this place and period there is, also, the liquor chest of General Hamilton, the English Governor of the Vincennes post, who captured Helm, and was in turn captured by Clark. It is a mahogany box about eighteen inches square, partitioned into nine smaller squares for as many liquor decanters. Of these only one now remains—the apple-toddy bottle. Those familiar with Clark's famous siege, will remember the story of Hamilton and his prisoner, Helm, sitting sociably together by the open fire, watching an apple toddy brew, when the rifle fusillade began and the bullets pecking at the chimney threw down dirt and spoiled the brew. This antique piece of glassware is, most likely the identical bottle used on that memorable occasion. General Hamilton gave the chest to Francis Bosseron, and after various changes of ownership, carefully recorded, it was secured by Mr. Lasselle.

Along with these may be mentioned a plat of Vincennes, made in 1792, each lot marked with the holder's name, also original document relating to French families of Vincennes, genealogical tables of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and many other papers of similar character. Not the least interesting of the many relics is the great parchment treaty document, given by the United States to the Miami Indians at the treaty of St. Mary, in 1818, when the central portion of the State, as far north as the Wabash River, was purchased. This instrument, bearing the signatures of Jonathan Jennings, Lewis Cass and Benjamin Parke, commissioners; William and John Conner, interpreters, and the marks of the various chiefs that represented their tribe, was delivered to John B. Richardville, the Miami head chief, and finally came into the Lasselle family through marriage relations.

These are but a part of the things treasured up by Mr.

Lasselle. Whether or not they are now for sale, we are not authorized to say; but the indications are that some day they will be scattered and lost. The point to be made is that the collection now exists, that its value is such the State could well afford to make a generous bid for it, and that no step whatever is taken to secure it.

In this connection it may be said that the State quite unnecessarily lost the large collection of books and relics of the late Judge Horace P. Biddle, also of Logansport. Besides the relics and pictures which Mr. Biddle had long been collecting his library consisted of some 8,000 volumes, representing a money value of \$15,000. At least 3,000 of these volumes were rare works not to be easily found elsewhere, which students came from afar to consult. When James D. Williams was Governor Mr. Biddle proposed that the State agree to take his entire library at his death at 10 cents a volume. Governor Williams, according to Mr. Biddle, twice recommended in his messages that the Legislature take advantage of the offer, but no notice whatever was taken of the proposition.

The Howe Collection

THE "Howe Collection," now in possession of the Indianapolis Public Library, consists of books and pamphlets relating to Indiana and affairs in Indiana, and is in itself a library of rare value. The collector, Judge Daniel Waite Howe, has been one of the few who realize that not only old and scarce books are worth securing but that the seemingly valueless records of to-day have a value on the morrow; much that others threw away he had the foresight to save; as a result much of this collection, particularly the pamphlets, is not, as a collection, duplicated anywhere, and of many of the individual pamphlets it would be exceedingly difficult to now find other copies. The gathering up of these has been the work of years, and they were donated to the Indianapolis library on the condition that they be kept intact and designated as "The Howe Collection." There are 534 volumes, many of which are pamphlets bound together, and 52 unbound pamphlets.

A complete catalogue of this material occupies too much space to be given here, but its general character, briefly indicated, may point the way to matter some student is in search of. A full and separate catalogue is furnished at the library.

Of the laws of Indiana there is a complete set of Laws of the Governors and Judges, from the 1st to the 4th sessions (1801-'03); also Territorial Laws from 1805 to 1815, with revision of 1807.

Of other works of a legal and legislative character there are Court Reports, Digests, Citations, General and Special Compilations, Session Laws, Pleading, Practice, etc., Ordinances of Indianapolis, Journals and Proceedings of the Constitutional Conventions, House and Senate Journals almost complete from 1816, Documentary Journals and Annual Reports, Brevier Legislative Reports, complete (1852-1887), and Reports of State Officers.

Of miscellaneous works there are State and local Directories and Gazetteers, many State and County Atlases and Histories, Church and College Histories, and rare books too varied to specify.

Of the large number of pamphlets, bound and unbound, there are many Biographies not to be found elsewhere, Addresses, Papers, Sketches, Reports of Conventions, Church and College Documents, Proceedings, Records and Reports of Societies, Essays, Articles preserved from Magazines, and many publications of various kinds relating to Indianapolis. To the coming historian who essays to bring the story of the city down to date these Indianapolis pamphlets, indeed, will afford invaluable material, reflecting, as they do, the thought and movements of the times even more circumstantially than does the newspaper press. It is the kind of material that is essential to accuracy and that is yet more ephemeral, even, than the newspapers, for preserved files of the latter usually can be found, whereas pamphlet literature is rarely deemed worth the collecting.

A particularly valuable volume for one making a study of the State's internal improvement system of seventy years ago, is a compilation made by the late John B. Dillon of official reports and other documents, which form much of the material for a history of that movement.

Betsy Ross Descendants in Indiana

[Since these descendants have been traced some of them, it is probable, have changed their locations.]

THE story of the first Stars and Stripes has been repeatedly told in periodical literature, though if one refers to the general histories, it is surprising how little is found. Even the "Archives of Pennsylvania" and "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," which aim to rescue from oblivion all the minor events of interest, tell us nothing of the woman who lived and died and made the first flags for the Union in Philadelphia. The Story, told briefly, is as follows:

In June of 1777 the American Congress adopted our national flag of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. The very first one made embodying this design was the handiwork of sundry patriotic ladies of Philadelphia, and it was flung to the breeze from the mast-head of Commodore Paul Jone's ship, the *Ranger*. In this flag the stars were six-pointed. Then a committee was appointed by Congress to select an official flag maker.

This committee, accompanied by General Washington, waited on Mrs. John Ross, a young woman noted for her skill in needle-work, and a niece, by marriage, to Colonel George Ross, one of the committee. Washington drew the design of the flag for her, but she objected to the six-pointed star, terming it a "British" star. Folding a piece of paper, she produced one of five points, as preferable. The amendment was accepted, and such a star it has been since.

There, in a little brick house built two centuries ago and still standing (unless recently torn down) in Arch street, Philadelphia, the earliest flags used by the nation were made. The first of these floated over Washington's victorious army when Burgoyne surrendered in October, 1777. Among the reliques that have been preserved is an official order to pay Betsy Ross £14 12s 2d for making flags for the fleet in the Delaware river.

Betsy Ross was married three times, her last husband being John Claypole. Three daughters are mentioned, at least two of whom were full sisters, Claypole by name. These two sisters represent two lines of descendants. One of the branches, tracing

its ancestry to Clarissa Sidney Claypole, has members in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, S. C., and in Indianapolis, the latter being Mrs. J. L. Jackson and her children.

The other branch, which has been traced by Mrs. M. C. Thayer, of Indianapolis, daughter of James Conwell, has contributed considerably to the population of this State. Rebekah Walpole, the other sister, married Abraham Conwell, and four grandsons of this couple—James, William, Isaac and A. B. Conwell, came to Indiana at an early day. All settled in the Whitewater region—James in Franklin county, near where Laurel now stands; William at Cambridge City; Isaac at Liberty, and A. B. at Connersville. All were merchants and successful business men.

James Conwell, who was married twice, had a large family, chiefly daughters. Of these no less than eight married in Indiana, and their children and grandchildren are to be found in a number of Indiana towns. So far as we can determine, there are in Richmond, 2—Mrs. C. S. W. Ross and her daughter, Miss Ella Ross; in Fairland, Franklin County, 9—Louise Burnside, Lynn Burnside and three children, Mrs. Winnie B. Carson and two children, and Mrs. Nora B. Enyart; in Rushville, 9—Mrs. Fannie Smith, Dr. Will Smith and one child, Walter Smith, Mrs. John Frazee and two children, Mrs. Will Percy and one child; in Indianapolis, 8—Mrs. Maria C. Thayer and daughter, Miss Laurel Thayer, Mrs. J. C. Smith and three children, and Mrs. J. E. Fish and one child; in Anderson, 3—Mrs. Charles T. Doxey, Thomas N. Stillwell and Horace Stillwell. Of the William Conwell branch there is one grandson at Portland. Of the Isaac Conwell branch there are two daughters—Ann Rebecca Conwell and Mrs. Mary Jones, in Anderson, and Dr. Horace Jones, Dr. William Jones and a sister, either at Anderson or Noblesville.

A. B. Conwell, the fourth of the pioneer brothers, who settled in Connersville, is now represented there by not less than twelve descendants—one daughter, Mrs. Anna Merril; four grandchildren, John Merril, William Merril, Conwell Merril and their sister, and seven great-grandchildren. There is also another sister, a Mrs. Havens, in Rushville.

In addition to these we are informed of Mrs. Andrew J. King

and her son, G. Ray King, of Brookville.

In tracing this family tree, it is interesting to note that individuals of musical and poetic talent have cropped out all along the line, and in the Clarissa Claypool branch there has been at least one representative in each generation who seems to have inherited Betsey Ross's talent for needlework.

Revolutionary Soldiers in Indiana

IN our last issue we published an article on the Revolutionary soldiers who ended their days in Putnam County, this State. Apropos to the subject we here reprint from the *Indianapolis News* a condensed account of Revolutionary graves in southern Indiana as located by the researches of Piankeshaw Chapter, D. A. R.

"Piankeshaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Albany has been one of the most active chapters in the State in marking the graves of Revolutionary soldiers. The members have been for several years delving into village cemeteries and private burial lots to discover these graves, and at the present time a total of thirty have been found in Floyd and the adjoining counties. Harrison county leads with nineteen; Floyd has six; Washington, two, and Crawford, Scott and Orange one each. A cluster of Revolutionary graves was found in Clark county, and with the organization of Anne Rogers Clark Chapter, at Jeffersonville, Piankeshaw Chapter courteously placed the graves under the care of that chapter. Of the nine graves in Floyd county, four are in Fairview cemetery, New Albany. They are the last resting-places of Joseph Bell, a light infantryman, who fought seven years in the Continental army.

"He was born in Pennsylvania and moved to New Albany in 1818, dying in 1848, at the age of ninety years. Not far from his grave is that of Joshua Fowler, who died March 18, 1820. On his headstone is the inscription, "A Patriot of the Revolution." In another grave rests Richard Lord Jones, who enlisted at the age of thirteen years as a drummer. He was born in Connecticut in 1761, and died in this city in 1852. The last of the four is

Benjamin Buckman, born in Hadly, Mass., in 1759, and died near Salem, Ind., in 1842. He was buried at Salem, but years later his body was brought to New Albany. He was a prisoner at Quebec for six months and was with Washington when he crossed the Delaware. For several years before his death he walked from Salem to Vincennes to receive his pension. The other graves in Floyd county are those of Jacob Garrison, buried at Galena, and Gabriel Poindexter, at Floyd Knobs.

In Harrison county are the following graves: Charles Dyer, one miles southwest of Crandall; Joshua Bennett, Samuel Raugh and Patrick Hunter, at Rehobeth; Hinsonn Johnson, Webster township; Peter Deatrick and George Kron, at Elizabeth; Charles George, Indian Creek; David Trout, at Luther's Chapel; John Williams, near Fredericksburg; John Smith, near Corydon; James Cooper, near Hancock's Chapel; Henry Funk and Daniel Funk, near New Amsterdam; Abraham and Joseph Harman, near Corydon, and John Long and Philip P. Stine, near Highfill. In Crawford county is the grave of Jeremiah Wight, who is buried near Fredonia. Jacob Doan represents Washington county, and is buried near Hardinsburg. Scott county has the grave of one veteran, Amasa Mitchell, who is buried in Friendship cemetery, near New Frankfort. He was the youngest of seven brothers who served in the Revolution. The grave in Orange county is that of William Moore, who is buried near Livonia."

To this we may add that Marion County claims several Revolutionary graves. Isaac Wilson, who came to Indianapolis in 1820 and died in 1823, is said to have been a veteran of both the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. He was buried in the front yard of his residence at the spot where North and Maxwell street now intersect.

It has been stated that Wilson was the only Revolutionary soldier buried in Indianapolis, but in a communication to the *Indianapolis News*, August 10, 1898, Mr. J. H. B. Nowland claims four others—"Mr. Oliver, father of the late Dandridge H. Oliver; Mr. Taffe, father of the late Hannibal Taffe; John George and Edmund C. Johnson."

All these, Mr. Nowland says, were buried "in or around this city," and adds that he collected the pension of John George.

Indiana University Forty Years Ago

BY AMZI ATWATER

(Read before the Monroe County Historical Society)

The Early Courses—The Faculty and its Heavy Work—Literary Societies—Chapel Exercises—Old-time Mischief—Estimate of Faculty—Traits of the Old Professors—Elisha Ballantine.

COMING to take pastoral care of the Christian Church of Bloomington in January, 1865, I enrolled at once as a student in the University classed as a Junior. It was not an unusual thing, in those days, for a student or a professor to fill a pulpit in one of the churches. My ministerial predecessor James H. McCollough was also a student. Doctor T. A. Wylie, at the time professor of Latin and Greek, was the regular minister of the Reformed Presbyterian church which stood where the U. P. church now stands. Professor Elisha Ballantine, when he returned to the University in 1867, preached some for the New School Presbyterian people, and President Cyrus Nutt, who had once been paster of the Methodist church here and later a Presiding Elder, preached much of the time somewhere on Sundays.

Our present High School building is the same in outward form and nearly the same in internal structure that it was when it stood as the only University building on the campus at the south end of College Avenue. I use the term University, for that was its official designation, but there was little about the institution to differentiate it from the ordinary western college except its small law class of seven Seniors and eight Juniors taught by Professor Bicknell. The smallness of college attendance was partly caused by the war of the rebellion which was then in full career and had drawn away many both actual and prospective students to the Union army.

There were two regular courses each leading to graduation and a degree, the one "classical," with Greek and Latin as chief studies and the goal of A. B., the other "scientific," which required one year less time and was generally supposed to be easier. There were 79 in the four regular classes that year. Adding the 15 law students and it made 94. Summing up preparatory and all, the catalogue of 1865 announced an attendance of 189.

The faculty as shown by the catalogue of 1865 consisted of six members: Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., Professor of Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy; Rev. Theophilus A. Wylie, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin; Daniel Kirkwood, L. L. D., Professor of Mathematics; Richard Owen, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; George A. Bicknell, L. L. D., Professor of Law; James Woodburn, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages and Principal of the Preparatory Department. These six men covered the whole ground of University instruction as then provided for. Doctor Wylie besides teaching the advanced Greek and Latin classes served the institution as librarian. The library, having lost heavily by the fire a few years before (1854), was quite small, consisting of a few hundred volumes (possibly a few thousand) procured since that disaster, the "Derby Donation" and about a thousand volumes loaned to it by Dr. Richard Owen. This diminutive library found plenty of space in the room on the second floor, west wing, which I think Prof. Kirkwood later on used as a recitation room. Dr. Owen, while carrying all the Physics, Physiology, Geology and Chemistry also (since Professor Marquis had lately resigned), taught all the German and French that was called for, and the History, too, and was Secretary of the faculty besides. There was no need of a Registrar as each professor recorded his own grades in a record book with his own hand, and performed any other clerical work that was necessary.

The contrast between *then* and *now* appears most striking when President Bryan lately announces the University in an advertisement thus: "Twenty Departments, co-educational, seventy-one members of the faculty," and the enrollment this year is found to be 1538.

If you wish to be impressed still further with the change, pass through the present admirably equipped chemical department in Wylie hall, then go down to the High School and peer into the little dark basement furnace room at the east end of the building where Dr. Owen taught chemistry. But no doubt many a good scholar got his chemical start there under the teaching of that admirable man.

The catalogue of 1865 mentions three literary societies, but I have no recollection of a third. The two that chiefly occupied

the ground were the *Athenian* and *Philomathean*, the one having a room in the east wing, third floor, the other in the west. There was little difference in the merits of these organizations. Believing as I then did (and do now) that a literary society offers the student an excellent means of culture, I hastened to attend their meetings and soon found myself enrolled as an Athenian. I was greatly surprised on entering the Athenian hall at seeing rows of boots (many of them cow-hide) standing around the room. Some of the owners had put on slippers, others had socks as their only foot wear. I must explain that boots were the regular thing for men in those days. Only women wore shoes. On inquiry I learned that the society had lately bought a fine carpet and as Bloomington walks were bad, they had adopted a protective rule that members should remove their boots on entering the hall and attached a fine of ten cents for non-compliance. It was expected that they would provide themselves slippers and some did so. The state of the atmosphere with a hot stove and a score or two of empty boots and a lot of stocking-footed youngsters sitting around may easily be imagined. Just before adjournment the program provided for the assessment of fines which the president announced and the treasurer recorded unless the house by vote excused the offender. The regular exercises of the society consisted chiefly of essays, declamations, debate, and sometimes of extempore speaking. In this last named, the member would be called out and given a subject after reaching the floor. It was the effect of this practice to teach a young man to invent his material and think on his feet. Finally the critics report bestowed praise or blame (chiefly the latter) upon each performance.

It must be admitted that there was much of boyish crudity about the whole thing, but that was to be expected. Some members would not be prepared and would be fined for failure. Some would take a perfunctory part to avoid the fine. But there was always a goodly number of ambitious men who did their best. The essays, probably, were the weakest part; the debate, perhaps, the strongest. But here too, was a weakness. The program committee would sometimes report for debate one of those comparative old questions (peurile to begin with and already worn threadbare) such as "Resolved (every proposition for debate had

to begin with a 'resolve'), "That Columbus was a greater man than Washington"—in debating which the great discoverer would be praised and the first president belittled by the affirmative and vice versa as to the negative—or again "Resolved, That the Indians have been treated worse than the Negroes," or still again, "Resolved, That the pen is mightier than the sword." I remember ridiculing such questions and may have partially succeeded in getting them discarded.

The miscellaneous debate and contention over parliamentary rules and over the excusing or remitting of fines would often hang on so long that the janitor, acting under instructions, would come up at midnight and put out the lights, turn out the society, and lock the door.

The fraternities were few in number and made but a comparatively small showing in those days. I think the Betas, the Phi Deltas and the Sigma Chis were all that were in existence. These had been running for a few years. Their great aim, so far as an outsider could see, was to secure honors for their members. This they strove to do through the literary societies of which they were members the same as "The Barbs." They would have their candidates for "Twenty-Second-of-February Orator" and "Spring Speakers" and for the society "Valedictory Exercises" just before commencement. "The Spring Speakers" were the orators at the annual literary society exhibition. For these honors the frats combined and contended often with success since they, though in the minority, were well organized. Sometimes they were beaten when the Barbs had a strong leader. I think the fraternities had literary exercises of their own the evening before the meeting of the regular literary society and drilled themselves in debate to enable them to better meet their opponents next evening. They surely had more literary ambition than the frats have to-day.

An idea of the chapel exercises on both week days and Sundays will best be obtained from the catalogue of 1865. Under the head of "Religious Services," you read:

- (1). The duties of each day, during term time, commence with religious services which all are required to attend.
- (2). Every Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. a lecture on some

moral or religious subject is delivered in the University chapel, and it is expected that all the students will attend. It is also recommended by the faculty that the student attend some other place of public worship on Sabbath morning according to the direction or preference of his parents or guardian.

(3). At all chapel exercises students are expected to be in their seats when the bell stops tolling. As this rule of chapel attendance did not seem to be strictly in accord with the theory of our State and country—no State religion and no compulsion as to attending its ministrations—an exception was made in the case of those students who themselves or whose parents were opposed to religious exercises. These were granted perpetual non-attendance. Perhaps there were always a few such, not many.

I think that mischief was more common forty years ago than now. It would be idle to attempt to mention the various forms of trickery by which the restless student amused himself and annoyed the authorities of college and town. If there has been a change for the better, how has it been brought about? The general growth of the college away from crude and boyish conditions, and its development into a higher University life has been, we may say, the chief general cause. The coming of the young ladies has made a great change. It has developed the social element—a thing that may easily be carried too far if it has not already been so—and has naturally tended to greater polish of manners and refinement, drawing the young men away from the ruder and more outlandish sports, and has brought them more and more to the social reception, the dance, and the banquet. In some respects this appears to be a good thing, in some an evil. Can you eliminate the evil and retain the good?

But perhaps the chief cause has been the rise of college athletics and the athletic spirit. This has given the young men (yes, and the young ladies too) a new ambition for physical development—surely a great desideratum. It has largely stopped the unhealthy bending over books for eighteen hours of the twenty-four, as Tilghman H. Mallow did who, though he won high scholarship, destroyed his own life in so doing. Furthermore vigorous young men have mostly ceased to plot some base trick, and are filled with an eager desire to outclass and overcome their opponents at home and their rivals abroad in physical force and

skill. They talk it at table and in their rooms, and they yell it in chapel and on Jordan field and make it one of the chief things in University life. This also may be overdone.

As I come to speak of the faculty, I must think of them first as my teachers and then as my associates.

I took logic and mental philosophy with Dr. Nutt, Greek and Latin with Dr. Wylie, and physiology and history with Dr. Owen. I found President Nutt a kind and fatherly man. He received students in a friendly manner and always proved himself a friend and did everything for them that he could. He had a good memory and was a fair teacher.

I found Dr. Richard Owen an enthusiastic teacher of science. He had wall charts nearly covering the sides of his recitation room presenting to the eye the great geological formations and periods and the classification of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. No student of his will ever forget with what enthusiasm he would start from his desk and with long pointer in hand pass rapidly round the room and review his class upon the outlines—the Stratified Rocks and Unstratified Rocks; the terms, Mesozoic, Paleozoic and Azoic; the classification of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; the vertebrates, articulates, mollusks and radiates. The names of great scientists were often on his lips—Cuvier, Linnaeus, Audubon and the rest and, later, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and others, busts of whom he placed in the new building that was afterward built and burned. If it is a part of a teacher's business to force idle and indifferent students to learn, willing or unwilling, you would not class Professor Owen as an ideal or even a good teacher. He was too unsuspicious for that. It was his custom to call the members of the class alphabetically for recitation and if he was half down the roll one day (and that was frequently the case) he would begin the next day at the same point and go on in order to the end; so that the shirking student, knowing what to count on, made his calculations and omitted preparations for the day that he did not expect to be called out. The doctor was a most charming and instructive talker upon any subject that had come under his wide observation. On that account students often asked questions (some did it, doubtless to consume time) in answering which he was occasionally led far from the topic in hand.

But in most cases, the ideas, the information and real science acquired by the digression was of more value than the regular book lesson of the day.

My own experience as a student under Dr. Theophilus Wylie in Latin and Greek confirms what has so often been said as to the versatility of his scholarship. He seemed perfectly at home in the classics, as if they had been his life-long specialty; but when Professor Ballantine returned to the University in 1867 as professor of Greek and Prof. Cyrus M. Dodd was elected professor of Latin, Dr. Wylie took the chair of Natural Philosophy (or Physics as now named). At his entrance into the faculty in 1837 his chair was called Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

But all the later years of his teaching were spent in the chair of Astronomy. Professor Kirkwood never, so far as I remember, taught a class in that science, in which he had a world-wide reputation. But later on, in the seventies, when Saturday morning lectures became the order, Professor Kirkwood gave the students lectures on comets, meteors, etc., which were highly appreciated. A student who should have met Doctor Wylie on the street in those days—a man of small stature and weak voice and half-diffident, unworldly manner certainly far from self-confidence—would hardly have been able rightly to estimate him. In order to do so, he would need to visit him in his rare old home and see him in the midst of his most interesting family and accept their generous hospitality. He would thus see him surrounded by every indication of old time learning and refinement such as few have enjoyed. He would see him in the midst of his books, his pictures, his ancestral portraits and paintings and mementos of other times and scenes. Only thus would he realize his hereditary touch with scholars, divines and great missionaries and the noble forces leading to the world's advancement.

On the death of Professor James Woodburn September 8, 1865, I was chosen to fill his place. The salary of the position was \$800. The regular professors, Dr. Wylie, Dr. Owen and Dr. Kirkwood had \$1100, President Nutt (I think) \$1400 or \$1500. If any one wonders at the smallness of these salaries, let him remember that the fixed income of the University was only about \$8,000, that the first professors, Baynard R. Hall and John M. Harney received only \$250 per year and that our common country

school teachers in the forties received only about ten to fifteen dollars a month for three months school, lady teachers often getting but \$1 per week.

The examinations held by the faculty (as far as I remember) were entirely oral and were not very rigid. In language it would be required to translate some selection from an author and answer pertinent questions in parsing and construction. Visiting members of the faculty would be invited to quiz the class to test their scholarship. On subjects which would admit of it, numbered topics would be made out to be drawn by lot from the professor's hat or hand. The student, when his number was called, responded and went to talking on his topic. It was a pleasant way to examine and be examined but it readily lent itself to the cheating tendency as students sitting close together could easily swap topics in the hope of getting one less difficult than the one they had drawn. No professor was more easy and yielding than Professor Kirkwood. I call to mind his report (probably made just before commencement of 1866) of a student who had been away in the war. He said: "I asked him two questions; he couldn't answer either of them. I didn't ask him any more—I knew he couldn't answer." But when the decision finally came as to placing his name on the list of Seniors, the indulgent professor voted for his graduation—and he was passed.

In June 1868 I was chosen Professor of Latin and Greek in Hiram College (President Garfield's old institution) where I had been a student some years before. Returning to Indiana University as professor of Latin in September 1870 I found quite a change had taken place in college—the salaries had been increased and new and able men were being added to the faculty. Professor Elisha Ballantine was now (after a four years temporary absence) in the chair of Greek since 1867. Professor George W. Hoss, who had lately been Superintendent of Public Instruction, was now since 1868 the Professor of English Literature. Judge B. E. Rhoads was Professor of Law and Colonel James Thompson, lately from the Army, had just been elected to the chair of Military Science and Civil Engineering; and a little later (November 1870) Herman B. Boisen became Professor of Modern Languages. There was also young Scot Butler, later President of Butler

College, who was doing preparatory teaching with the sub-freshman class. His work lasted through the year 1870-'71.

The new men brought in a tide of new life. Being usually younger they were more aggressive and full of plans for reconstructing and improving old conditions. Some men have a natural liking and ability for business administration. Such were Professor Hoss, Colonel Thompson, Judge Rhoads, Professor Boisen and Scot Butler. Dr. Wylie and Professor Kirkwood (the latter was seldom called Doctor then) now took but little part in Faculty discussions, though Professor Ballantine and Dr. Owen held their own. Dr. Wylie often sat through the faculty meeting with only an occasional remark. But he would have a pencil and paper in hand with which he would seem to be scribbling in an absent-minded way. Look over his shoulder, if it will not be thought impolite. Why, he has drawn a picture, perhaps a human face, with the hand of an artist. How often have I seen him sit down with a pamphlet or catalogue and cover it over with such sketches. He seemed to do this work almost unconsciously. I think he could have drawn a good group picture of the whole faculty at one sitting. Professor Kirkwood was a good listener as he sat with his cane in hand supporting his arm. He said but little, but occasionally we heard a bit of grave humor from him. Once when we were talking of our hotel accommodations the Professor told a little experience: "A man on the train," said he "asked me about Bloomington hotels, I told him we had two hotels in Bloomington—whichever one he went to he would wish he had gone to the other."

Professor Kirkwood was the main reliance in moving an adjournment. So much was this the case that when some other member thought to do so he, perhaps, would begin: "Begging Professor Kirkwood's pardon, I move we adjourn."

In those days cases of discipline came before the whole faculty for investigation and decision. Those who were accused of some misdoing and the witnesses were cited to the faculty room. There are doubtless men now in public life—congressmen, judges, doctors, lawyers, etc., who can remember being called before the faculty in some of these troublesome cases. Though sharp questions were fired at the accused, the discipline on the whole

was just and mild. It was too mild, sometimes for our military professor, Colonel Thompson. On one occasion when some offender was let off quite easy against his protest he remarked "Our Catalogue says 'the discipline of the University is *strictly paternal.*' I suggest that we change the wording for the next catalogue and make it read "*strictly maternal.*"

ELISHA BALLANTINE.

There is one man whose name has not been sufficiently dwelt upon either in these memories or by the many eulogists who have written of the old faculty. We have had good teachers in the University but Professor Ballantine was among the best; other good scholars we have had but he was among the very best. He was, I think, more on his guard against cheating and deception than was Doctor Owen, Doctor Kirkwood or Doctor Wylie. We have had and now have many men of noble character but none in this respect could be placed higher than Elisha Ballantine. For cultivation of mind, for accuracy of scholarship and ability to instruct; for literary style, for refinement of culture, for deep and true conscientiousness; for purity of heart and simple Christian dignity of manner and of life Professor Ballantine stood on the highest plane. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright," says the wise old scripture, "for the end of that man is peace."

He had resigned his chair of Greek but after a little had been recalled and had been made President pro tem. to meet an emergency. After the election of President Jordan he continued to teach Greek. On the last day of his life (March 31-1886) he was at College as usual and conducted chapel exercises. Coming in from his garden that afternoon with some felling of distress at the heart he dropped into his easy chair. His faithful daughter came at call and ministered to him. But almost before she was aware he had passed from earth.

A Pleasing Morristown Custom

LITTLE Morristown, in Shelby county, enjoys the distinction of having developed a fraternal spirit all its own, and of keeping alive an interest in the past in an unusual and pleasing way. For a third of a century the older generation have come together the fourth Sunday of each May to spend the afternoon singing, as of yore, from the famous old "Missouri Harmony" song book. Sixty or seventy years ago the singing school, with its expert instructor, was a favorite form of social diversion, and the "Missouri Harmony" was a particularly popular book in these schools. Then, with a newer generation, the singing classes passed away, but with the elder folks the ancient melodies, presumably, had imperishable associations, for in 1872 the old Morristown class, was reorganized under its first leader, Dr. D. S. McGaughey. Ever since then they have held their annual meeting; the whole country-side makes it a gala occasion and turns out in force to hear the sonorous bass and quavering treble of the aged singers. The venerable Dr. McGaughey has long since joined the choir invisible, and year by year the ranks of the "charter members" are thinning, but younger recruits have caught the spirit of the occasion, and the class bids fair to continue.

Still another observance of the same character, and in this same Morristown, further indicates the spirit of the place. This is the periodical reunion of the Dr. Fitch pupils. Dr. O. F. Fitch, now nearing his ninetieth year, was an educator, in Morristown and elsewhere in the State, for many years, and it is his proud boast that upward of six thousand pupils have been enrolled under him. It is like a capping sheaf to his labors that, toward the end of a life of faithful service, a goodly number of these sometime pupils should come gathering back to give him greeting. This they did a few years since, bringing with them their resurrected school books; men and women, then themselves growing old, stood up before their former preceptor once more and went through their "exercises," subject to his criticism. "School" was followed by much feasting, after a picnic fashion; and this was the inauguration of a series of reunions that, at the last account we had, bade fair to continue as long as Mr. Fitch lives. May Morristown's pleasing custom be emulated elsewhere.

The State Seal of Indiana

A RECENT discussion in the *Indianapolis News* of the origin of the State seal of Indiana (see *News* for January 28 and February 22, 1905), brings out some interesting facts touching that rather obscure subject, though it leaves it as obscure as before.

The first State Constitution provided that "There shall be a seal of this State, which shall be kept by the Governor, and shall be used by him officially, and shall be called the seal of the State of Indiana," and on the 13th of December, 1816, the first legislature enacted that "The Governor of this State be and he is hereby authorized to provide a seal and also a press for this State, and that a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars be and is hereby appropriated for that purpose, to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

These brief records have hitherto been regarded as about our only source of information concerning the origin of our State seal, which has repeatedly been commented upon for its inappropriateness as an emblem for Indiana. The familiar picture of a man felling a tree, a fleeing buffalo, and a sun half hidden by a mountainous horizon is manifested incongruous as regards the buffalo and mountains. The latter have been variously explained as the Allegheny mountains, as the Rockies and as "the hills lying east of Vincennes," and the orb beyond them has been both the rising and the setting sun—the emblem of a rising prosperity and of the star of empire taking its way westward. All of this, however, has been mere guess-work.

One of the newspaper writers above referred to has found that the House Journal of 1816 records a discussion of the proposed seal which thus specifically defines the design: "A forest and a woodman felling a tree, a buffalo leaving the forest and fleeing through the plain to a distant forest, and the sun setting in the West, with the word Indiana." In this description the idea of the "setting" sun is explicitly stated, but no mention whatever is made of mountains. Why they were introduced, if the seal was originated then and in accordance with the law of

the first legislature, is nowise apparent. But the fact seems to be that the seal, despite the evidence of the legislative records, was not originated at that time; for it is affirmed by Mr. J. P. Dunn that on a slavery petition in the archives at Washington, dated 1802, is a copy of the seal of Indiana Territory which has the same general features as the present emblem—woodman cutting a tree, buffalo, sun and mountains, with the word “Indiana” on a scroll in the branches of the tree. A reprint of this document with a description of the seal may be found in the publications of the Indiana Historical Society, Volume II, pp. 461-469. This removes the whole question backward, and the first State legislature, by this statement, did not originate the seal at all. As the seal on the slavery papers antedated the Territorial legislature, and in the records of the first territorial authorities there is no light on the subject, the question of origin will probably always be mere speculation—particularly as the papers that might have established the facts were long since destroyed. Mr. Dunn argues that the device was ordered in the east and brought to the new territory by either Governor William Henry Harrison or Secretary John Gibson, more probably the latter, as he conducted the government of the territory before the coming of Governor Harrison.

Some ten years ago the legislature undertook to ascertain the origin of the seal and the authority of the device, because of the various and different forms in use, whereas it was desirable that the public business of the State should have a well-defined, and legally authorized seal. R. S. Hutcher, the leading clerk of the Senate in 1895, an expert in such studies, was appointed a special commissioner to investigate the matter and learn whether the State “has any legalized, authorized great seal.” The result of Mr. Hutcher’s investigation was but to prove that little or nothing could be known. There was even no record to show that the design agreed upon by the two houses in 1816 had ever been formally adopted. Hutcher recommended that a more definite seal be established by legislative action, but no such action was taken.

Some Self-made Indianians

OF the Indianians whose names are identified with the State's history an interesting proportion has been composed of "self-made men," if by that definition we mean those that started as poor boys and, without any aid or opportunities other than what they created by their own efforts, made their way to the front.

Of the twenty-five men, from Jennings to Hanley, who have occupied the Governor's office, at least one-third may be fairly considered as coming within this category. Ratliff Boone, our second chief magistrate, was a pioneer boy of Kentucky, who, in lieu of going to school, took up the gunsmith's trade. Noah Noble also grew up in the wilds of Kentucky, and was largely self-taught. James Whitcomb was a farmer's son, and his portion was "hard work and coarse fare," but he borrowed books and read them and made for himself a neighborhood reputation for learning. By perseverance he fitted himself for college, and after entering school maintained himself by teaching during vacations. Joseph A. Wright was a poor boy who aspired to a college education. He entered the State University and paid his way by ringing the college bell and doing janitor's work, by toiling in a brickyard, and even by gathering nuts from the woods. He also did odd jobs of masonry, as is shown in the old college records. As an impecunious young lawyer, after leaving college, he submitted a bid for carrying the mail from Brownstown to Terre Haute, offering to do it for \$334 per annum, but he was too obscure to be considered, and a better-known man, though now utterly forgotten, got the job at \$398. Ashbel P. Willard taught school and did cheap clerical work as a stepping-stone to politics. Oliver P. Morton was of a poor family. He began life as a hatter's apprentice, and later, by frugal management, part of the time cooking his own meals in his room, succeeded in getting two years of college training. James D. Williams was reared as a pioneer farmer's boy, accustomed to hard manual labor, with but very little schooling, and throughout his life he retained the character of a sturdy, homely son of the soil, although almost continuously in the public service for nearly forty years. Isaac P. Gray, before entering public life was a dry goods clerk; Alvin P. Hovey, a brick mason; Ira J. Chase, Claude Matthews

and James A. Mount, farmers. The two last named were farmers to the end, and took pride in reckoning themselves of that class. Mr. Mount began with no capital but a pair of willing hands and a will to do, and first made himself an eminent agriculturist.

Of the men who have represented Indiana in the United States Senate a number were of the type under consideration. James Noble, like his brother Noah, was a Kentucky pioneer boy, accustomed to labor, who "grew up strong and self-reliant." John Tipton, as a young man, was a woodsman and Indian fighter, illiterate, but a man of native intelligence, a keen observer and a natural leader. Jesse D. Bright, with but little claim to education, made his way by sheer will and his unusual talent for leadership. Daniel W. Voorhees, born of pioneer parents, had his mother and himself to thank for his advancement, and the life of Albert J. Beveridge is but the old story of a success which had for its antecedent the hard and humble life of the farm.

Of those otherwise prominent in our public service many might be cited as victors over adverse conditions. James Rariden, lawyer and legislator, and one of the eminent men of the old White-water region, started with but meager schooling, and the qualifications that gave him an exceptionally high rank as a legal light were acquired in his contact with men. Charles H. Test, began as a surveyor's assistant, and while earning his livelihood at this business he read law at odd hours and by the time he was twenty years old had qualified himself for admission to the bar. William W. Wick, one of the best-known of Indiana's early judges, acquired some schooling as a boy, and when eighteen years old left his home in Pennsylvania to seek his fortunes. He made his way westward by degrees, supporting himself by teaching here and there, and satisfying his thirst for knowledge as he could. He first studied medicine, then read chemistry, as he said, "principally by the light of log heaps in a clearing," and also read law "of nights and Sundays." By his twenty-fourth year he had drifted to Connersville, Indiana, and there settled himself as a practicing lawyer. John Wesley Davis, judge, legislator, foreign minister, Governor of Oregon Territory, Congressman and one of the three Indians who have been Speaker of the House in Congress, spent his boyhood on a farm, then was bound out as an apprentice to a clock-maker.

After that he was a store-keeper, and then practiced medicine until, when thirty years old, he found his proper sphere in politics. Tilghman A. Howard, prominent in politics in this State for fourteen years, and regarded as an exceptionally able man, is said to have received about a year's schooling all told, yet when, at the age of nineteen, he left his North Carolina home to make his way in the world, the first vocation he took up was that of teaching, and his biographer tells us that although he "never attended an academy or a college, he was a very learned man. He was acquainted with the civil law, with theology, history, politics, geology, mineralogy, botany, philosophy and the occult sciences. His mind was a vast storehouse of knowledge, it being questionable if there was another man in the State of equal information." Cyrus L. Dunham, lawyer, legislator, Congressman and judge, paid for his early schooling with the money he earned working out, and later, by taking service on a fishing smack, saved enough to give himself a short course in a seminary. Michael C. Kerr, the second Indianian who was Speaker in Congress, was "mainly self-educated," and "mastered the fundamental principles of jurisprudence and political philosophy," in the knowledge of which he afterward became a master, while teaching school. Schuyler Colfax, our other Speaker in Congress, Vice-President of the United States, and Congressman, began earning his living as a store clerk at the age of ten years, and from that time made his own way. George W. Julian, well known in Indiana for half a century, was born to a lot as hard and unpromising as that of Abraham Lincoln. With an indomitable will, however, he overcame the difficulties, laboring with his hands and teaching a country school while making the most of his precious books and laying the foundations for his future public career. Walter Q. Gresham lost his father in infancy, and received but little schooling as a boy. Joseph E. McDonald, United States Senator, left the farm when twelve years old to learn the saddler's trade, and Franklin Landers and J. P. C. Shanks, prominent Indiana politicians, both hewed out their own fortunes. William A. Woods, Joseph A. S. Mitchell and Asa Iglehart, eminent jurists, were all poor boys, born to toil, who worked their way to the front by persistent effort.

“The Northern Indiana”

A Lake Steamer of 1852

[The following sketch, found in an old periodical, was kindly sent to us by Mrs. Emma Carleton, of New Albany.]

IN 1852, on Lake Erie, was a passenger steam-boat named “The Northern Indiana.” This boat is mentioned in a sketch entitled “An Excursion of One Thousand Miles Out West,” published in “The Literary World,” of July 10, 1852, and written by a New York participant in a “Stockholders’ Excursion” over the “Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad.” Says this writer:

“The company, when assembled at Dunkirk pier, numbered, we believe, some four hundred, all of whom found ample room and accommodation in the splendid and spacious cabins of the ‘Northern Indiana’ * * * Soon after we were settled on board, dinner, pleasant word to the traveler, was announced. Those of the gentlemen who were happy enough to have ladies in charge, were soon summoned to the dining-cabin, where tables, tastefully decorated with flowers, awaited their approach. * * It was well remarked by a gentleman that the bill of fare furnished a most gratifying argument in favor of railroads, for by no less potent an agent than steam could the varied excellencies of the fish, flesh and fruits of so many distant regions be brought together.

“The Northern Indiana is the ‘crack’ boat of the lake, having lately beaten her powerful rival, the Mayflower, in a run for the purpose of testifying their respective powers, from Buffalo to Cleveland. She is sharply built for speed, with engines of great power, and large and beautifully decorated cabins.”

Of the country in northern Indiana, as seen from the new railway, the writer said:

“The vast wheat fields of Indiana and the general look of thrift and prosperity of the region through which we passed excited universal admiration.”

Chicago was then seven years old.

Some Books at Hand

By the Editor

THE NEW HARMONY MOVEMENT*

IN reading *The New Harmony Movement* one marvels that so much rich material has lain so long, practically unworked. Mr. Lockwood is to be congratulated that he has so large a field almost wholly to himself; and, on the other hand, the interested reader is to be congratulated that the man who took up the subject had the patience and ability to do it thoroughly and well. He has not grudged giving years to the task. Originally, we believe, he essayed the work as a college thesis, which was subsequently published in *The Republican*, of Peru, Ind., and in that form it was by far the fullest treatise on the New Harmony experiment that had hitherto appeared. Further research in the voluminous material available resulted, some years later, in *The New Harmony Communities*, a handsome, profusely-illustrated volume published by the author; and the Appleton book, bearing the date 1905, though in cheaper form, represents still further additions and revisions.

Many are familiar, in a general way, with the story of Robert Owen, the Welsh philanthropist, who invested his fortune in a great social experiment in the wilderness of Indiana more than three-quarters of a century ago. The soaring social and educational aims of that experiment, the impracticable dreams, the signal failures, and the unique life and remarkable personages connected with the little town of New Harmony on the Wabash, all have passed into the limbo of vague and dimly known things; but, as often happens, the things thus imperfectly remembered are not at all the more important facts of the occasion—the facts that should be remembered. Robert Owen was not a mere impracticable theorist who squandered his energies for want of ballast. He was one to have been loved and one to be loved now. His errors of judgment (and some of them, no doubt, were remarkable) were as nothing compared with the spirit that moved the man from first to last, prompting him to sacrifice himself and

*"The New Harmony Movement," by George B. Lockwood, with the collaboration of Charles A. Prosser in the educational chapters. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

his world's goods on the alter of a noble idea. In the carefully-studied facts presented by Mr. Lockwood we nowhere find evidence that Owen sought self-aggrandizement or expected gain. Contrariwise there is continuous evidence that he was controlled by a desire that may be called an abiding passion to aid and uplift his fellow-men. This benevolence was broad and universal, extending to all men regardless of color or creed, and concerning itself alike with the helpless child facing its future and the helpless adult who was a victim to social conditions. In the face of loss, of the faithlessness of associates, of disappointments of many kinds; in spite of indifference, opposition and ingratitude, even from those he sought most to benefit, he persisted in carrying out ideas that, always, were deep rooted in and sustained by the craving to aid humanity. He was a true lover of his fellows. In a world where the struggle for self even to the point of superfluity and grasping gain is the recognized normal thing it ill-behooves those who have any strain of nobility to remember with a cynical or a superior smile only the failures of a man like Robert Owen. Yet it seems to be one of the ironies of fate that he who rebukes men by departing from the beaten track will be remembered by his failures when his successes are forgotten. Owen's successes were of no mean character and scope. Before he came to America he had, by the exercise of a paternal philanthropy, and as a cotton-mill operator, so transformed for the better the town of New Lanark, Scotland, that "representatives of royalty, philanthropists, educators from all parts of Europe journeyed thither to study the processes Mr. Owen had put in operation for the betterment of the working people in his mills." He had found there the drunkenness, shiftlessness and dishonesty that were inseparable from the conditions that prevailed among the working classes of that day—conditions of ignorance and its accompanying vice as dense as obtained among the black slaves of America. By meliorating those conditions he so far lifted the community out of its vices that a traveler who visited the place wrote: "There is not, I apprehend, to be found in any part of the world a manufacturing community in which so much order, good government, tranquillity and rational happiness prevails." He sought the confidence and co-operation of his employes; he established for their children schools far superior to most then

existing in the United Kingdom; he promoted comfort in the homes, and set up a store where goods could be secured at cost, thus relieving his people of the exorbitant middleman's profits. In short, he did so much for them that his partners in the mills refused to keep pace with him, even though the better class of employes resulting from his methods made the business more lucrative than ever. Twice he dissolved the partnership, each time forming a new one, and proceeded with his philanthropic work. With tongue and pen, as well as with money he fought the fight of the working man and particularly of the working child, who then from tenderest years was doomed to factory servitude. Unfortunately for his cause he felt impelled to intrude upon the public his religious, or, rather, anti-religious views—a crime beside which all mere philanthropic effort counted as nothing, and it succeeded in forcing him out of the Lanark mills, and undermined his influence in all circles. After this he stood for Parliament in Lanark borough. The working men whose good he had promoted for nineteen years and who then had the opportunity to send their best friend to court, saw fit to defeat him in favor of one who "more loudly swore his fealty to the common people." Had it been otherwise Owen would never have established his colony at New Harmony. As it was, on the heels of this defeat came the proposition to purchase in America, at a comparatively low figure, the great estate of the Rappists, where he might put his social ideas into effect under what seemed ideal conditions. His acceptance of the proposition and his ensuing experiment, together with that of his associate, William Maclure, is one of the pathetic chapters of history, and is a most interesting study of certain aspects presented by man, individually and collectively. The mingled wisdom and folly of the New Harmony movement; the noble aspirations turned awry as if in jest by the hidden hand of a power that willed otherwise; the strange spectacle of what may be called a *salon* of the world's elect gathered here in the heart of the pioneer west, and the influences that have radiated and spread from this first wave set in motion by Robert Owen are, as we have already implied, well and fully dealt with in Mr. Lockwood's book, and the social student will be well repaid by a careful study of it.

ADDRESS ON THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS*

This Address, written and delivered in support of a bill before our last legislature, failed in its immediate object, as the bill did not pass, but as a monograph on the Pottawattomie Indians of northern Indiana it is of such interest and value as to merit a place in any historical collection. Mr. McDonald is regarded as, perhaps, our best authority on this particular subject. He has long been a deeply interested, a conscientious and a sympathetic student of the vanished aborigines as presented by the records and traditions of the locality where he was reared. And a study of this tribe in its passing is a study of the Indian question in little. The story has in it much that was pathetic and tragic, particulary to a large band located on Twin Lakes (Marshall county) under a chief called Menominee. Menominee was an Indian of unusual character, a friend to the whites, a convert to Christianity, and a zealous promoter of good among his people. By a treaty of 1832 twenty-two sections of land had been reserved to him and three other chiefs. When the whites came for the reserved remnants (as they always did) Menominee declined to be tractable, and sign away his land. As the other chiefs signed it, however, that was held to be sufficient, and at the end of the time stipulated by the treaty the recalcitrant chief and his people were unceremoniously ousted; their cabins were torn down, their mission chapel dismantled, and the whole band, numbering nearly a thousand, put under a strong military escort commanded by General John Tipton, to be conveyed to a reservation beyond the Mississippi river. Amid tears and lamentations they took their departure. It was in September, the weather hot, the season dry and sickly. Suffering from the swelter, dust and thirst the hapless Indians sickened like sheep and the long route was marked with their graves. Particularly was there mortality among the small children; the ailing, jostled along under the burning sun in rude army wagons, suffering for water and with no relief from the hard ordeal, stood little chance, and almost every day some wronged mother surrendered her offspring to earth.

*Address of Representative Daniel McDonald, of Marshall county, delivered in the House of Representatives, Indianapolis, Feb. 3, 1905, on the bill to erect a monument to the Pottawattomie Indians at Twin Lakes, Marshall county.

In this Address of Mr. McDonald's, and particularly in another brochure issued by him some years since (*Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from Northern Indiana*) the reader finds a circumstantial account of the matters here touched upon. In the earlier publication there is also much information regarding individuals, both Indians and whites, connected with our earlier history. The booklets, we believe, can be had by addressing Hon. Daniel McDonald, Plymouth, Ind.

LAKE MAXINKUCKEE.

The History of Lake Maxinkuckee, by Daniel McDonald, to which is appended "Fishes and Fishing in the Lake," by Judge A. C. Capron, "The Maxinkuckee Lake Association," by W. T. Wilson, and "The Aubbeenaubbee yacht Club," by T. H. Wilson, Jr., is a handsome booklet designed to promote interest in what is regarded as one of Indiana's finest lakes. The historical part contains considerable interesting lore about the first settlers and the Indians who were located about the lake. Of particular interest are some authoritative letters touching the name of the place. These letters, written to Mr. McDonald in response to queries we here give:

Department of the Interior,

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the 18th, I have to say that the lake referred to is spelled "Muk-sin-cuck-u" in the official field notes of the survey of the township in which the lake is situated.

Respectfully yours,

W. M. STONE, Acting Commissioner.

Auditor of State,

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 27, 1897.

DEAR SIR:—On examination of our field notes I find in the survey made by Deputy Surveyor David Hillis he spells it "Mek-in-kee-kee." In another place in a survey of a small fraction of land on the lake Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, spells it "Muk-sen-cuk-ee." This is all the field notes show as to the name.

Very truly yours,

A. C. DAILY, Auditor of State.

County Surveyor's Office,

Plymouth, Ind., Feb. 1, 1898.

DEAR SIR:—On examination of the records of the surveyor's office of Marshall county, containing copies of the original field notes, I find the following in regard to the orthography of Max-inkuckee lake. On page 43 of the survey of towns 32 and 33, David Hillis, deputy surveyor, makes the following note: "There are also several lakes in the county. The Max-in-kuck-ee lake is large and beautiful," * * *

In a survey of section 32, range 1 east, Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, on page 48 says "Set post on Muk-sen-cuck-ee Lake."

Yours, JOHN C. BUTLER,

Deputy Surveyor Marshall Co.

Hartford, Mich., Feb. 5, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your inquiry of February 3d, relative to the meaning and pronunciation of the word Muck-sen-cuk-ee, at hand. I have written it as nearly correct as the white man's o-daw-naw (tongue) can pronounce it. It means, in the Algonquin dialect, "There is grass." * * *

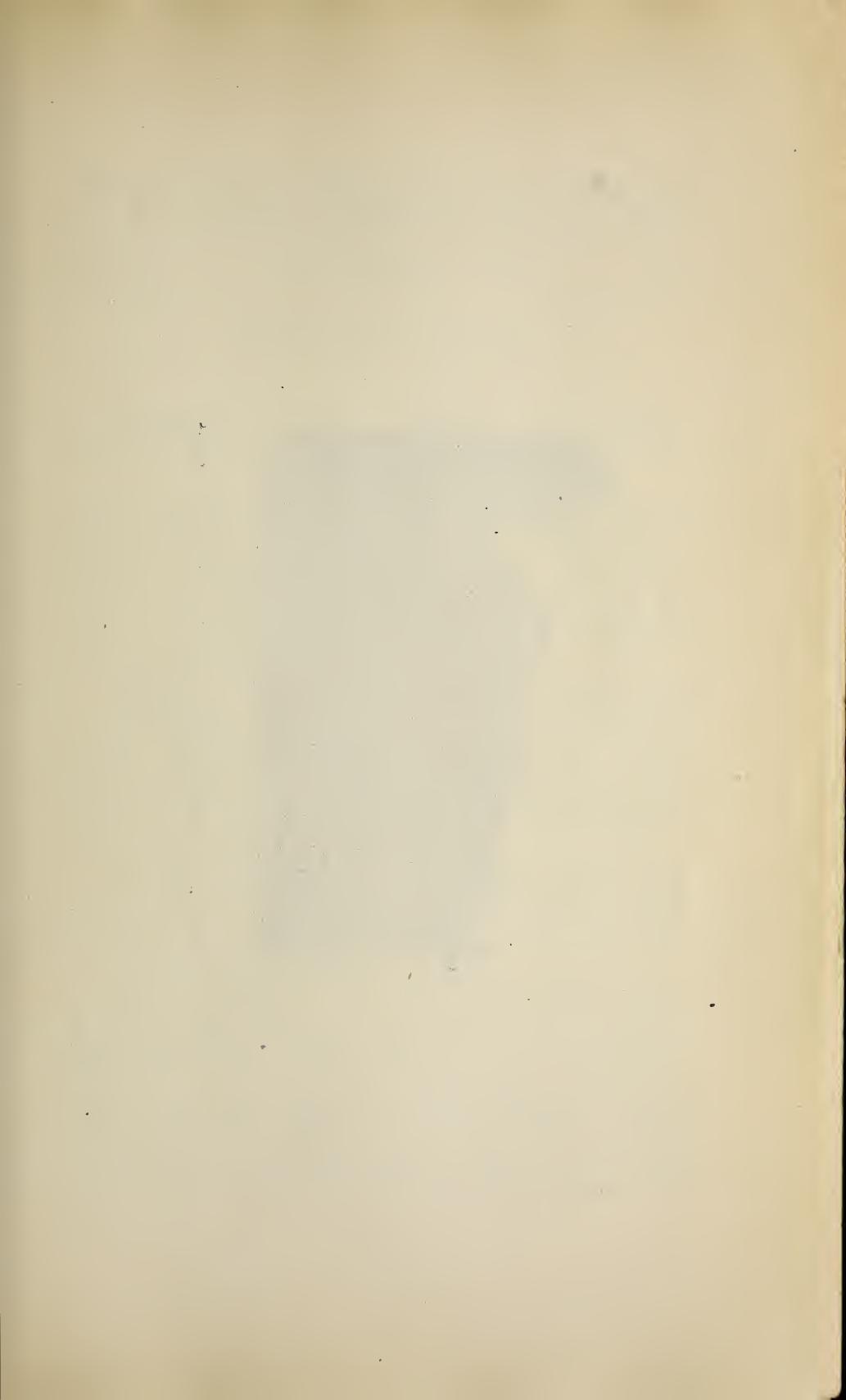
SIMON PO-KA-GON.*

On page 705 of the revision of the Indian Treaties of the United States, in a treaty made at Nees-wau-gee Camp, in 1838, the word is spelled Max-ee-nie-kee-kee. Only in the records of Marshall county is it spelled Max-in-kuck-ee. This is but a copy of the original field notes at the State Auditor's office, and whoever transcribed these notes made a mistake in the spelling; and thus was established the form that has become fixed. The present name, says Mr. McDonald, "lacks a good deal of being a pure Indian word. 'Max' is German, and the balance of the word is made up of Scotch, Irish, American and Algonquin."

THE FIRST OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

Mr. Isaac H. Julian, of San Marcos, Texas, sends us a copy of the "Memoir of David Hoover," a pamphlet now rare, published in 1856. David Hoover was one of the earliest and best-known pioneers of Wayne county. The pamphlet contains an account of the first Old Settlers' Meeting of Wayne county, held in September 1855. Mr. Julian thinks this was the first of these meetings held in the State. If any reader of this knows of a previous one we will be glad to be informed.

*Simon Pokagon, an educated Indian, was the last of the Pottawattomie chiefs in this part of the country. He and his band remained in Michigan.





HENRY WARD BEECHER'S INDIANAPOLIS CHURCH. RAZED 1897. See p. 210

The Indiana Magazine of History

VOL. I

FOURTH QUARTER, 1905

NO. 4

Folk-Speech in Indiana

BY PAUL L. HAWORTH AND O. G. S.

[The following, published in *The Indianapolis News* for August 15, 1900, is by far the best study we have seen of this interesting subject, and as such we here give it space]

IN the cities of our State, the schoolmaster, the newspaper and the railroad have long since wrought such changes from the Indiana of Edward Eggleston, that the English heard in Indianapolis or Fort Wayne differs but little from the English of New York or Philadelphia. But this can not be said of our rural districts, for there the forces that tend to produce uniformity of speech operate much more slowly.

Yet even in the country there has really been much change in the language spoken; and, in view of the rapid extension of electric lines, the growth of better schools, and the increased reading of books and newspapers, it is probable that the change will be much more rapid in the future. If the old Hoosier dialect is ever to be studied and the results recorded, the work must be done soon; even now it is almost too late.

The Hoosier dialect has never been uniform the State over. There have always been local variations, not only in peculiar expressions, but in accent. Occasionally there are slight differences even between adjoining counties.

Particularly marked is the dissimilarity between the folk-speech of the northern part of the State and that of the southern part. The settlers in the north came mainly from New England, Pennsylvania, New York and northern Ohio, and, in consequence, there exists in the north a strong Yankee twang. Those in the southern part came mainly from Virginia, Maryland, southern Ohio, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee; and the dialect shows the Southern influence, containing some points of similarity to the negro and the "poor white" or "cracker" dialect. The

expression "right smart," as in the sentence: "He has a right smart chance of corn," is an illustration of the dissimilarity. The expression is used generally in central and southern Indiana, but is rarely met with farther north. It is worth noticing in this connection that while "right," in the sense of "very," is so much used in the South as to be considered by some writers as a Southern provincialism, it is as well descended as most English words. The Psalms have, "I myself will wake right early."

Not only has folk-speech never been uniform throughout Indiana, but exact geographical bounds can not be given to the Hoosier dialect. It does not end with State lines, but extends beyond them into Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, gradually becoming modified and shading off into other dialects. Much the same may be said in regard to the other dialects extending into Indiana. Doubtless, also, in many States farther west there are colonies of transplanted Hoosiers where the dialect is spoken in almost its original purity; while all over the United States expressions of Hoosier birth have become domiciled.

The fact is, it has always been true, and never more so than in these days of rapid communication and shifting population, that in nothing is the student of folk-speech so liable to error as in assigning geographical limits to a word or phrase. Our local dialects, as well as the local English dialects from which we get many of our folk-words and phrases, are pretty thoroughly mixed.

For example, take the familiar word, "tote," a word which we know did not originate in Indiana, yet which has become a part of Hoosier dialect nevertheless. Most persons, if questioned as to the origin and range of this word, would doubtless connect it with the negro, and certain it is that the negro—especially the negro in dialect stories—uses the word freely. As a matter of fact, however, the word was in use in Virginia at least as early as 1677, when there were four times more white bond-servants than there were negroes; there are old, abandoned postage roads in Maine, where negroes were unknown, that went by the name of "tote roads"; and, furthermore, the word "tote" was a common one in England during the seventeenth century. The conclusion must therefore be that "tote" is not of African origin, nor is its use confined to localities where negroes are found.

"Cantankerous" is another word often met with in Hoosier

dialect, but by no means confined to the narrow bounds of our State. Thackeray speaks of a "cantankerous humor." Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), in her story, "The Casting Vote," puts into the mouth of the coroner the sentence: "He's ez hard-headed, an' tyrannical, an' perverse, an' cantankerous a critter ez ever lived." Even Chaucer makes use of the word "conteke," from which "cantankerous" is probably derived.

So wide, indeed, is the geographical distribution of most folk-words and phrases that, while taking the United States over, one can collect great numbers of colloquialisms, it is extremely difficult to find words or phrases that are confined to a single dialect. The fact is, the mixing process has been so effective that most provincialisms have ceased to be provincial. The writers of this article are compelled to confess, and they take no shame to themselves for so doing, that, in spite of considerable search, they have been unable to find a single provincialism which they would be willing to assert is at present confined to Indiana alone.

"Wants out" and "wants in," in such sentences as "the dog wants out," that is, "wants to go out," have been pointed out as peculiar to our State. Possibly so, but the elision occurs in other phrases, e. g., "they let me in for a nickel," "the hired man wants off," and is so simple and useful that its use is probably wide-spread.

A native of Massachusetts once asked one of the writers about the word "ornary," saying he had never heard it out of Hoosier-dom. The word is a simple and natural variation of "ordinary" through the shortened pronunciation of "ord'nary," and its present meaning has become, through successive steps, common, mean, low-down. Its use is by no means confined to Indiana.

The word "mosey," frequently heard in such expressions as "He moseyed off down the crick," has the Hoosier stamp, but it is met with elsewhere. The dictionaries which define it are curiously in error as regards its meaning. According to them it means to move off quickly, to get out, to light out, to hustle. But in central Indiana, at least, it means to saunter along, to walk slowly along, as if with no particular destination in view, and is rarely or never used in the sense given by the dictionaries. Most accounts of its derivation are equally erroneous. One

author tells a story of a defaulting postmaster, named Moses, who left between two days, and he absurdly connects the word with the name and manner of flight. The word possibly comes from the Spanish imperative verb, "vamos," go; i. e., it is a variation of "vamoose," which is so derived, and which has some of the meanings ascribed to "mosey."

Probably some, if not all, of the following words and phrases are more frequently used in Indiana than elsewhere: "Heap-sight," as in "more ground by a heap-sight"; "juberous," as in "I felt mighty juberous about crossin' the river"; "jamboree," in the sense of a "big time"; "flabbergasted," i. e., exhausted; "gargly," i. e., awkward; "I mind that," for "I remember that"; "bumfoozled," i. e., "rattled"; "whang-doodle," as in "Are you going to the whang-doodle tonight?"

But the individuality of a dialect is, in fact, far more a result of accent or of pronunciation than of the possession of expressions peculiar to itself. As has just been pointed out, Indiana has but few provincialisms that are peculiarly her own. But where else than in Indiana would one hear the long-drawn flatness of the "a" in such words as "sassers," "saft," "pasnips," etc.? Or where else would one hear such a sentence as "I swum straight across the crick, an' kep' a-goin' right ahead through the paster, an' clim plum to the top of yan ridge over yander, an' wuz considerable tired-like comin' down t'other side, but at last got to that air road," pronounced as a citizen of "Hoopole kyounty, Injeanny," would have pronounced it forty years ago.

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of incorrect as compared with correct speech consists in the abbreviation or contortion of words. In Indiana it is common to hear "fur" used for far, "furder" for further, "kin" for can, "quare" for queer, "purt" for pretty, "drap" for drop, "seed" for saw, "kinder" for kind of, "sheer" for share, "tuck" for took, "sumpin" for something, "ole" for old, "biler" for boiler, "shan't" for shall not, "ain't" for am not, etc., "kittle" for kettle, "h'isted" for hoisted, "j'int" for joint, "ruinated" for ruined, etc.

It is worth noticing, however, that some abbreviations once looked on as in bad form are rapidly gaining in favor. "Isn't," "doesn't," "didn't," "I'll," "he'll," "don't," "won't" and some other such words are now generally regarded as permissible in

conversation and informal writing. "Ain't," "shan't," etc., are still considered bad.

Notwithstanding the admonitions of the grammer-makers, our people in large majority insist on using "lay" instead of lie. More than this, the word can be found so used by good writers. As a very recent example, let me quote from Bret Harte's "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras" (McClure's for July, 1900): "Then every man laid down again, as if trying to erase himself." Chaucer uses it in the prologue. Robert Louis Stevenson more than once uses "eat" (pronunciation et) instead of ate. Addison says "I lit my pipe with paper." "It's me," or "it is me," is coming to be universally used instead of "it is I," and the usage is sanctioned by such an authority as Barrett Wendell, of Harvard. The truth is, easy and convenient expressions, despite grammatical rules and the ravings of purists, are like Banquo's ghost; they will not down.

Most persons have heard their illiterate neighbors use such seeming contortions as "becaise" (because), "j'ine" (join), "bile" (boil), "seed" (saw), "deaf" (like leaf), "jist" or "jest" (just), "shet" (shut), "chaw" (chew) and "techy" (touchy). At first blush these seem hopelessly bad, yet in reality they are but the older forms of the equivalent words now in use. Pepys quotes a letter written by the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favorite, concerning the sudden death of Amy Robsart, in which the form "becaise" occurs. Johnson says in his dictionary: "Bile; this is generally spelt boil, but, I think, less properly." Pope and Dryden rhyme "join" with "line," or some such word:

"'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine."

In fact, "jine" was at one time considered the best pronunciation. Shakespeare uses "tetchy" three times. "Kiver," "deaf" and "chaw" are good old English words. Concerning the last, Schele de Vere quotes the following from a private letter:

"The late eloquent Watkins Leigh was asked by a friend what he thought of James Buchanan (the President), and answered that he had one serious objection to him, and when pressed to name it, said that once, when he and Mr. Buchanan were sitting together in the United States Senate, the latter

asked him for a chew of tobacco instead of a chaw." Evidently Mr. Buchanan "put on a little too much dog" to suit his confrere. The use of chewing-gum threatens to make chew the universal term, though the old form still prevails among those who now and then take a "chaw of tobacco."

Numerous other expressions have a better justification than most people would guess. The Bible gives us "with the skin of my teeth," Job, XVIII, 20; "clean gone," Psalms, 77, 8; a "howling wilderness," Deuteronomy 32, 10. "Gumption" and "hustle" are both of ancient use. Shakespeare speaks of a "deck of cards," and uses "fire" in the sense of to thrust out. Gower uses "to let slide"; Ben Jonson, "to swop," and "bulldoze" occurs in Scott. The "them" in such expressions as "them books" is a survival from the old dative plural, "thaem bocum." Fielding uses "limb" for "leg."

A frequent source of error is the use of a good word in a wrong sense. Judged by the standard of the Queen's English, "mad," "scholar" and "fix" are words often misused in Indiana. Very often we hear a person utter such an expression as "I was mad at him." If the speaker means to say that he was so enraged as to be well-nigh insane, "mad" is the word to use; but if the feeling was of a milder sort, he should say, "I was angry at him." It should be observed, however, that "mad" in the sense of angry occurs in the Bible and elsewhere. "Scholar" is by many people used interchangeably with student or pupil, but, strictly speaking, while all scholars are students and some are pupils, the vast majority of students and pupils are not scholars. Scholar is more properly used to designate a person of high intellectual attainments. "The teacher sent all the scholars home" is incorrect. "To fix," which means to fasten or make permanent, is often misused in the sense of to mend or repair, as in the sentence, "I have just fixed the fence"—i. e., "I have just repaired the fence." "Smart," in the sense of intellectual, e. g., "He's a real smart boy"; "clever," in the sense of good-natured or kindly, e. g., "He's been mighty clever to me," and "mean," in the sense of bad or wicked, e. g., "He's awfully mean to her," are also colloquialisms frequently heard in Indiana.

Persons who have lived in the rural districts of the State will

recognize the following very common expressions: "All-git-out," as in "It's a-rainin' to beat all-git-out"; "passel," as in "They're jist a passel of fools"; "hump your stumps," as in "Hump your stumps, old woman, and git me up a snack"; "galluses," for suspenders; "fixins," as in "pie, an' cake, an' chicken, an' sich fixin's" (said to be common in Pennsylvania); "mitten," to give the "sack" or the "hooks"; "sculdugery," i.e., trickery; "piece of calico," i. e., a woman; "finicky," i. e., finical; "slather," as in "He just slathers away and says anything"; "shenanigan," to cheat; "thing-a-majig," as in "What kind of a thing-a-majig have you got there?"

"Socdolager," an expression frequently heard in some localities, is said to be connected in its derivation with doxology. The doxology comes near the end of a "meeting," and when a man or a boy gives another a "socdolager" (the similarity in sound must be apparent), the end of the fight is at hand.

A student of Indiana folk-speech meets with many striking and forcible expressions. "He's rich, he has heaps of money," is used by persons in some rural districts to convey the idea of wealth. Others substitute "sights" or "gobs" for "heaps." Yet others use a ranker word still: "He's rich, he jist has gaums of money," as though the gold were smeared over the person of the fortunate possessor.

"Between you and me and the gatepost" is a formula used in impressing the necessity of secrecy. "When he gits a dollar it's got home," is an admirable description of a stingy man. "I'll sure git there or bust a biler" is a forcible expression, to say the least. An old woman from the hills of Brown county once expressively described to one of the writers the feelings experienced after a night spent in dancing by saying: "When I'uz goin' home in the mornin', both sides of the road 'u'd belong to me."

An examination of some of the folk-words and phrases that have been current in Indiana will reveal many things of historical interest. Think, for example, of the testimony on former economic conditions contained in the expression "sharp bit." In the early days there was but little or no small change in the country, nor was it convenient for traders coming from New Orleans and elsewhere to bring with them any other than the

larger coins. In order to make smaller change, the settlers cut these coins into pieces, and these pieces were known as "sharp bits." The demand for words and expressions to relieve overwrought feeling seems to be felt by all humanity—Hoosier humanity as well as otherwise.

The blood of the Hoosier is less easily heated than that of his neighbor across the Ohio. Yet, if one is to judge from the number of swear words and exclamations in use in our State, it would seem that even we occasionally feel their need. Of the following list of exclamatory expressions, all are considered in good form on certain occasions, at least, in some parts of the State: "Jerusalem crickets," "shucks," "by jing," "by cracky," "dinged if I don't," "jeeminny-crimminy-whiz," "gosh danged," "gosh a'mighty," "I swan," "gee whiz," "gee whiliken," (formed on Jerusalem), "by gravy," "by grab," "dad zooks," "dad burn," "by gum," "great scott," "all-fired," "I'll be dogon'd," or "dagon'd" (Barrie uses a similar form, "dagont" in "Sentimental Tommy"), "for the land's sakes," "my goodness," "oh, my," "the dickens," "laws-a-mercy," "plague take it," "oh, foot," "oh, sugar." Many of these phrases, apparently inoffensive, in reality mean much more than may appear at first glance. Possibly the woman who said that the three authors she was accustomed to remember when she got her finger against the stove were, "Dickens, Howitt, Burns" was not aware that "dickens" means little devil (it is a contraction of the old diminutive devilkins). Change the *r* in *darn* to *m* and you have the original of this word. "Dinged if I don't" means "damned if I don't," while "gosh danged," "gosh a'mighty," etc., are stronger still. And so it goes.

A few words concerning writers of Indiana dialect will perhaps not be out of place here. Of all these the two greatest are, of course, Edward Eggleston and James Whitcomb Riley—Eggleston in prose and Riley in verse. Of the two, Eggleston is more distinctively Hoosier than Riley. As most persons are aware, the dialect in Riley's poems is "doctored" somewhat to meet the exigencies of meter and rhythm; he occasionally manufactures a phrase to slip off the tongue easily. Some harsh criticisms have been made of Riley on this score, but, we think, entirely without justification—certainly with none if there be such a

thing as poetic license, or if success justifies means.

Egglesston, to the other hand—despite some serious defects in his literary style—reproduces with remarkable fidelity the real Hoosier dialect of the southern part of the State. Of course, it may occasionally occur to some of his readers that the talk of such characters as Mrs. Means, or of the Rev. Mr. Bosaw, the hardshell Baptist, in “The Hoosier Schoolmaster,” is overdrawn, but any one that is acquainted with even the Mrs. Meanses and the Bosaws of to-day knows that in this respect he “underdraws” rather than overdraws. Egglesston does, however, overdraw some of his characters. In most cases he is moderately skilful in his use of the various methods by which a speaker may be made by the language he uses to betray his own character or to reveal that of another. Every one that has read “The Hoosier Schoolmaster” must have felt the effectiveness of the iteration and reiteration of “no lickin’, no larnin’, says I,” by Pete Jones, and of “we’re all selfish akordin’ to my tell” and “to be sure” by the basket maker, who “fit” the British at Lundy’s lane. But, on the other hand, some have felt that an excessive use of such methods has often resulted in a caricature rather than a character.

From the title one would naturally expect that the author of “The Gentleman From Indiana” was a writer of Hoosier dialect. As a matter of fact, Tarkington is not to be so classed. “The Gentleman From Indiana,” in the first place, is not a dialect story; and further, so far as the individuality of the dialect it does contain is concerned, the scene of the story might just as well have been laid in Illinois, or Ohio, or even Kansas. The book has numerous excellent qualities, but they are not such as come from a skilful use of dialect. Certainly if the author possesses a tithe of the knowledge of folk-speech possessed by Riley or Egglesston, he has not displayed it. To a genuine Hoosier, “The Gentleman From Indiana” is unreal. Such an one much prefers the author’s less labored and really delightful story, “Monsieur Beaucaire.”

Before closing, we quote the substance of some very pertinent remarks bearing on the subject of Hoosier dialect in literature, recently made to one of the writers by Dr. Weatherly, of the State University. “A few months ago,” said he, “I met a

typical Hoosier in New York city. He was perfectly natural, perfectly individual; but you will not find him in any of the books, for, the truth is, no one has yet succeeded in getting a real, live Hoosier into a book. Eggleston has given us his talk, and Riley has occasionally given us some delightful and promising mirror-like glimpses, but neither has quite succeeded. If we look long enough, we see that the man himself is not there. A certain indefinable something is wanting."

Doubtless many persons have had much the same feeling. Some moderately good Hoosier dialect stories there undoubtedly are, but the characters in them have too often been either caricatures or else mere automatons.

[Berry Sulgrove, speaking with authority on this subject (see *History of Indianapolis and Marion County*, p. 89), credits the young poet Riley (this was more than twenty years ago) with presenting the old patois "more fairly than any other delineator", but speaks of a distinguishing raciness and quaintness, with a tone and turn of humor similar to that of the Lowland Scotch dialect, that had measurably disappeared before Mr. Riley's day. Among other expressions he cites "stobbed" for stabbed, "daunsy" for stupid, and "hone," to long for, still retained in our slang. Another word once in vogue but now wholly forgotten, and not given by the above writers, was "gostrate." To gostrate, as nearly as we can learn, was to talk windily and superfluously, as, for example, a certain type of orator does. This style of talking not being yet obsolete, and no term in the received vocabulary quite fitting it, "gostrate" should have been preserved.

It should be noted that the so-called "Hoosier dialect," especially at the present day, is more or less in the imagination of writers who are seeking the picturesque. In a word, something more than 15,000 school teachers at work in 10,000 schools, and nearly a thousand local newspapers that reach almost every home, along with numerous other educational forces, such as institutes, societies and many kinds of meetings, have very decidedly modified speech as well as general intelligence. Furthermore, what passes as Hoosier speech is not only the rural language elsewhere, but it by no means has the distinctiveness and fixity of the Yankee or Southern speech. For example, a Yankee, particularly of the rural type, may be known anywhere and always, by his cyow or hyouse for cow or house; the Southerner by his antipathy to the letter r, but the Hoosier can not be identified by any such peculiarity—*Ed.*]

Reminiscences of James Shoemaker

[The following reminiscences were contained in a manuscript left by James Shoemaker, of Putnam county, now dead some years. In a somewhat altered form it was published in *The Indiana Farmer*, Dec. 10, 1898.]

MY parents, Evan and Eve Shoemaker, moved from East Tennessee about the year 1809, and settled in Salisbury, a small village midway between where Centerville and Richmond now are, in Wayne county. There I was born July 30, 1812. My parents remained in the vicinity of Salisbury until after the ratification of peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1815. In the fall of 1816 my father, in company with three or four other pioneer families, settled in what is now Randolph county. They pitched their tents in an almost impenetrable wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts and savage Indians. The nearest white man's cabin on the north was 60 or 70 miles (at Fort Wayne); the nearest settlement on the east was 15 or 20 miles. All west belonged to the Indians.

Our pioneer fathers had all their provisions (except meat) to procure in the old settlement, until they could raise the same at home, and that could not be done until they cleared, fenced and cultivated their ground. The roads over which they had to convey their provisions I will not describe, for they had none. The west line of my father's land was the dividing line between the old and the new purchase. Here (in the new purchase) the Indians were the bonafide owners of the soil, not having as yet ceded their lands to the United States. Notwithstanding the Indians professed friendship and came daily either to beg or exchange baskets, moccasins, leggings or different kinds of embroidery for salt, meat, tobacco, meal, flour, or anything you had to dispose of, yet they viewed each white person with jealousy and wished for an opportunity to do an injury. I recollect one day an Indian chief came to my father's house in his absence. He wanted some milk and butter. He had a deer skin keg to put his milk in. After getting his milk, he wanted a saucer to carry his butter in. Mother refused to let him have the saucer, whereupon he became very angry, brandished his tomahawk and swore he wished it would be war again, so that he could get to scalp my mother and a man named Jordan.

At that time (1816) the Indians had a stake or post, around which they burned their prisoners, in the adjoining county of Delaware. It was then near where Muncie now is. I saw this post in 1833. It was considerably burned and charred for several feet above the ground, and a rise or mound of 18 or 20 inches around the post was overgrown with blue grass. It was then a standing monument of savage cruelty.*

When I was a lad six or seven years old I would go to the Indian camps and play with the young Indians. Sometimes I would find them at their favorite sport—shooting with bows and arrows. At other times there would be a score or more young Indians lying in their camps, or in the shady grove, in a state of perfect nudity. In the morning the adult Indians would take guns, tomahawks and butcher knives, the younger class their bows and arrows, and start in pursuit of game, leaving the old squaws to perform the drudgery of the camp. They always went armed. From noon until dark the hunters would keep strolling in; one with a deer lashed on his back, another with a turkey, a third with a ham or shoulder of meat, or hog with the hair on, and still another with a raccoon, opossum, porcupine, ground-hog, etc.

The Indian men, women, and children, and the dogs would occupy the same tent. The dogs generally slept on the meal sacks as they made them a nice soft bed. I have seen them bake their bread in this manner. They would first burn a brush pile, then rake off the coals and ashes, then roll out their dough, lay it down on the hot ground and cover it up with hot embers and coals, and it would soon bake, and the dog hairs would keep it from crumbling or falling to pieces.

If I were to tell you how annoying the horseflies and mosquitoes were in the summer and fall seasons, you would not believe me, therefore I will not tell you. Wild animals such as the bear, panther, wolf, catamount and wild cat were numerous and annoying. The settlers had to pen their hogs and sheep in their door yards around their cabins every night, and even then the wolves and wild cats would often carry off the pigs and lambs, and even young calves, notwithstanding each settler was provided with a good rifle and from one to three dogs. The cows were belled and turned out to range, the horses were belled and hobbled

*See article on Torture Stake in Delaware County.

Each settler could identify the peculiar tinkle of his bells among 20 others. In the spring of the year we had different kinds of tea—tolbit, spicewood, sassafras, and the chips of the sycamore, all which made excellent tea for the spring of the year. While home-made sugar lasted, store tea, sugar and coffee were not in common use. From 1815 to 1823 there was many a young housewife who could spin, weave, cut out, and make her husband a decent suit of clothes that did not know how to make a cup of store tea or coffee. * * * * When I was a boy six or seven years old I heard my uncle say that after dancing with a large Dutch girl the night before, he took a seat on a three legged stool and invited her to take a seat on his knee. She did so. He gently laid his arm around her shoulder, when she turned her head and looked him full in the face. Half affrighted and half delighted she said: "You hug mine mamma; she is bigger as I." I will now give another instance where the lady thought she was big enough, but the change was lacking. One morning Esq. Jones saw a young gent ride up with a young lady behind him. They dismounted; he hitched his horse and they made for the house and were invited to be seated. After waiting a few minutes the young man asked if he was the 'squire. He informed him that he was. He then asked the 'squire what he charged for tieing the knot. "You mean for marrying you?" "Yes sir." "One dollar," says the 'squire. "Will you take it in trade?" "What kind of trade?" "Beeswax." "Bring it in." The young man went to where the horse was tied and brought in the beeswax, but it lacked 40 cents of being enough to pay the bill. After sitting pensive for some minutes the young man went to the door and said, "Well, Sal, let's be going." Sal slowly followed to the door, when turning to the justice, with an entreating look, she said: "Well 'Squire, can't you tie the knot as far as the beeswax goes anyhow," and so he did, and they were married.

I moved to Putnam county October 25, 1839. At that time Floyd township was as thickly settled, except in Groveland, as at present. There were then (1839) 240 taxpayers; now there are 262 in the township. * * * * When we commenced growing wheat it was sown in the corn among the standing trees

and stumps. It was cut with a reap hook and either threshed out with flails or tramped out in the field on the ground with horses. In either case there was always dirt or gravel enough left in the wheat to sharpen your teeth, if not your appetite. When the wheat was threshed it was winnowed with a sheet, taken to a water mill on horse back, ground on a corn cracker, bolted by hand and taken home to be baked in a skillet for breakfast on Sundays. In the fall season we took our wheat to Crawfordsville, where we got good flour. From 1837 to 1842 or '43 times were extremely hard. Everything we had to buy, except sugar and coffee, were very high. For our surplus produce we had almost no market. In 1839 and '40, prior to the completion of the Wabash and Erie canal, we hauled our wheat to different points on the Ohio river, where we received from 38 to 40 cents per bushel. In 1841 I hauled a load of wheat (25 bushels) to Hamilton, O., from Floyd township, Putnam county, a distance of about 150 miles, for which I received 38 cents per bushel. In the fall of 1839 Capt. John Roberts of Jackson township, Maj. Ash of Greencastle, and John Allen of Floyd township, bought and packed hogs for which they paid \$1.25 per cwt. gross. They sold their bacon in New Orleans for \$1.50 per cwt. Roberts and Ash broke up. Allen said he saved himself but lost his money.

Indian Torture Post in Delaware County

THE allusion in the foregoing reminiscences to the old Indian torture stake that stood within the present bounds of Delaware county is one of the few testimonies to the existence of that barbarous relic. Of the various local histories and books of reminiscence only one, as far as we know, makes mention of it. This is the Rev. W. C. Smith's *Indiana Miscellanies*. Mr. Smith describes the stake as of oak, about ten feet high, with the rough outline of a human face cut on either side. The fires, according to this writer, had been kindled in a circle around the stake at a distance of some five or six feet. When he saw it the ashes formed a perceptible ridge, and an outer circle, where the Indians had danced, was packed so hard that nothing would grow there.

By inquiring through the columns of the *Indiana Farmer*, the present writer elicited three communications that contained considerable interesting information touching the all but forgotten tradition of the old torture post, and these we reproduce in the order in which they appeared in the *Farmer*.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.

At the suggestion of friend George S. Cottman, of Irvington, I would with your permission add my testimony in regard to that old Indian stake in Delaware county. Sometime in the summer of 1841 or '42 father, mother and myself visited relatives then living in Yorktown, a small village about five or six miles west of Muncie. On our return home, then in Union county, Indiana, we were accompanied by Israel Shoemaker, brother of the late James Shoemaker before referred to, who was well acquainted in the vicinity, and when about half way from Yorktown to Muncie he pointed out to us the historic place now under consideration. The surrounding grounds were to some extent grown up with timber and underbrush, leaving a space of some 25 or 30 feet in diameter destitute of any growth except a little grass. The stake or post had been about seven or eight feet high and about 16 or 18 inches in diameter, but had rotted off at the top of the ground and fallen down. A much used path led from the road to the post. There is no betrayal of memory in the above statement. Although many are the years that have come and gone, my recollection of the scene is as vivid as those of yesterday. As to how late this post was used I am unable to state.

ISAAC CARTWRIGHT.

Fillmore, Ind.

MR. EDDY.

At your request for information about the old Indiana torture stake in Delaware county, I will give you and your readers the facts as I saw them in the year 1842. In the fall of that year, in company with my father and uncle, I journeyed to Delaware county from Fayette county. As we arrived within three or four miles south from Muncie my father asked me if I wished to take a look at the torture stake where the Indians used to torture their prisoners. As I was anxious to do so we left the team in care of my uncle and walked a short distance south from the main road through a beautiful grove of wild plum trees and underbrush. No doubt this was the same path that friend Isaac Cartwright speaks of. We found the circle with a carpet of fine blue grass growing over the ground. The post was lying on the ground in the center of the circle on a heap of fine coals. The post I should suppose had been about eight feet high from the ground. About

five or six feet from the ground there was a portion of the post cut out or rounded out, as my father explained to me at the time, for the purpose of fitting the prisoner's head in at the time of torture; as the Indians bound their prisoners fast to the stake at all times of burning.

A few years after this date I saw an old black and charred stake in the court house at Muncie, and was informed that it was the same torture stake that I saw in the circle south of Muncie. No doubt some pioneer of Delaware can give you a more full explanation of it than your humble servant.

GEO. W. EDDY.

Columbia, Ind.

MR. CECIL.

Mr. Chas. Fullhart handed me a copy of the *Indiana Farmer* of February 4, 1899, and cited me to an article written by Mr. Isaac Cartwright, concerning the location of the old Indian torture stake, and requested me to correct some mistakes in the article, as I am the owner, for more than fifty years, of the land on which the historic stake stood, three miles south-east of the city of Muncie in Center Township, Delaware County, Indiana, on the old Richmond and Logansport State road. I first saw the stake in 1832. It was then standing, but somewhat inclined to the south-east. It was some charred by the burning of the fagots. It stood near the center of the Indian village named Munsey, after the Indian chief. The place is now called Old Muncie or Old Town Hill. Soon after the tragedy, the Indians vacated the place and settled on the site where Muncie now stands, and called it New Muncie. The stake was eight or ten inches in diameter, and during the campaign of 1840 of William Henry Harrison for the Presidency, the Whig party took the stake away and sent parts of it to every State in the Union as a token of respect to him as an Indian fighter. The stake or post fell to the ground about 1836 or 1838. It stood fifty feet south of the road and a well-beaten path led each way to the post through the dense undergrowth that had grown up after the evacuation of the village. About two acres had been entirely cleared off. I first plowed the ground in 1861 and could tell where every hut had stood by the ground being burned. The huts had been built in a circle with the Council House in the center near where the post stood. The village stood on an elevation of 100 feet above White river with a deep gully on the south-west, and sloping gently to the south eighty rods to a creek called Juber, after an Indian chief. Beyond this creek forty rods stood an Indian trading post. Around this, several acres had been cleared and cultivated in corn. What I have written is

from my own observation.

I will write a few lines from tradition. The most certain account of the burning at the stake I got from my mother. She lived in Kentucky, near Lexington. The three men all lived where she was raised. I have forgotten the names of the two who escaped. The one that was burned was Smith. They were a scouting party from Gen. Wayne's command. The Indians captured them near where Hagerstown now stands and brought them here, and held a council of war over them and decided to burn Smith in the presence of the other two, for some crime they had done. They were accused of killing a squaw and wounding another. Smith was tied to the post and the fagots placed around him. The other two men were tied near by with raw hide strings. Just at that time there came up a most terrific rain and thunder storm. It was then night and the Indians repaired to their huts. The raw hide strings became so wet that they stretched till the other two men got loose, but the lightning betrayed them before they had time to loosen Smith. The Indians gave chase, following them by the lightning flashes to the creek above mentioned where they leaped over a large tree that had fallen and escaped in the darkness. The Indians abandoned the chase. The men were nine days in reaching their home in Kentucky. They lived on roots and whatever game they could catch in the unbroken forests. This traditional narrative is closely corroborated by an Indian by the name of Jake, of the Musco tribe. His wife, Sally, and his son, James Musco, not being friendly with the other tribes, remained here with the first white settlers in April, 1820. The old folks soon died and James lived and worked among the Whites many years in this neighborhood. He was quite old when he died, and I had the honor to help inter him in the Rees cemetery.

SAMUEL CECIL.

Muncie, Ind.

[After the appearance of these communications we received from Miss Florence Cowing, of Muncie, some notes gleaned from various pioneers of the locality. Mr. Cecil, she said, possessed many relics found on the site of "Oldtown," among them being silver brooches and rings, an iron tomahawk with "Montreal, Canada" marked on it, and a large iron kettle that was found beneath the stump of a mulberry tree. The roots had forced the bottom out of the kettle but the side remained intact, with a coating of grease upon it. The village the whites called Oldtown was, she gathered, called Ontainink by the Indian residents. These were a branch of the Delaware tribe known as the Munseys or Munsees. The name is said to have been derived from Minsi, an Indian word meaning wolf. A chief called Munsey or Montse was also remembered by some of Miss Cowing's reminiscents. If there was such a chief it may be considered as probable that the band got its name from him. For the burning of three Indians by this band in 1806 see Dillon, p. 425.—*Ed.*]

Historic Houses and Personages of Centerville

BY MRS. HELEN V. AUSTIN

(*From papers of the Wayne County Historical Society*)

WHITEWATER COLLEGE.

THE history of Whitewater College, founded by the Methodist Episcopal church in 1853, might fill a volume, but it can only be given mere mention here. It was a great school, and many prominent men were teachers here, among them Dr. Cyrus Nutt, George B. Joslyn, Dr. Edwards, H. N. Barnes and Prof. A. C. Shortridge.

Previous to the establishment of the college, a county seminary occupied the ground. In 1827 the west wing was built and in 1842, when more room was needed, an east wing was added. The two buildings were connected by a covered passage way. Afterwards, when the college took the place of the seminary, the central part of the college occupied the passage way, with the former seminary buildings as west and east wings. Rev. Samuel K. Houshour taught in the old seminary in the west wing. Among the teachers in the east wing, were Miss Mary Thorp, Miss Sarah Dickenson and Rawson Vaile. Among the pupils of after fame was Lew Wallace, and there are those who remember how the future soldier, diplomat and author was once roundly flogged by Mr. Houshour. After the decline of the college, the building was sold, in 1870, to the school trustees and became the public school building. It was destroyed by fire in 1891 and was succeeded by the present fine public school house. At the foot of Main Cross Street stands the ruins of a brick school house where many of the older citizens received a part of their education.

CHURCHES.

The first church organization here was the Methodist Episcopal. When the county seat was pulled up by the roots at Salisbury and transplanted at Centerville, the Methodist church came with it. There had been no church building at Salisbury, the congregation having met in the court house, and prior to the building of a meeting house here the congregation met at the houses of members.

In 1828 a frame church was built. It was situated east of where the Christian church now stands and fronted on the east. Mr. N. Parrott's stable now occupies the spot where the church stood. There was a street north of the county buildings, where there is now an alley, which led to the church from the west. The parsonage was on the church grounds, west of the church, and stood there after the church was torn away. It was moved to Walnut street and is now the home of Mr. Dearth. In 1834 the conference, then comprising the entire State, was held in this church, the venerable Bishop Roberts presiding. In the year 1842 the present brick church was completed. It was at that time not only the finest Methodist church in the State, but the finest one in the State belonging to any church organization. Upon the completion of the new church in 1842 conference was again held here. Bishop Simpson dedicated the church and presided at the conference. In 1882 the building underwent repairs and was re-dedicated by the Rev. A. Marine.

It must be remembered that although the Friends were not the first to form a society in the town, they were the first religious society in the the township and organized the West Grove meeting in 1813, three miles north west of Centerville, and built a log meeting house. Thus the leaven of the old church at West Grove, has been leavening ever since.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized in 1842, Rev. LeRoy Woods, officiating. Mr. Woods was the pastor for several years and was succeeded by Elam McCord. A Sunday-school was organized in connection with the church. For some time after the organization, meetings were held in the Methodist church. In 1849 the cangregation built a church on the west side of north Main Cross Street, which is now the Knights of Pythias hall.

The Disciples or Christian church was organized about 1832. A Baptist church had existed earlier. The old meeting house was situated some distance north of where the railroad station now is. About 1837 the baptist organization disbanded and a greater part of the members united with the Christian church. The present Christian church was erected in 1878.

The Presbyterian church was organized in 1866. The first services were held in Snider Hall, the present town hall. In

1868 the congregation erected the brick church on south Main Cross street. Chief among the zealous members of the church was Mrs. Kate U. Johnson, wife of Judge Nimrod Johnson and the mother of Henry U. and Robert U. Johnson, and it was through her efforts as a solicitor and contributor that the church was built. After the removal of the county seat and the decline of the town, the church was purchased by the Friends and is now their house of worship.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

The early hotels or taverns were important institutions in the pioneer days. Rachel Neal is said to have been the first inn-keeper. There are people now living who remember Mrs. Neal, but where her inn was situated I have not been able to learn.

The old Major Gay tavern opposite the public square, where there is now a livery stable, was fitted up in 1834, by Thomas G. Noble, and occupied by him for several years. General Samuel DeLong succeeded Mr. Noble for several years.

In 1830 William Elliott built the frame hotel on the south-east corner of the public square, and occupied it until 1835. John Hutchinson succeeded Mr. Elliott and kept an excellent house. In 1838 Daniel Lashley, with his mother and younger brother Alfred, purchased the tavern. Among all the hotel keepers of Wayne county none were more favorably known than the Lashleys. They continued in the business, in the same house, for many years. It was headquarters for many of the prominent men of the legal profession. Judge Perry, of Richmond, always made it his home when attending court. It was a home-like, well-ordered, excellent hotel. Mr. Lashley was the best of hosts. The Lashley house was moved from the public square some years ago to where it now stands, a few squares east of the old location. A fine brick residence occupies the site. This was built for the sheriff's house, and is now the residence of the Frazier brothers and Miss Frazier. The old Lashley house is now a private residence. John King was the last to keep it as a hotel. In 1833 John Dorsey fitted up the large frame building nearly opposite the bank, for a hotel and occupied it for some time. He was succeeded by John Allison, Abbott W. Bowers and John Winders. Solomon Brumfield bought the

property and occupied it. Under his management it was well kept.

In 1837 Henry Rowan fitted up a small tavern east of the public square and kept it several years. He afterwards erected a three-story hotel building adjoining, which is now the residence of Lloyd K. Hill.

Samuel Hannah kept the American house, on the south-west corner of Main street. He was a merchant, also, and had his store in the corner room. Later, the American House was kept by Emsley Hamm, T. L. Rowan and others. The building is now owned by Simon McConaha.

The Jones House is the last in the line of the old hosterlies. The south half was built by Emsley Hamm. The north half was built by Daniel Shank. Subsequently Mr. Hamm bought the north part from Mr. Shank, and kept a hotel for some years. He afterwards sold the house to Dr. C. J. Woods and moved to Economy, and upon his return to Centerville kept the American House for two years. Norris Jones who succeeded Mr. Hamm gave the name to the house and for several years kept an excellent, though small hotel.

Samuel Hannah, although at one time a hotel keeper and merchant filled many important places. He was a man of distinction. The young people who compiled a Who-When-What book,* had some trouble not to confuse him with the other Samuel Hanna of Indiana, who lived at Ft. Wayne. There is a difference in the spelling of the name. The Who-When-What book gives a brief sketch of our Samuel Hannah: "A pioneer of Wayne county; member of the Society of Friends; conspicuous for opposition to the collection of the fines from Quakers who refused to do military duty. A native of Delaware, born December 1, 1789, Mr. Hannah came Indiana as a young man; served as sheriff of Wayne county; a member of the Legislature; was Justice of the Peace and member of the county board; was appointed Post master of Centerville by John Quincy Adams and removed by Andrew Jackson, in pursuance of the Marcy proclamation, "To the victors belong the spoils." He was one of the commissioners appointed to locate the Michigan road, the great highway authorized from Lake Michigan to the Ohio

*A book of brief biographies compiled by the *Indianapolis Press* some years ago.

river; also a commissioner to select the lands to be ceded to the State by an Indian treaty. Afterward Mr. Hanna was a member of the Legislature and Treasurer of the State; removed to Indianapolis in 1847; became interested in railroad construction and improvements; was first treasurer of the Indiana Central Railroad Company. He died September 8, 1869. Mr. Hannah possessed the rugged elements of strength and manhood which qualify men for frontier life; for developing the material resources and building a commonwealth on justice and liberty."

The red brick school house opposite to Mr. Lashley's was the home of Judge John C. Kibbey, who was so well known here and at Richmond. The place is now the home of Mr. Andrew Dunbar.

The brick house on the corner west of the Trumbull residence was built by Rawson Vaile, a teacher in the old seminary and also a teacher in Richmond. He was a brother of Dr. Joel Vaile, of Richmond, a prominent physician and public school trustee, after whom one of the school houses of Richmond is named.

Judge Nimrod Johnson bought the Vaile property and this was the Johnson homestead for many years. Here Henry U. and Robert U. Johnson spent their boyhood. Judge Johnson was not only eminent in the legal profession, but he was a man of vast literary knowledge. Mrs. Johnson was Miss Kate Underwood and was a native of Washington, D. C.

The quaint old house, now the home of Mrs. Jennie Savage, was in the old time, the Doughty home. Samuel Doughty was a merchant. His store was where Jacob Wolfe's is now. Mr. Doughty had his home in Richmond in later years, and died there about a year ago.

The house where Mrs. Gibson lives, on Walnut street, was the Dill home. It is an old-time place, with colonial pillars to the portico. Mr. Dill was a cabinet maker, and went to Richmond many years ago.

The large white brick house on north Main Cross street, known as the Pritchett property, was built by Judge Williams, or rather the south end was. Judge John S. Newman built the north end. This was a grand mansion in its day. Judge Newman was a Quaker lawyer and for ten years a partner of Jessie Siddall. He was of the Hoover stock. His wife was Eliza, daughter

of Samuel Hannah; his daughter, Gertrude, married Ingram Fletcher, of Indianapolis. He was the first president of the Indiana Central railroad and held many other responsible positions. He removed to Indianapolis in 1860. Dr. Pritchett bought the house of Judge Newman. It was the Pritchett homestead for many years. Here Dr. Pritchett and his estimable wife passed their declining years. The house was inherited by the daughter, Miss Mary Pritchett.

Opposite the Pritchett house, on the east, is a frame house where Jeremiah Wayne Swafford lived the last thirty years of his life, and where he peacefully died last summer, at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Swafford was a pioneer of Wayne county and Justice of the Peace nearly all his life and up to the time of his death. He was widely known as a business man in Wayne and adjoining counties.

In the early days, before this large house was built, there were two small frame dwellings on the lot. One was the home of Rev. Mr. Rupe the father of attorney John Rupe, of Richmond. The other frame building was the home for awhile of Dr. Rose. His wife Henrietta Rose was a lady of attainment and a writer of some note. She was the author of a small volume entitled "Nora Wilmot; a Tale of Temperance and Woman's Rights," published in 1858. The frontispiece is a quaint old wood cut—"The Ladies' Knitting Party at Tradewells Saloon." The thread of the story runs through that period when Indiana had a prohibitory liquor law, which was declared unconstitutional by Judge Perkins of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

James Rariden, one of the eminent men of his time, lived where Mrs. James M. Hill now lives. The grounds included the lot where the Christian Church now stands. A summer house covered with vines and flowers and shubbery gave the spot an air of rural retreat. But this lovely spot was too much retired and Mr. Rariden moved into a brick house on west Main street. It was in this house that Mr. Rariden entertained Henry Clay when he made his tour through Indiana. A reception was held in the evening for the great Kentuckian. The children as well as the older people attended. Mr. Clay was very fond of children and kissed them all. Mrs. Ensley was then little Sarah Hamlin and remembers being kissed. Mr. Clay said to little Gertrude

Newman, now Mrs. Ingram Fletcher: "My dear, you have a very pretty name, but it ought to be pronounced Jertrude." And to a boy he said: "You have a very large mouth, but that does not matter in a boy." As Mr. Clay had a large mouth this remark caused a hearty laugh all round. It was in this house that Mr. Clay authorized a committee to offer freedom to his body servant, the petted slave Charlie, who declined to leave his master. The house has changed owners several times in recent years and it is at present the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Eliason. After Mr. Rariden left the rural retreat Rosswell Elmer and wife occupied it. They were the parents of Charles N. Elmer and Mrs. James Forkner.

John Finley, the poet, and for many years the Mayor of Richmond, when clerk of Wayne county court resided in a small house on Plum street, near the Elmer home. The cottage and extensive gardens of Mr. E. V. Teas, the well known florist, was for years the home of Henry Noble, who now lives in Indianapolis. Two houses on an elevation north of the railroad, always attracting attention of travelers, are notable mansions of the olden time. The one on the west was built by Samuel Hannnah. James Forkner improved it and occupied it until he removed to Richmond. It is now the property of C. L. Porter, and the home of Thomas Clark. On the east of this is the mansion built by Daniel Strattan. He was a tanner by trade and a prominent citizen. Beautiful for situation is the fine old mansion south of the railroad, built by Jacob B. Julian. It was the family residence previous to his removal to Irvington. On the west of Mr. Seaton was the home of Jesse Stevens, a pioneer of Centerville. Mrs. John Paige, of Richmond, and Mrs. Henry Noble, of Indianapolis, were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. The house is now the home of Mrs. Nichols. A large brick house on the south side of Main street, the home of Jesse Brumfield, was built by Martin Hornish, a shoe-maker and a prosperous citizen. Judge Stitt lived where H. H. Peele now lives, and next, on the east, was the home of Judge Jesse Siddall. Farther east on Main street is a substantial brick house built by George W. Julian, which was the family residence for many years previous to removal to Irvington. Dr. Silas H. Kersey bought the property, and made it his family residence for several years. It was in this

house that Dr. Kersey died. It is now the residence of I. L. Houck. Opposite, on the north, on the site of the residence of George Sanders, stood one of the oldest houses of Centerville. Mrs. Rebecca Julian lived there at one time. Her husband, Isaac Julian, died and left her a widow with a family of children. She was a sister of Judge David Hoover, a pioneer of Wayne county, and the mother of George W. Julian. Across the street to the east is the brick house that was long the home of Dr. William F. King, deceased. He was an eminent physician and prominent citizen. The house is now the residence of his daughter, Miss Emilie King. North east, on the same square is an old frame house, one of the oldest now standing in Centerville. It was the residence of James B. Ray, afterwards Governor of Indiana. C. Cooney now resides there.

On west Main street, where H. C. Means now lives, was the residence of Martin M. Ray, a brother to Governor Ray. He was a lawyer and a merchant as well. His store was in the corner building occupied now by Tillson's drug store. Frederick Snider, a merchant, had his store where Mr. King now has a restaurant. On west Main street where Bert Horner now lives, is the house built by Thomas Gentry, a tanner and one of the substantial citizens. Lot Bloomfield built the house where Isaac Jenkins now lives. He was a merchant of the place. His wife was Elizabeth Talbot, a sister to Mrs. Hamm and Mrs. Dr. Pritchett. The Simon McConaha home was built by Dr. Pritchett, who occupied it before he bought the Judge Newman place. The old house with dormer windows, now the residence of Alfred Lashley, in the old time was the residence of Henry Beitzell. The old Burbank home was on the south side of Main street opposite the court house. The house was partially destroyed by fire in later years. Mr. Burbank was a merchant. The parlors and family apartments were up stairs over the store. The Burbank young people were well educated and were prominent in social circles. It was in this home that Oliver P. Morton was married to Lucinda Burbank.

Ambrose Burnside, afterwards a lawyer at Liberty, Union County, and a General of renown in the Union army, worked at the tailor trade in a building adjoining, and on the site of Dr. Gable's residence and office once stood a large hatter's shop

where the boy, Oliver P. Morton, learned his trade. Morton was born at Salisbury. He was left an orphan and brought by his aunts to Centerville when a child, where he learned the trade with an older brother. Early in life he attended the seminary here and Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and was always a profound student. The early years of Morton's married life were passed in a frame house on the north-east corner of south Main Cross street. The homestead known as the Morton mansion, on west Main street, was built by Jacob B. Julian. Mr. Julian was a tree planter, and his lawn was a landscape garden, where nature was permitted to rule. When Mr. Julian built his stately home near the railroad he sold this Eden spot to Oliver P. Morton. Here a liberal and unostentatious hospitality was dispensed by Morton and his amiable wife. It was while living in this house that Morton was elected Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with Henry S. Lane. Judge William A. Peele bought the Morton mansion after his term as Secretary of State expired. Judge Peele died there on July 1, 1902. The house is now the home of his daughter, Miss Martha L. Peele.

Judge Charles H. Test lived on Main street where the town hall now stands. Mrs. James Rariden was his sister. It was considered that Judge Test, while eminent as a lawyer, was by nature preeminent and unequaled. He bore off the palm as the homeliest man in Indiana. Adjoining the school-house campus on the east is the old homestead of Stephen Crowe, one of the early blacksmiths of the place. Mr. Crowe sold the house to John Peele, an old settler, and Samuel Boyd, a retired farmer, bought the place from Mr. Peele and passed the remainder of his days there. The property is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lashley. The house on the east, now the residence of J. A. Commons, was the home of Sylvester Johnson, now of Irvington, and a well-known horticulturist.

Many do not know that the substantial brick building on the north-east corner of Main street was, in the palmy days of Centerville, the court-house of Wayne county. It is now the business house of T. G. Dunbar, while the extension to the north, where Mr. Dunbar resides, was once the sheriff's house and jail. The extension on the east was the county offices.

The Richmond and Brookville Canal

BY JAMES M. MILLER

[As one travels the highway between Richmond and Brookville he may find at intervals almost obliterated evidences of an old canal ditch upon which no small labor was once expended. The history of this ditch is sunk in oblivion—is a chapter lost from the story of internal improvements in Indiana. It is not included among the works provided for by the internal improvement law of 1836, and seems to have been taken up by the State as a sort of side work in connection with the more prominent "Whitewater Canal," for in the subjoined sketch we are told that the Board of Internal Improvements was "to use the local engineers then employed on the Whitewater Canal, and to incur no extra expense for the State." It should be understood that the said Whitewater Canal, which was completed and used, followed the West Fork of the Whitewater river, contributing materially to the development of the valley, while the Richmond and Brookville Canal was to do the same service for the East Fork.

So far as we know there is nowhere else any published account of this forgotten enterprise, and no record of the men who promoted it. At our suggestion some years ago Mr. James M. Miller, of Brookville, now deceased, undertook to rescue from various sources the information that he has embodied in his article. In this connection Mr. Miller himself is deserving of a brief sketch. An invalid for the greater part of his life from ossified joints of the lower limbs, helpless, and dependent almost entirely upon the services of a devoted sister, his work of getting at obscure facts was sadly handicapped. It was a long and arduous process for him, and that he gathered together so much is a monument to his perseverance and patience—*Ed.*]

AMONG the first settlements in south-east Indiana were those along the fertile valley of the East Fork of Whitewater River and its tributaries. The settlers were a thrifty, energetic people, and their industry soon produced a surplus. At quite an early day flatboats were built at Dunlapsville and Quakertown and loaded with the products of the farms, and when a rise in the river occurred were run out into the current and floated to New Orleans. I remember hearing my mother tell of seeing a flatboat, in the spring of 1819 or 1820, shoot Bassett's mill dam at Fairfield on its way to New Orleans, that had been built and loaded with provisions at Dunlapsville by George Newland, father of the blind musician of that name, long known in Indianapolis.

Possessing the push and energy that they did it is no wonder that these people were among the first to advocate internal

improvements. Such improvement was very early agitated and by 1834 the scheme for a canal down the East Fork began to assume form. On August 4 of that year, a meeting was held at Richmond to consider the practicability of constructing a canal from that city to intersect the proposed Whitewater Canal at or near Brookville. This was followed by a meeting in Brookville to consider the propriety of constructing a canal down the East Fork of the Whitewater river from a point in Darke county, Ohio, to connect with the Miami Canal at or near Dayton, Ohio. On September 12, 1836, a convention of delegates from Wayne and Franklin counties assembled at Dunlapsville in the interest of the proposed canal. On calling the roll the following delegates answered: Robert Morrison, John Finley, Warner M. Leeds, John Ervin, Irwin Reed, Daniel P. Wiggins, James W. Borden, Wm. R. Foulke, Alexander Stakes, Basil Brightwell, Achilles Williams, Mark Reeves and W. B. Smith, of Richmond; Smith Hunt, Frederick Black, W. J. Matchett, Col. E. Rialsback, Jacob Hender, Thomas J. Larsh and William Clerick, of Abington; William Watt, James Lamb, William Youse, Jesse Starr, T. H. Harding, J. F. Chapman, Ladis Walling, Jacob Imel and Greenbury Beels, of Brownville; George Newland, John Templeton, J. W. Scott, Matthew Hughes, Hugh McCollough, Israel Kirk and Bennett Osborn, of Dunlapsville; Redin Osborn and James Wright, of Fairfield; Abner McCarty, Samuel Goodwin, William T. Beeks, George Kimble, John Ryman, John M. Johnson and George Holland, of Brookville. A permanent organization was effected. Committees of three from each delegation were appointed to correspond with parties residing on the line of the proposed canal and notify them of future meetings, and give any other information in regard to the enterprise.

January 27, 1837, the legislature of Indiana directed the Board of Internal Improvements to survey and locate early the ensuing summer a canal from Richmond to Brookville, to intersect the Whitewater Canal at or near the latter place. They were to use the local engineers then employed on the Whitewater Canal, and to incur no extra expense for the State. Accordingly Colonel Simpson Torbet was employed as engineer-in-chief and Colonel John H. Farquhar, Thomas Noell, Elisha Long, J. C. Moore and M. Dewey, who had been employed on the Whitewater, I presume,

formed the engineering corps of the Richmond and Brookville Canal. December 2, 1837, Colonel Torbet made his report to the State Board of Internal Improvements, stating that he had completed the "survey and location of a canal down the East Fork of the Whitewater river, beginning at Richmond, in Wayne county, and terminating at Brookville, in Franklin county."

The canal was to be $33\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, 26 feet wide on the bottom, and 40 feet at the surface, and to have a depth of 4 feet of water. There would be $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles of slack water and 3 miles of bluff, requiring riprapping or loose stone protection. There was a fall of $273\frac{1}{2}$ feet, requiring the following mechanical structures: 2 guard locks, 2 aqueducts, 7 culverts, 2 water weirs with gates, 16 road bridges, 2 towpath bridges over the East Fork, 5 dams, and 31 lift locks. The dams were to be located at the following points: Dam No. 1, one-half mile from Richmond, at the National road, 160 feet long; Dam No. 2, 160 feet long, $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Richmond, near Larsh's mill; Dam No. 3, 170 feet long, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Richmond, near Ottis' mills; Dam No. 4, 180 feet long, above Fairfield, and $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Richmond; Dam No. 5, 200 feet long, above Brookville and 32 miles from Richmond. The locks, each 90 feet long by 15 feet wide, were to be located at the following places: No. 1, one-half mile from Richmond, at the National road bridge; No. 2, at Bancroft's factory; No. 3, at Siddle's mills; No. 4, McFadden's saw mill; No. 5, Rue's mill; No. 6, Henderson's farm; No. 7, Henderson's saw mill; No. 8, Colonel Hunt's lands; No. 9, at Shroyer's farm; No. 10, at Abington; No. 11, at Schwisher's house; No. 12, guard lock where the canal crossed the river; Nos. 13 and 14, in Brownsville; No. 15, at Aschenbury's saw mill; Nos. 16 and 17, at Adney's lands; No. 18, at Silver creek; No. 19, at Newland's, near Dunlapsville; No. 20, at J. F. Templeton's lands; No. 21, at Hanna's creek; No. 22, above Fairfield; Nos. 23 and 24, at Wolf creek; No. 25, at Robert Templeton's farm; No. 26, at John Logan's lands; No. 27, at McCarty's farm; No. 28, on school section; No. 29, at Butler's land; Nos. 30 and 31, in Brookville.

The line of the canal followed down the right (east) bank of the river for a distance of $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles, when it crossed over to the left (west) bank at Dam No. 3, and followed that side of the

river for $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles, passing into slack water below Hanna's creek, and recrossing to the right bank at Dam No. 4, above Fairfield, and continued down that side of the river to Brookville.

This is the route according to the original survey, but it must have been re-located, for Mr. George Templeton informs us that the line crossed over to the left (west) bank at the southwest corner of his farm, near where the school house stands on Fairfield pike, and that there was to have been a feeder dam at that place. This would correspond with the locks located on the John Logan, Abner McCarty and Amos Butler lands, besides avoiding some extensive bluff excavations, and is a far more practicable route than to have continued down the east side of the river from the dam above Fairfield to Brookville. This would locate Dam 5 about 30 miles instead of 32 miles from Richmond and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Brookville. The route as surveyed in Brookville passed down east Market street to the intersection of James, now Fourth, street, where it veered to the west and terminated in the pool of the whitewater canal formed by the dam across the East Fork. The estimated cost of the canal per mile was \$15,277, and for the $33\frac{1}{4}$ miles, \$483,778, including contingencies of \$24,188; the entire cost of the canal was estimated to be \$507,966.

Colonel Torbet says in his report of the proposed improvement: "With the exception of the bluffs and the lockage the valley of the East Fork is of the most favorable character for the construction of a canal. There would be many advantages growing out of its construction, the benefit of which can scarcely be anticipated. It would be the channel through which all the trade of one of the most populous, fertile and wealthy regions of the western country would pass. Richmond, situated at the head of navigation, with its vast water power, extensive capital, and enterprising inhabitants, might become the Pittsburgh of Indiana."

A fatality seems to have followed the engineers of the Whitewater and Richmond and Brookville canals. Colonel Schreiver died while he was engaged in surveying the former, while Colonel Torbet, completing the survey of the latter, made his final report January 5, 1838, and died the 23d of the following March at John Godley's, near Harrison, O.

In January of 1838 a meeting was held in Brookville in the interest of the canal. A draft of a charter for the organization

of a company was approved, and two committees were appointed, one to correspond with our representatives in the legislature, requesting their influence in behalf of the charter, and the other to communicate with towns along the line of the proposed canal. In the same month a meeting was also held at Fairfield, of which James Osborn was chairman, and Messrs. James L. Andrews, James McManus, George W. Thompson and Nathaniel Bassett were appointed commissioners, as required in the charter. In February of 1839 Warner M. Leeds, secretary of the company, published the following notice:

"Richmond and Brookville Canal Stock Subscription. Books for subscription of stock in the Richmond and Brookville Canal will be opened by the commissioners on the first day of April, 1839, and kept open twenty-one days, agreeable to the charter, at the following places, viz: Richmond, Abington, Brownsville, Dunlapsville, Fairfield and Brookville. The following commissioners were authorized to have special charge of said books, one of whom will attend to each of the following places for the purpose of receiving subscriptions:—Robert Morrison, Richmond; Col. Smith Hunt, Abington; John Rider, Brownsville; James Osborn and James Andrews, Fairfield, and Samuel Goodwin, Brookville."

The *Richmond Palladium* of April 27, 1839, states that Franklin, Union and Wayne counties had taken \$215,000 worth of stock, of which \$50,000 was taken by Richmond, the following citizens of that place taking stock: William Dewey, Warner M. Leeds, Benjamin Fulgum, James King, Andress S. Wiggins, Charles Paulson, John Ogan, Dennis McMullen, Henry Moorman, Caleb Sheren, Irwin Reed, Joseph M. Gilbert, Benjamin Strattan, William Owen, Cornelius Ratliff, William Kenworthy, John Sufferin, Benjamin Mason, Basil Brightwell, Benjamin Pierce, Isaac Jones, Benjamin Strawbridge, Armstrong Grimes, Solomon Horney, jr., Jacob J. Keefer, Reuben M. Worth, William Meek, William S. Watt, John M. Laws, Isaac Beeson, Kasson Brookins, Henry Hollingsworth, James W. Salter, Hugh S. Hamilton, Thomas Newman, William B. Smith, Oliver Kinsey, Clayton Hunt and Samuel E. Perkins. For the names of the stockholders I am indebted to Joseph C. Ratliff, of Richmond.

Undoubtedly Brookville and Franklin county did their duty

and were as generous as Wayne and Union counties or any of the towns along the line of the canal, but after great exertion I have learned of but two in the county who took stock in the canal. These were Graham Hanna and James Wright.

In September of 1839 Richmond and Brookville papers contained advertisements calling for bids for constructing sections 1, 2 and 3, near Richmond; 13, near Abington; 20, near Brownsville; 40, near Fairfield, and 52, near Brookville. The advertisement states that the sections to be let "embrace a number of mechanical structures, consisting principally of dams and locks, with some heavy bluff excavations." Specifications of the work were to be posted at Dr. Matchett's tavern in Abington, Dr. Mulford's tavern in Brownsville, Abijah DuBois' tavern in Fairfield, D. Hoffman's tavern in Brookville, and at the company's office in Richmond. The lettings took place as advertised, except section 52, near Brookville, which, owing to the heavy excavations, was not let. I cannot learn of any work done near Brookville, but on section 40, near Fairfield, the contractors, Henry and Harvey Pierce, excavated about one-and-a-half miles of the canal down the east side of the river to the farm now owned by Misses Sallie and Missouri Hanna. Traces of excavation can also be plainly seen on the farm of James Blew. Sections 1, 2 and 3, near Richmond, were let, and from a mile and a half to two miles of excavation made. No use of these excavated portions was ever made until 1860, when Leroy Larsh erected a grist mill on the portion near Richmond, which is yet in operation.

At the "breaking of ground" for the Whitewater Canal John Finley, editor of the *Richmond Palladium*, quoting Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," with changes to suit the occasion, said: "The last picayune shall depart from my fob ere the East and the West Forks relinquish the job." Whether the last picayune departed from the editor's fob or not the present writer can not say, but undoubtedly the East Fork relinquished the job, and Richmond failed to become the "Pittsburg of Indiana."

Recollections of Early Brookville

MS. of John M. Johnson

[These interesting reminiscences of early Brookville and notable personages residing there three-quarters of a century ago are from a manuscript submitted to us by Mr. John Johnson, of Irvington, Indianapolis, who found it among the papers of his father, John M. Johnson, now deceased. The latter was for many years a resident of Brookville, and long in public life in that city. The manuscript seems to have been written about a quarter of a century ago.]

IT has been fifty years since I crossed the beautiful Ohio river and stood upon the soil of Indiana. I pass over my peregrinations until I arrived at the then famed town of Brookville—the great town of the State and the residence of its great men.

The first residence I stopped at in Brookville was that of James Noble, then U. S. Senator. His residence was on the street west of the public square. It was an humble-looking one-and-a-half story log house weather boarded and painted white. Before the parlor room door was a portico. The parlor floor was covered with a red Turkey carpet (the only imported carpet then in town except perhaps at Judge Test's). Before the hearth was a handsome rug with the figure of a deer lying down on it. When you entered the parlor you met a fine-looking lady above the medium size, with a ruffled cap, who attended to the receptions at the senatorial mansion—a worthy partner of Senator Noble. Mary Noble, Hannah Gallion and Betsy McCarty were among the excellent ladies who then resided in Brookville, and who, in the exercise of "women's rights," milked their own cows, churned their own butter and made their own brooms.

The old brick court house (which occupied the site of the present one) was a square building in the center of which ran up a cupola. On the top of the steeple was the carved representation of an eagle with spreading wings. Through the court-room below ran the bar, made tight, with two gates to enter. The inside was for the lawyers, and the outside, paved with brick, was the lobby for the people who came to hear the lawyers plead. On the inside were the Grand and Petit Jury boxes. On the west side was the judge's bench, raised nearly up to the ceiling.

A winding stairs ran up in one corner to the upper story, where were the Grand and Petit Jury rooms. In the cupola was then placed a triangle, put up by William Hoyt, an ingenious mechanic, to perform the office of a bell by means of hammers striking on the base of the triangle. It gave forth a clear, sharp sound which could be heard farther than the sound of a bell.

A little east of the south-east corner of the court house stood the old log jail. This necessary edifice encroached near the residence of one of the citizens; hence, upon a dark night a number of his friends and "divers other persons to the Grand Jurors unknown" concluded they would abate it as a nuisance; hence, in the morning not one log was left upon another. Another log jail, however, was built near where now stands your "Burnett House," and which afterward performed the office of Grassmuck's stable. This jail was celebrated for having been the residence of Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier, who was convicted of murder and pardoned under the gallows by Governor Ray, to the great disappointment of a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness his execution. No man was ever hung in Franklin county. An amusing occurrence of "jail delivery" took place whilst Robert John was sheriff and jailor. A man was confined in jail on a charge of horse stealing. His wife visited him and remained with him over night. In the morning the prisoner, dressed in his wife's clothes, mounted her horse and made his escape. It was afterward found, to the amusement of the people, that it was the man who rode away and the woman who was left imprisoned.

The public square was not fenced in except the "stray pen," on the south-east corner. The public well was a little south of the south-east corner of the court house. It was over ninety feet deep. The water was drawn by means of a windlass. An old man whom the people called Death drew water for the public. He was, indeed, the picture of death.

On the south-east corner of the square, on Main Burgess street, stood the "Brookville Hotel," the leading tavern for many years. Mine host, Robert John then and there catered to the way-worn traveler, and if any man could cheer his guests by conversation, he was the man. On the corner south of the public square was standing the "Yellow Tavern," which

had been built at an early day by James Knight. It was then kept by William Campbell, a tall, portly man. The tavern, while kept by him, was a place of great resort. He was a hospitable man, generous to a fault, and never turned off a traveler because he was destitute of money. In the upper part of town was J. Adder's tavern, with the sign of the green tree, which was a familiar object to the vision of the passers-by for many years. This tavern was a great stopping place for wagoners and drivers. John Adder was a tall, dark-complected man, and universally esteemed. He was once recorder of the county. This tavern, when I first came to town, was kept by Dr. Haynes, who also taught school in it.

The newspaper then published in the town was, I believe, called the *Brookville Inquirer*. Robert John was the editor, and subsequently there was associated with him I. N. Hanna, a sprightly and talented young man. The editors, however, soon got at loggerheads. During the ensuing presidential canvass Robert John was for John Quincy Adams, and I. N. Hanna for Henry Clay. An editorial would therefore come out for Adams followed by another, signed "Junior Editor," for Clay; which created considerable sensation among the politicians of Brookville—and, indeed, all the citizens were politicians.

The old M. E. church was a brick building standing on the bluff in the northern part of town, and was the only meeting-house in town. It was once partly blown down and repaired, and is still standing as a monument of olden times. The Rev. Agustus Jocelyn, a Methodist preacher, ministered to the people in godly things at this church. He was a man of no ordinary talents. He was a tall man, about six feet high, bald-headed, but wore a wig. He had cultivated oratory and had graceful gestures, with distinct articulation. His figures were grand, and he illustrated his sermons by philosophy, politics and history as well as from the Bible. He had generally among his auditors the most enlightened citizens of Brookville. He preached the sermon at the time Fields wasn't hung. He was also a school-teacher and an editor.

The college at which I graduated was an humble frame building in the east bottom, which had been a residence and is still standing. Dr. Isaac G. John was then the teacher. The old

teachers that the citizens still talked of and whose memory they revered were Judge Laughlin and Solomon Allen. Dr. John afterwards became a promising physician, but died in the morning of life.

The land office at that time was at Brookville for the sale of the U. S. lands in the New Purchase, and the land sales were then going on. Gen. Robert Hanna was register. He resided in the large brick house in the northern part of town (called "Tinker Town") in which Dr. Berry now resides. His office was immediately opposite him on the west side of the street. Gen. Hanna in stature was a little below medium size; was a man of talents and a good electioneerer; dressed plain, frequently on election day appearing with moccasins and hunting-shirt. He was a delegate to the convention that framed the Constitution in 1816, and was the first sheriff under the Territorial and State governments.* When the land office was taken to Indianapolis he removed there, and afterward held several official stations with credit. He continued to reside at or near Indianapolis until he met with his melancholy death by a railroad car.

Lazarus Noble was the receiver of public monies. His office was in the large brick building immediately east of the court house, which belonged to the Masonic lodge. He was a tall, handsome man, with agreeable manners, and a brother of Senator James Noble. He married Margaret Vance, the accomplished daughter of Capt. Samuel Vance, of Lawrenceburg. When the land office was removed he died, on his way to Indianapolis, at Judge Mount's, about ten miles from Brookville.†

MILES EGGLESTON.

When you entered the old brick court house which I have described the first objects that struck your attention were three men on the elevated judges' bench. In the center you beheld a good-looking gentleman, rather below the middle size, with a good head, leaning a little to one side; with ruffles protruding out of his bosom; well-dressed but a little disposed to slovenliness. This was Miles C. Eggleston, President Judge of the Third Judicial Circuit. He was appointed President Judge at the organi-

*The first sheriff of Franklin county, Mr. Johnson doubtless means.

†At the town of Metamora.

zation of the State government, and held the office for over twenty-one years. He was a Virginian, and migrated to Brookville during the territorial government. He had a liberal education, was a good Latin scholar, and indulged the habit of quoting Latin among the bar. He was admitted to the bar under the territorial government. He was not a great advocate before a jury but was eminently qualified for a judge.

On either side of the President sat a plain-looking farmer (we then had two associate judges)—on his right hand David Mount, and on his left John Hanna. They had such implicit confidence in the legal abilities of Judge Eggleston that they scarcely ever differed with him in opinion. Judge Hanna, however, sometimes took the responsibility of differing with him. When he did so he always cited Judge Grimke, of South Carolina (Judge Hanna being from that State). Judge Eggleston was justly regarded as one of the best judges of the State. His charges to the jury were clear and clothed in fine language, and were listened to with the utmost attention by them. He was as pure and upright a judge as Lord Hale. The people of the county had such confidence in him that they would quote his decisions before those of the Supreme Court. He was looked to in those days with the same veneration as the late Judge McDonald during the present. He presided in a number of prosecutions for murder in which were engaged the most eminent counsel of the day, and his decisions were regarded with the highest respect.

Judge Eggleston was a man of fine literary attainments. He wrote well. He once delivered a Fourth-of-July oration at Brookville which was published and considered by the literary men of the day as a fine specimen of eloquence. He never engaged in politics. When off the bench he enjoyed himself among his friends, was excellent company and enjoyed a good joke. He was kind and indulgent to the young members of the bar, and seemed to court their society, and they would try a case with great confidence before him, even when opposed by old attorneys. He observed the utmost decorum and impartiality in court. He made the lawyers keep their places. There was no slipping to the judge and holding a private conversation—no leading lawyers leaning on the judges' seat. The attorneys had to address the

judges publicly from their places at the bar.

ENOCH M'CARTY.

In front of the judges' bench stood a large table, and at this table sat Enoch McCarty, clerk of the Franklin Circuit Court. He had been clerk under the territorial government, was re-elected upon the organization of the State government, and continued to serve for three successive terms of seven years each. He was regarded as the best clerk in the State. I was his deputy for several years. He was in stature about the medium size; a plain man; dressed plain; was easily approached, and was popular with the masses. He was familiarly called "'Nuch" McCarty. He was a man of good information, had read Blackstone, understood the general principles of the law, and was well versed in the statutes. The people, consequently, called on him for advice. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1816. After retiring from the clerk's office he served as associate (judge?), and senator and representative to the State legislature. He died at a good old age, beloved by the people of the county, on his farm below Brookville.

NOAH NOBLE.

At the right of the clerk, below the "judgment seat," sat at a stand a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in black cloth, with a white neckerchief tied behind, rising gracefully, occasionally, to call Richard Roe and dispense orders to his bailiffs, Alex. Gardner, Jo. Gentry and others. He was fascinating in his manners, had a talismanic shake of the hand and was personally one of the best electioneers in the county. Indeed, it was a common saying that whenever he shook hands with a man he had him—I might say a woman too. He would be a great electioneerer if he were living when the women vote. He wrote such an illegible hand that he couldn't read it himself when it got dry. A man once brought in a letter he had written to him for him to read. He couldn't read it till he found out what subject it was on. The man I have described was Noah Noble, sheriff of Franklin county afterward Governor of the State of Indiana. He also filled the offices of Representative to the State Legislature, Receiver of Public Moneys at Indianapolis, and Canal Commissioner. He died in the city of Indianapolis, much beloved.

An Early Criminal Case--Samuel Fields

BY JAMES M. MILLER

[In the article immediately preceding reference is made to "Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier," who was condemned to death for murder but was pardoned on the gallows by Governor James B. Ray. The case was once a well-known one in south-eastern Indiana. The following account of it, and the graphic description of the scene at the gallows was written, at our instance, by James M. Miller of Brookville (see introductory note to "The Richmond and Brookville Canal.") It affords glimpses of early-day customs and of local personages. The crime, trial and pardon on the gallows occurred between November of 1824 and May of 1825—*Ed.*]

IN November of 1824, an affidavit was filed against one Samuel Fields, an old Revolutionary soldier residing in Bath township, charging him with assault, and the warrant was placed in the hands of a young constable named Robert Murphy. When Murphy went to serve the warrant Fields refused to accompany him, but said he would appear the next morning, and on returning home without making the arrest Robert was criticised by his father, 'Squire Samuel Murphy, who urged that this was his first official act, and the failure to do his duty would at once lay him open to the charge of cowardice and inefficiency. Influenced by this argument Robert returned to Field's home, accompanied by several neighbors. Meanwhile Fields, apparently expecting that he would return, whetted a large butcherknife and stuck it in a crack of the log wall just inside the door. When he saw Murphy and his companions coming, he appeared at the door, warning them to keep away. The constable, however, continued to advance, talking persuasively to the old man, who still warned him off. Just as he set his foot on the puncheon, which formed the doorstep, Fields snatched the knife from the logs where it was sticking and plunged it into Murphy's left side, after which he slammed the door to. Murphy fell, mortally hurt. Ten days later he died, to the universal sorrow of his neighbors, who esteemed him highly.

The Grand Jury, consisting of James Osborn, David Watson, Joseph Schoonover, Henry Fay, Andrew Jackson, James Jones, Nathan Springer, Henry Slater, John Blue, Matthew Karr, Allen Simpson, John Ewing, John Halberstadt, Charles Collett and Thomas Herndon met and found the following indictment:

"We find that the said Samuel Fields, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil, did then and there, on the third day of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, with a butcher-knife, worth the sum of twenty-five cents, in his own right hand, thrust, stab, etc., the said Robert Murphy, causing the death of same."

Field's trial came off in March of 1825, in the Franklin County Circuit Court, of the judicial district, Judge Miles C. Eggleston presiding, with John Hanna and David Mount as associate judges. Oliver H. Smith was prosecutor, and William T. Morris and John T. McKinney attorneys for the defense. The jury consisted of Thomas G. Noble, Abraham Hollingsworth, John Caldwell, Elijah Carben, Bradberry Cottrell, (?) David Moore, Solomon Allen, Enoch Abraham, John Davis, Lemuel Snow, Matthew Gray and Henry Berry—some of the best men in the county. The most damaging testimony against the defendant was by his own daughter, a Mrs. Thompson, who testified with tears running down her cheeks. The verdict brought in was "Murder in the first degree," and Judge Eggleston sentenced Fields to be hanged, appointing Friday, May 27, as the date. There was a remarkable division of sentiment about Fields. No one denied his criminality, and the community where Murphy had lived, made up of settlers from New Jersey, who were bound closely together in their sympathies, were very bitter toward the murderer; but the fact that he was a soldier of the Revolution made a strong feeling in his favor, and many wished for his pardon by the Governor.

On the day of the hanging Brookville was full of people to witness the execution. My mother, then thirteen years old, was in this crowd, and she has described to me the incidents of the day. The gallows was a large sycamore tree, that stood on the river bank at the foot of Main street, and from which all obstructing branches had been lopped away, leaving one large horizontal limb for the rope. One other feature was the running-gears of a wagon, mounted with a kind of platform. This was to be drawn from under the prisoner at the proper time. The grave was dug a short distance from this tree. Robert John, father of the well-known Dr. J. P. D. John, was the sheriff. With twenty-five

deputies armed with flint-lock muskets, and with bands of red flannel on their right arms as insignia of authority, he marched to the old log jail that stood east of the town hall, brought out Fields, placed him on a chair on the platform of the wagon, with his coffin beside him, and so conducted him to the place of execution, the deputies forming a guard around the wagon. As they took their place beneath the tree the crowd closed in, and my mother, who was in the heart of it, was forced up against the hind wheel of the wagon, and, though she turned deathly sick at the thought of what she was about witness, she could not stir from the spot.

The minister, John Boffman,* preached the funeral sermon, and one of the hymns sung was "Show Pity, Lord! Oh, Forgive!". Then the sheriff pinioned the arms of the prisoner, placed the noose around his neck and the black cap on, ready to be drawn down, and, with tears running down his cheeks, ascended a ladder to the limb above and fastened the rope. When he came down he took his station beside Fields, with his watch in his hand, and solemnly proclaimed that the condemned man had twenty-three minutes to live. A man named Walter Rolf had charge of the horses that were hitched to the wagon. At the expiration of the time he arose, drew the lines and cracked his whip, and the horses surged forward, causing the wagon to move a little, which tightened the rope, drawing the prisoner up until he sat erect.

Just then there was a shout that a man was coming down the hill, and all attention was drawn in that direction. It proved to be Governor Ray who, dressed in the uniform of a general of the Indiana militia, had ridden on horseback all the way from Indianapolis. Making his way through the crowd he ascended the platform and placed a roll of paper in Fields' hand, saying: "Here, I give you your life."

Amid shouts of approval from some and execrations from others Fields descended from the wagon and was taken in charge by his friends. He left the county, going first to a place near Hamilton, O., and finally to Crawfordsville, Ind., where he died a few years later.

*John M. Johnson, on p. 197, says Augustus Jocelyn preached this sermon. Elsewhere, we believe, Mr. Miller speaks more circumstantially of Boffman as the preacher.

The Whitewater Valley

THE Whitewater region, with which the four preceding articles are concerned, comprising the valley of the Whitewater river with its two branches, extends from the Ohio river northward for nearly half the length of the State, with a width varying from twelve to twenty-five miles. In pioneer times it was familiarly known as "The Whitewater," and the frequency with which it is alluded to in the local literature of those days reveals its then importance.

This territory has, indeed, claims to distinction. There, it may be said, Indiana practically had her beginnings. There lay the first strip of land that marked, in Indiana, the oncoming tide of the white man's progress westward—the first overlap from Ohio, which grew, cession by cession, west and north. There sprang up some of our most important early centers of population—Lawrenceburg, Brookville, Connersville, Richmond, and others; there resided, at one time or another, a remarkable number of men who have made their impress upon the State's history or on the world at large, and thence came waves of migration that have spread over the State. This immigration has supplied an important element of the population in not a few localities. Indianapolis, for example, in her first days was so nearly made up of people from Whitewater and Kentucky that a political division, it is said, sprang up along the sectional line, and these two classes were arrayed against each other in the first local campaign, with Whitewater leading. Long after that they continued to come from the cities mentioned above and intervening localities, and the number at the capital to-day who look back to the Whitewater as their old home is surprisingly large. Madison, also, in her growing, hopeful days, drew good blood from this center, and over the State generally, and beyond its borders, the same is true.

Of the men of mark who have hailed from the Whitewater Brookville and Franklin county alone lay claim to perhaps half-a-hundred, the most notable of whom I find named and classified as follows in the columns of a Brookville paper:

GOVERNORS—James B. Ray, Noah Noble, William Wallace

and Abraham Hammond, Governors of Indiana; Will Cumback, Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana; Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico; John P. St. John, Governor of Kansas; Stephen S. Harding, Governor of Utah; J. Wallace, Governor of Wyoming. Nominated for Governor of Indiana, but defeated: J. A. Matson, Whig, and C. C. Matson, Democrat, father and son.

UNITED STATES SENATORS—Jesse B. Thomas, from Illinois; James Noble and Robert Hanna, from Indiana; John Henderson, from Mississippi.

CABINET OFFICERS AND FOREIGN MINISTERS, ETC.—James N. Tyner, Postmaster General; James S. Clarkson, Assistant Postmaster General; Lew Wallace, Minister to Turkey; Edwin Terrell, Minister to Belgium; George Hitt, Vice-Consul to London; L. T. Mitchener, Attorney-General of Indiana.

SUPREME JUDGES—Isaac Blackford, John T. McKinney and Stephen C. Stephens. It is cited as the most remarkable instance on record that in these three men Brookville had at one time the entire Supreme Bench of Indiana.

WRITERS EDUCATORS AND MINISTERS—Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson (born in the county), Joaquin Miller (born in the county), and a dozen or more of local fame; J. P. D. John, (formerly) President DePauw University, Wm. M. Dailey, President Indiana University, L. D. Potter, President Glendale College, R. B. Abbott, President Albert Lea College, Charles N. Sims, Chancellor Syracuse University, S. A. Lattimore, Professor Chemistry Rochester University, E. A. Barber, Professor in University of Nebraska, C. W. Hargitt, Professor in Syracuse University, Francis A. Shoup, Professor in University of Mississippi, J. H. Martin, President Moore's Hill College; Rev. T. A. Goodwin, Rev. Charles N. Sims, and Rev. Francis A. Shoup.

ART—William M. Chase, painter; Hiram Powers, sculptor.

SCIENCE—James B. Eads, civil engineer, constructor of the great bridge at St. Louis, and of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river; Amos W. Butler, ornithologist and ethnologist, now Secretary of the State Board of Charities.

MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS—Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, Gen. Francis A. Shoup, Gen. Jos. E. Johnson, Gen. P. A. Hackleman; Oliver H. Glisson, rear admiral, and William L. Herndon, commander, U. S. N.

A few of the above, perhaps, had but slight relations with this region, but allowing for this the output of able men is still remarkably large. If, from Franklin county, we look northward to Connersville, Centerville and Richmond, we find other men whose services and fame are well known within the State, and, in not a few instances, far beyond its borders. In this galaxy are Oliver P. Morton, George W. Julian, Oliver H. Smith, Caleb B. Smith, Charles H. Test, James Rariden, Samuel W. Parker, Samuel K. Hoshour, and other men notable for calibre. Many of these were gathered at Centerville during the time it was the seat of justice of Wayne county, but with the removal of the courts to Richmond they dispersed, a goodly proportion of them finding their way to Indianapolis, beckoned thither, doubtless, by the promise of a larger field for their talents.

The shifting of the prominent men to and from the White-water are, indeed, something of an index to its fluctuating fortunes. Thus, many of the more notable names of Brookville were identified with it only during brief eras of prosperity induced by extraneous causes, and when these lapsed those who were on the track of opportunities sought pastures new. For example, one of the most flourishing periods in the history of the town began in 1820, when the lands in the interior of the State as far north as the Wabash were thrown open and the land office established at Brookville. As all purchasers of lands in this vast new tract visited the land office not only with their purchase money but with the presumable surplus of travelers, the great impetus to the town's prosperity and growth may easily be conceived. For five years, fed by the visiting thousands, the place thrrove, and the men who were drawn thither made it a political and intellectual center. Then the question of removing the office to Indianapolis, as a more central location, was agitated. It was bitterly opposed by Brookville citizens, who had an unconcealed contempt for the little, insignificant "capital in the woods," buried in miasmatic solitude and surrounded, as James Brown Ray said in one of his pompous speeches, by "a boundless contiguity of shade." Nevertheless, the despised and ague-ridden capital got the land office; the fortune-seekers of Brookville betook themselves elsewhere like migrating birds, and then followed a period of sorry decadence, during which houses over

town stood vacant and dilapidated; all business languished; money became all but extinct, and there was a reversion to the communistic method of exchanging goods for goods, or goods for labor.

This paralysis lay on Brookville and the surrounding country until the schemes for internal improvement, agitated throughout the twenties and for one-half of the third decade, began to take definite and practical shape. About 1833, according to Mr. T. A. Goodwin, there was a revival of life in the Whitewater; people began to paint their houses and mend their fences, and deserted houses began to fill up. The internal improvement act of 1836 provided for the construction of "the Whitewater Canal, commencing on the west branch of the Whitewater river, at the crossing of the National road, thence passing down the valley of the same to the Ohio river, at Lawrenceburg, and extending up the said west branch of the Whitewater above the National road as far as may be practicable." This was a promise of commercial prosperity and a new lease of life to the Whitewater region. The day that the contracts were let at Brookville for building the various sections of the canal there was a grand jollification--speechmaking, dinner, toasts and all the rest; and a like enthusiasm prevailed in all the valley. Towns sprang up along the proposed route and lay in wait, and as the canal, crawling northward, reached them successively, making one and then another the head of navigation, each flourished and had its day, drawing to itself the wheat and hogs and other agricultural exports from the inlying country for many miles east, north and west. This great trade, of course, always sought the nearest point of shipment, and so Brookville, Metamora, Laurel, Connerville and Cambridge City were, in turn, receiving ports and reaped the benefits of traffic. The people on the east branch, not to be outdone by their neighbors on the west, also strove energetically for a canal between Brookville and Richmond that should promote the development of this valley, and, though the work was never completed, much labor and money was expended upon it.*

The old canal days are a distinct era in the history of our State. The younger generation knows little about them, but many a reminiscence might be picked up of the merchant fleets of the Whitewater and the idyllic journeys up and down the

*See article in this number on the Richmond and Brookville Canal.

beautiful valley by packet. This order of things, which continued for about thirty years, was maintained in the face of serious discouragements, for the Whitewater river, one of the swiftest streams in the State, is subject to violent freshets, and these have repeatedly damaged the canal, effectually stopping traffic and entailing heavy expenses in repairs. The great flood of 1847 all but ruined the ditch, and scarcely was this recovered from when another proved almost as disastrous. Besides these checks on traffic untold thousands of dollars have been lost by the sweeping away of mills and other property, and, in the opinion of many old citizens, these disheartening losses has caused much of the exodus away from the valley.

The lower part of the Whitewater valley, with Brookville as its center, lies today aloof from the trunk railway lines that have been the great determining factor in the development of the country. But if it lacks the bustle and growth of some other, newer sections of the State, it has another and a different attraction that is rare in Indiana—the attraction of great natural beauty of landscape combined with quiet idyllic charm and pleasing reminders of the past. The disused bed of the old Whitewater Canal and its crumbling stone locks are grown with grass. Grass grows in the peaceful thoroughfares in and about the villages of Laurel and Metamora, and in these villages and in Brookville quaint and weather-worn houses speak of a past generation of builders. Our artists have already discovered the picturesqueness of the region, and some of Indiana's abundant literary talent might well find inspiration here before it is too late. Before it is too late, we say, for in the new era that is coming in, when the power of swift rivers is to be transformed into the mechanical powers of progress, is it not possible that history may repeat itself along the rushing Whitewater, and that the electric-driven mill and factory and electric transportation may restore to the valley much of its old-time standing?

G. S. C.

The Beginning of Brookville

[In the many newspaper articles about Brookville (a kind of history that is far from reliable, but which, unfortunately, is almost the only kind we have of this famous town), there are various and discrepant statements as to the founding of the place. The following, written for us by Mr. Amos W. Butler, grandson of the principal founder, we submit as the most reliable account procurable—*Ed.*]

AMOS Butler, a young Quaker from Chester county, Pennsylvania, came to Lawrenceburg in 1803. He selected some land in the "Big Bottoms," near Elizabethtown. The next spring, upon his return from Pennsylvania, he found his chosen homestead under water. In the course of his prospecting in the summer of 1804 he made his way along the Indian trail, up the Whitewater river to the site of the present town of Brookville. Greatly pleased with the beautiful region at the forks of the river he selected the southeast quarter of section 20, being influenced by the fact that it had little large timber on it. The second growth was doubtless that which occupied an old Indian clearing. This land was entered at the land office at Cincinnati, December 4, 1804, being the first entry of land within the limits of the future town of Brookville, and Amos Butler was the first settler of that town. That winter he busied himself with plans for developing the new region. He and Jesse B. Thomas, of Lawrenceburg, afterwards a U. S. Senator from Illinois, and the author of the historic "Missouri Compromise," were associated together in the plan to form a new town. July 3, 1805, they entered the north-west quarter of section 29. For this Mr. Butler paid the greater part of the purchase money, but Thomas succeeded in having the patent issued in his name. On this land the original plat of the town of Brookville was laid out August 8, 1808. The sale of the lots was deferred through legal proceedings taken by Amos Butler. He later agreed to a compromise settlement by which he was deeded part of the land in consideration of the payments he had made. The first lot in this addition was sold March 7, 1811. In the meantime John Allen, on July 6, 1805, entered the quarter-section east, and Amos Butler, on March 18, 1806, entered the quarter-section north of the original plat. Both these settlers laid out additions to the town, and both these additions are dated May 26, 1812.

Mr. Butler remained at Brookville until 1818, when he removed to Hanover, Jefferson county, and there, in a little old graveyard, is buried Brookville's first settler.

AMOS W. BUTLER.

Beecher's Indianapolis Church

THIS building, which stood until recent years on the northwest corner of Circle and Market streets, Indianapolis, was the last of the earlier church buildings of the city. In its latter days it was given over to diverse and secular uses, the varied small industries in its dingy cubby-hole rooms sharing the partitioned interior with an art school and a school of music. To the younger generation it was familiarly known as "Circle Hall," and most of the heedless multitude did not know that the old relic had been intimately identified with the pastorate of the most brilliant and famous preacher connected with the history of the town—that for seven years those venerable walls had echoed to the ringing messages of the most eloquent of modern divines.

Henry Ward Beecher came to Indianapolis from Lawrenceburg in 1839, in response to the call of a newly-formed congregation that had withdrawn from the First Presbyterian church of this city.* The young pastor preached in the county seminary for something more than a year, or until the new church built a home for itself. This was the building we are speaking of, which, on October 4, 1840, was dedicated as the Second Presbyterian church of Indianapolis. Here Mr. Beecher preached until September of 1847, when he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y.

According to a newspaper sketch written when the building was razed, the cost of the church and ground was \$10,000. The church was built by Ephriam Colestock for \$8,800—a structure of some pretensions at that day, when the population of the city numbered only 2,692. It is described as having, originally, lofty pillars in the front and a cupola—features that were removed when it ceased to be a church.

After Mr. Beecher's day the pulpit was occupied by the following pastors: The Rev. Clement E. Babb, May 7, 1848 until January 1, 1853; the Rev. Thornton A. Mills, January 1, 1854 until February 9, 1857; the Rev. George P. Tindall, August 6, 1857 until September 27, 1863; the Rev. Hanford A. Edson, January 17, 1864 until removal, in 1867.

*The founders of the Second Presbyterian church, fifteen in number, are given as Bethuel F. Morris, Daniel Vandes, Luke Munsell, Lawrence M. Vance, Mary J. Vance, Sidney Bates, William Eckert, Alexander H. Davidson, Robert Mitchell, J. F. Holt, M. R. Holt, John L. Ketcham, Jane Ketcham, Wm. S. Hubbard and Catherine Merrill.

After the removal of the church to its new edifice on the corner of Vermont and Pennsylvania streets the old building was used for the housing of the city's high school, then in its first days, and it thus served for about three years, or until the new high school building was erected on Pennsylvania street.

Mr. William S. Hubbard, one of the first members of Mr. Beecher's congregation gives the following reminiscences of the famous pastor and the old church. "I was one of the organizers of the church," he says, "and I boarded with Mr. Beecher in 1840, when he lived in a one-story brick cottage at the southeast corner of New York and Pennsylvania streets, the site afterward known as Governor Morton's residence. More than that, in the early days of the church, I lived next door to it, and carried the key to the belfry, for there was a bell in the old pepper-box steeple, which was not only rung to call people to church, but to sound the alarm of fire. That was in the days of the volunteer fire department, and the Marion engine company, of which I was a member, had its engine-house, within the Circle, across from the church. During the Morgan raid, persons came to my house to get the keys to ring the old bell and alarm the citizens as to the approaching raiders, but it was then badly cracked, and it was not rung. I remember the baptism of Gen. T. A. Morris. It was in 1842, and took place in White river. Several others were baptized at the time, and Mr. Beecher gave choice of three modes—immersion, sprinkling or pouring."

The late Simon Yandes said of Beecher: "He was admirably adapted to western life, entering into all the social life and engagements of the little town. He had a special talent for conversation, was full of wit and fun, and always had his faculties in immediate command. It was but a little while after his coming until he knew everybody here. It is greatly to be doubted if he improved in his oratorical style when he became older—he was probably at his best here in Indianapolis. My recollection is that among his varied accomplishments he included that of being a good shot with the rifle.

A Word from the Publisher

THIS number completes the first volume of the **INDIANA QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**. It was launched one year ago as an experiment, and was prefaced by an article setting forth good reasons why the experiment should be made. The need of a publication which should preserve material and aim to promote interest in local history was unquestionable, but whether such a publication would meet a "felt want" was a thing to be determined at some risk and sacrifice. The undersigned, encouraged by the friendly and disinterested co-operation of Mr. W. E. Henry, the State Librarian, assumed that risk.

The magazine has been maintained thus far at no financial profit and in the face of difficulties that made impossible the editorial care that should have been bestowed upon it; hence it has been, mainly, an *omnium gatherum* of scattered matter that seemed worthy of preservation. On the other hand it has started as auspiciously, perhaps as could have been expected. It has gained some warm friends who think, with the publisher, that its existence is amply justified, and that its possibilities warrant its maintenance, even though it gain recognition slowly. Hence, it will be continued. Its usefulness and the enlargement of its sphere will be in proportion to the support that is necessary to all service that requires labor and application. The publisher asks your co-operation to the extent of one or more subscriptions. With a variety of interesting unpublished matter in the way of old documents and special historical studies promised him he feels safe in saying that Volume II will be well worth the dollar asked for it. As the expenses of publication have to be met promptly, prompt remittance from subscribers will be greatly appreciated.

Mr. Henry's name will no longer be connected with the magazine and all communications, both business and editorial, may be addressed as below.

GEORGE S. COTTMAN.

*336 North Ritter Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.*

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